THE

Fair Jilt:

OR, THE

AMOURS

OF

Prince *TARQUIN*,

AND

MIRANDA.

Written by Mrs *A. BEHN.*

LONDON:
Printed by *W. Onley*, for *S. Briſcoe.* 1697.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
30 NOV 61

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Prince *Tarquin* and *Miranda.*

AS Love is the moſt Noble and Divine Paſſion of the Soul, ſo it is that to which we may juſtly attribute all the real Satisfactions of Life; and without it, Man is unfiniſh'd, and unhappy.

There are a thouſand things to be ſaid of the Advantages this generous Paſſion brings to thoſe, whoſe Hearts are capable of receiving its ſoft Impreſſions; for 'tis not every one that can be ſenſible of its tender Touches. How many Examples, from Hiſtory and Obſervation, cou'd I give of its wondrous Power; nay, even to a degree of Tranſmigration? How many Ideots has it made wiſe? How many Fools eloquent? How many Home-bred 'Squires accompliſh'd? How many Cowards brave? And there is no ſort or ſpecies of Mankind on whom it cannot work ſome Change and Miracle, if it

be a noble well-grounded Paſſion, except on the Fop in Faſhion, the harden'd incorrigible Fop; ſo often wounded, but never reclaim'd: For ſtill, by a dire Miſtake, conducted by vaſt Opinionatreiſm, and a greater Portion of Self-love, than the reſt of the Race of Man, he believes that Affectation in his Mien and Dreſs, that Mathematical-movement, that Formality in every Action, that Face manag'd with Care, and ſoften'd into Ridicule, the languiſhing Turn, the Toſs, and the Back-ſhake of the Perriwig, is the direct Way to the Heart of the fine Perſon he Adores; and inſtead of curing Love in his Soul, ſerves only to advance his Folly; and the more he is enamour'd, the more induſtriouſly he aſſumes (every Hour) the Coxcomb. Theſe are Love's Play-things, a ſort of Animals with whom he ſports; and whom he never wounds, but when he is in good humour, and always ſhoots laughing. 'Tis the Diverſion of the Little God, to ſee what a fluttering and buſtle one of theſe Sparks, new-wounded, makes; to what fantaſtick Fooleries he has recourſe: The Glaſs is every moment call'd to counſel, the Valet conſulted and plagu'd for new Invention of Dreſs, the Foot-man and Scrutore perpetually employ'd; *Billet-doux* and *Madrigals* take up all his Mornings, till Play-time in Dreſſing, till Night in Gazing; ſtill, like a Sun-flower, turn'd towards the Beams of the fair Eyes of his *Celia*, adjuſting himſelf in the moſt Amarous Poſture he can aſſume, his Hat under his Arm, while the other Hand is put careleſly into his Boſom, as if laid upon his



his panting Heart; his Head a little bent to one ſide, ſupported with a world of Crevat-ſtring, which he takes mighty care not to put into diſorder; as one may gueſs by a never-failing, and horrid Stiffneſs in his Neck; and if he have an occaſion to look aſide, his whole Body turns at the ſame time, for fear the Motion of the Head alone ſhould incommode the Crevat or Perriwig: And ſometimes the Glove is well manag'd, and the white Hand diſplay'd. Thus, with a thouſand other little Motions and Formalities, all in the common Place or Road of Foppery, he takes infinite pains to ſhew himſelf to the Pit and Boxes, a moſt accompliſh'd Aſs. This is he, of all Humane Kind, on whom Love can do no Miracles; and who can no where, and upon no occaſion, quit one Grain of his refin'd Foppery, unleſs in a Duel, or a Battle, if ever his Stars ſhou'd be ſo ſevere and ill-manner'd, to reduce him to the Neceſſity of either: Fear then wou'd ruffle that fine Form he had ſo long preſerved in niceſt Order, with grief conſidering, that an unlucky Chance-wound in his Face, if ſuch a dire Misfortune ſhou'd befal him, wou'd ſpoil the Sale of it for ever.

Perhaps it will be urg'd, that ſince no Metamorphoſis can be made in a Fop by Love, you muſt conſider him one of thoſe that only talks of Love, and thinks himſelf that happy thing, a Lover; and wanting fine Sence enough for the real Paſſion, believes what he feels to be it. There are in the Quiver of the God a great many different Darts; ſome that wound for a

Day, and others for a Year; they are all fine, painted, glittering Darts, and ſhew as well as thoſe made of the nobleſt Metal; but the Wounds they make, reach the Deſire only, and are cur'd by poſſeſſing, while the ſhort-liv'd Paſſion betrays the Cheats: But 'tis that refin'd and illuſtrious Paſſion of the Soul, whoſe Aim is Vertue, and whoſe End is Honour, that has the Power of changing Nature, and is capable of performing all thoſe Heroick Things, of which Hiſtory is full.

How far diſtant Paſſions may be from one another, I ſhall be able to make appear in theſe following Rules. I'll prove to you the ſtrong Effects of Love in ſome unguarded and ungovern'd Hearts; where it rages beyond the Inſpirations of *a God all ſoft and gentle*, and reigns more like *a Fury from Hell.*

I do not pretend here to entertain you with a feign'd Story, or any thing piec'd together with Romantick Accidents; but every Circumſtance, to a Tittle, is Truth. To a great part of the Main, I myſelf was an Eye-witneſs; and what I did not ſee, I was confirm'd of by Actors in the Intrigue, holy Men, of the Order of St. *Francis:* But for the ſake of ſome of her Relations, I ſhall give my *Fair Jilt* a feign'd Name, that of *Miranda*; but my Hero muſt retain his own, it being too Illuſtrious to be conceal'd.

You are to underſtand, that in all the Catholick Countries, where Holy Orders are eſtabliſh'd, there are abundance of differing kinds of Religious, both of Men and Women: Amongſt

mongſt the Women, there are thoſe we call *Nuns*, that make ſolemn Vows of perpetual Chaſtity: There are others who make but a ſimple Vow, as, for five or ten Years, or more or leſs; and that time expir'd, they may contract anew for longer time, or marry, or diſpoſe of themſelves as they ſhall ſee good; and theſe are ordinarily call'd *Gallopping Nuns:* Of theſe there are ſeveral Orders; as, *Chanoneſſes*, *Begines*, *Queſt's*, *Swart-Siſters*, and *Jeſuitiſſes*, with ſeveral others I have forgot: Of thoſe of the *Begines* was our *Fair Votreſs*,

Theſe Orders are taken up by the beſt Perſons of the Town, young Maids of Fortune, who live together, not inclos'd, but in Palaces that will hold about Fiften hundred or Two thouſand of theſe *Fille Devotes*, where they have a regulated Government, under a ſort of *Abbeſs*, or *Prioreſs*; or rather, a *Governante*. They are oblig'd to a Method of Devotion, and are under a ſort of Obedience. They wear an Habit much like our Widows of Quality in *England*, only without a *Bando*; and their Veil is of a thicker Crape than what we have here, through which one cannot ſee the Face; for when they go abroad, they cover themſelves all over with it, but they put 'em up in the Churches, and lay 'em by in the Houſes. Every one of theſe have a Confeſſor, who is to 'em a ſort of Steward: For, you muſt know, they that go into theſe places, have the Management of their own Fortunes, and what their Parents deſign 'em. Without the Advice of this Confeſſor, they act nothing, nor admit

of a Lover that he ſhall not approve of; at leaſt, this Method ought to be taken, and is by almoſt all of 'em; though *Miranda* thought her Wit above it, as her Spirit was.

But as theſe Women are, as I ſaid, of the beſt Quality, and live with the Reputation of being retir'd from the World a little more than ordinary, and becauſe there is a ſort of difficulty to approach 'em, they are the People the moſt courted, and liable to the greateſt Temptations; for as difficult as it ſeems to be, they receive Viſits from all the Men of the beſt Quality, eſpecially Strangers. All the Men of Wit and Converſation meet at the Apartments of theſe fair *Fille Devotes*, where all manner of Gallantries are perform'd, while all the Study of theſe Maids is to accompliſh themſelves for theſe noble Converſations. They receive Preſents, Balls, Serenades and Billets: All the News, Wit, Verſes, Songs, Novels, Muſick, Gaming, and all fine Diverſion, is in their Apartments, they themſelves being of the beſt Quality and Fortune. So that to manage theſe Gallantries, there is no ſort of Female Arts they are not practis'd in, no Intrigues they are ignorant of, and no Management of which they are not capable.

Of this happy Number was the Fair *Miranda*, whoſe Parents being dead, and a vaſt Eſtate divided between herſelf, and a young Siſter (who liv'd with an unmarry'd old Uncle, whoſe Eſtate afterwards was all divided between 'em) put herſelf into this uninclos'd Religious Houſe; but her Beauty, which had

all the Charms that ever Nature gave, became the Envy of the whole *Sisterhood*. She was tall, and admirably shap'd; she had a bright Hair, and Hazle-Eyes, all full of Love and Sweetness: No Art cou'd make a Face so fair as hers by a Nature, which every Feature adorn'd with a Grace that Imagination cannot reach: Every Look, every Motion charm'd, and her black Dress shew'd the Lustre of her Face and Neck. She had an Air, though gay as so much Youth cou'd inspire, yet so modest, so nobly reserv'd, without Formality, or Stiffness, that one who look'd on her would have imagin'd her Soul the Twin-Angel of her Body; and both together, made her appear something Divine. To this she had a great deal of Wit, read much, and retain'd all that serv'd her purpose. She sung delicately, and danc'd well, and play'd on the Lute to a Miracle. She spoke several Languages naturally; for being Co-heiress to so great a Fortune, she was bred with the nicest Care, in all the finest Manners of Education; and was now arriv'd to her Eighteenth Year.

'Twere needless to tell you how great a Noise the Fame of this young Beauty, with so considerable a Fortune, made in the World; I may say, the World, rather than confine her Fame to the scanty Limits of a Town; it reach'd to many others: And there was not a Man of any Quality that came to *Antwerp*, or pass'd through the City, but made it his Business to see the lovely *Miranda*, who was universally ador'd: Her Youth and Beauty, her Shape

Shape and Majeſty of Mien, and Air of Greatneſs, charm'd all her Beholders; and thouſands of People were dying by her Eyes, while ſhe was vain enough to glory in her Conqueſt, and make it her Buſineſs to wound. She lov'd nothing ſo much as to behold ſighing Slaves at her Feet, of the greateſt Quality; and treated 'em all with an Affability that gave 'em Hope. Continual Muſick as ſoon as it was dark, and Songs of dying Lovers, were ſung under her Windows; and ſhe might well have made herſelf a great Fortune (if ſhe had not been ſo already) by the rich Preſents that were hourly made her; and every Body daily expected when ſhe wou'd make ſome one happy, by ſuffering herſelf to be conquer'd by Love and Honour, by the Aſſiduities and Vows of ſome one of her Adorers: But *Miranda* accepted their Preſents, heard their Vows with pleaſure, and willingly admitted all their ſoft Addreſſes; but wou'd not yield her Heart, or give away that lovely Perſon to the Poſſeſſion of one, who cou'd pleaſe itſelf with ſo many. She was naturally Amorous, but extreamly Inconſtant: She lov'd one for his Wit, another for his Face, a third for his Mein; but above all, ſhe admir'd Quality: Quality alone had the Power to attack her entirely; yet not to one Man, but that Vertue was ſtill admir'd by her in all; where-ever ſhe found that, ſhe lov'd, or at leaſt acted the Lover with ſuch Art, that (deceiving well) ſhe fail'd not to compleat her Conqueſt; and yet ſhe never durſt truſt her fickle Humour with Marriage; She knew the

Strength

Strength of her own Heart, and that it cou'd not ſuffer itſelf to be confin'd to one Man, and wiſely avoided thoſe Inquietudes, and that Uneaſineſs of Life ſhe was ſure to find in that married Life, which wou'd, againſt her Nature, oblige her to the Embraces of one, whoſe Humour was, to love all the Young and the Gay. But Love, who had hitherto but play'd with her Heart, and given it naught but pleaſing wanton Wounds, ſuch as afforded only ſoft Joys, and not Pains, reſolv'd, either out of Revenge to thoſe Numbers ſhe had abandon'd, and who had ſigh'd ſo long in vain; or to try what Power he had upon ſo fickle a Heart, ſent an Arrow dipp'd in the moſt tormenting Flames that rage in Hearts moſt ſenſible. He ſtruck it home and deep, with all the Malice of an angry God.

There was a Church belonging to the *Cordeliers*, whither *Miranda* often repair'd to her Devotion; and being there one Day, accompany'd with a young Siſter of the Order, after the Maſs was ended, as 'tis the Cuſtom, ſome one of the Fathers goes about the Church with a Box, for Contribution, or Charity-Money; it happen'd that Day, that a young Father, newly initiated, carried the Box about, which, in his turn, he brought to *Miranda*. She had no ſooner caſt her Eyes on this young Friar, but her Face was overſpread with Bluſhes of Surprize: She beheld him ſtedfaſtly, and ſaw in his Face all the Charms of Youth, Wit and Beauty; he wanted no one Grace that cou'd form him for Love, he appear'd

pear'd all that is adorable to the Fair Sex, nor cou'd the miſhapen Habit hide from her the lovely Shape it endeavour'd to cover, nor thoſe delicate Hands that approach'd her too near with the Box. Beſides the Beauty of his Face and Shape, he had an Air altogether great; in ſpite of his profeſs'd Poverty, it betray'd the Man of Quality; and that Thought weigh'd greatly with *Miranda*. But Love, who did not deſign ſhe ſhou'd now feel any ſort of thoſe eaſie Flames, with which ſhe had heretofore burnt, made her ſoon lay all thoſe Conſiderations aſide, which us'd to invite her to Love, and now lov'd ſhe knew not why.

She gaz'd upon him, while he bow'd before her, and waited for her Charity, 'till ſhe perceiv'd the lovely Friar to bluſh, and caſt his Eyes to the Ground. This awaken'd her Shame, and ſhe put her Hand into her Pocket, and was a good while in ſearching for her Purſe, as if ſhe thought of nothing leſs, than what ſhe was about; at laſt ſhe drew it out, and gave him a Piſtole; but that with ſo much Deliberation and Leiſure, as eaſily betray'd the Satisfaction ſhe took in looking on him; while the good Man, having receiv'd her Bounty, after a very low Obeiſance, proceeded to the reſt; and *Miranda* caſting after him a Look all languiſhing, as long as he remain'd in the Church, departed with a Sigh as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him go out, and return'd to her Apartment, without ſpeaking one Word all the Way to the young *Fille Devote*, who attended her; ſo abſolutely was her Soul employ'd with this young holy Man.

Man. *Cornelia* (ſo was this Maid call'd who was with her) perceiving ſhe was ſo ſilent, who us'd to be all Wit and good Humour, and obſerving her little Diſorder at the Sight of the young Father, tho' ſhe was far from imagining it to be Love, took an Occaſion, when ſhe was come home, to ſpeak of him. *Madam*, ſaid ſhe, *did you not obſerve that fine young* Cordelier, *who brought the Box?* At a Queſtion that nam'd that Object of her Thoughts, *Miranda* bluſh'd; and the finding ſhe did ſo, redoubl'd her Confuſion, and ſhe had ſcarce Courage enough to ſay, ——*Yes, I did obſerve him:* And then, forcing herſelf to ſmile a little, continu'd; *And I wonder'd to ſee ſo jolly a young Friar of an Order ſo ſevere, and mortify'd. Madam*, (reply'd *Cornelia*) *when you know his Story, you will not wonder. Miranda*, who was impatient to know all that concern'd her new Conqueror, oblig'd her to tell his Story; and *Cornelia* obey'd, and proceeded.

The Story of Prince HENRICK.

'YOU muſt know, Madam, that this 'young holy Man is a Prince of *Ger-* 'many, of the Houſe of——, whoſe Fate it 'was, to fall moſt paſſionately in Love with a 'fair young Lady, who lov'd him with an Ar- 'dour equal to what he vow'd her. Sure of her 'Heart, and wanting only the Approbation 'of her Parents, and his own, which her Qua- 'lity did not ſuffer him to deſpair of, he boaſt-

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'ed of his Happineſs to a young Prince, his 'elder Brother, a Youth amorous and fierce, 'impatient of Joys, and ſenſible of Beauty, 'taking Fire with all fair Eyes: He was his 'Father's Darling, and Delight of his fond 'Mother; and by an Aſcendant over both 'their Hearts, rul'd their Wills.

'This young Prince no ſooner ſaw, but 'lov'd the fair Miſtreſs of his Brother, and 'with an Authority of a Sovereign, rather 'than the Advice of a Friend, warn'd his 'Brother *Henrick* (this now young Friar) to 'approach no more this Lady, whom he had 'ſeen; and ſeeing, lov'd.

'In vain the poor ſurpriz'd Prince pleads 'his Right of Love, his Exchange of Vows, 'and Aſſurance of an Heart that cou'd never 'be but for himſelf. In vain he urges his 'Nearneſs of Blood, his Friendſhip, his Paſ-'ſion, or his Life, which ſo entirely depended 'on the Poſſeſſion of the charming Maid. All 'his Pleading ſerv'd but to blow his Brother's 'Flame; and the more he implores, the more 'the other burns; and while *Henrick* follows 'him on his Knees, with humble Submiſſions, 'the other flies from him in Rages of tranſpor-'ted Love; nor cou'd his Tears, that purſu'd 'his Brother's Steps, move him to Pity: Hot-'headed, vain-conceited of his Beauty, and 'greater Quality, as elder Brother, he doubts 'not his Succeſs, and reſolv'd to ſacrifice all to 'the Violence of his new-born Paſſion.

'In ſhort, he ſpeaks of his Deſign to his 'Mother, who promis'd him her Aſſiſtance;

'and

'and accordingly, propoſing it firſt to the 'Prince, her Husband, urging the Languiſh-'ment of her Son, ſhe ſoon wrought ſo on 'him, that a Match being concluded between 'the Parents of this young Beauty, and *Hen-'rick*'s Brother, the Hour was appointed be-'fore ſhe knew of the Sacrifice ſhe was to be 'made. And while this was in Agitation, '*Henrick* was ſent on ſome great Affairs, up 'into *Germany*, far out of the way; not but 'his boding Heart, with perpetual Sighs and 'Throbs, eternally foretold him his Fate.

'All the Letters he writ were intercepted, 'as well as thoſe ſhe writ to him. She finds 'herſelf every Day perplex'd with the Ad-'dreſſes of the Prince ſhe hated; he was 'ever ſighing at her Feet. In vain were all 'her Reproaches, and all her Coldneſs, he was 'on the ſurer ſide; for what he found Love 'wou'd not do, Force of Parents wou'd.

'She complains, in her Heart, on young '*Henrick*, from whom ſhe cou'd never receive 'one Letter; and at laſt, cou'd not forbear 'burſting into Tears, in ſpite of all her Force, 'and feign'd Courage; when, on a Day, the 'Prince told her, that *Henrick* was withdrawn, 'to give him time to Court her; to whom, he 'ſaid, He confeſs'd he had made ſome Vows; 'but did repent of 'em, knowing himſelf too 'young to make 'em good: That it was for 'that Reaſon he brought him firſt to ſee her; 'and for that Reaſon, that after that, he never 'ſaw her more, nor ſo much as took Leave of 'her; (when, indeed, his Death lay upon the

'next

'next Viſit, his Brother having ſworn to mur-
'ther him; and to that End, put a Guard up-
'on him, 'till he was ſent into *Germany*.)

'All this he utter'd with ſo many paſſionate
'Aſſeverations, Vows, and ſeeming Pity for
'her being ſo inhumanely abandon'd, that
'ſhe almoſt gave Credit to all he had ſaid,
'and had much adoe to keep herſelf within
'the Bounds of Moderation, and ſilent Grief.
'Her Heart was breaking, her Eyes languiſh'd,
'and her Cheeks grew pale, and ſhe had like
'to have fallen dead into the treacherous Arms
'of him that had reduc'd her to this Diſcove-
'ry; but ſhe did what ſhe cou'd to aſſume her
'Courage, and to ſhew as little Reſentment as
'poſſible for a Heart, like hers, oppreſs'd with
'Love, and now abandon'd by the dear Sub-
'ject of its Joys and Pains.

'But, Madam, not to tire you with this
'Adventure, the Day arriv'd wherein our ſtill
'weeping fair Unfortunate was to be ſacrific'd
'to the Capriciouſneſs of Love; and ſhe was
'carry'd to Court by her Parents, without
'knowing to what End, where ſhe was almoſt
'compell'd to marry the Prince.

'*Henrick*, who, all this while, knew no more
'of his Unhappineſs, than what his Fears ſug-
'geſted, returns, and paſſes even to the Pre-
'ſence of his Father, before he knew any
'thing of his Fortune; where he beheld his
'Miſtreſs and his Brother, with his Father, in
'ſuch a Familiarity, as he no longer doubted
'his Deſtiny. 'Tis hard to judge, whether the
'Lady, or himſelf, was moſt ſurpriz'd; ſhe

'was

was all pale and unmovable in her Chair, and *Henrick* fix'd like a Statue; at laſt Grief and Rage took place of Amazement, and he could not forbear crying out, *Ah, Traytor! Is it thus you have treated a Friend and Brother? And you, O perjur'd Charmer! Is it thus you have rewarded all my Vows?* He cou'd ſay no more; but reeling againſt the Door, had fall'n in a Swoon upon the Floor, had not his Page caught him in his Arms, who was entring with him. The good old Prince, the Father, who knew not what all this meant, was ſoon inform'd by the young, weeping Princeſs; who, in relating the Story of her Amour with *Henrick*, told her Tale in ſo moving a manner, as brought Tears to the Old Man's Eyes, and Rage to thoſe of her Husband; he immediately grew jealous to the laſt Degree: He finds himſelf in Poſſeſſion ('tis true) of the Beauty he ador'd; but the Beauty adoring another; a Prince, young, and charming as the Light; ſoft, witty, and raging with an equal Paſſion. He finds this dreaded Rival in the ſame Houſe with him, with an Authority equal to his own; and fancies, where two Hearts are ſo entirely agreed, and have ſo good an Underſtanding, it would not be impoſſible to find Opportunities to ſatisfie and eaſe that mutual Flame, that burnt ſo equally in both; he therefore reſolv'd to ſend him out of the World, and to eſtabliſh his own Repoſe by a Deed, wicked, cruel, and unnatural, to have him aſſaſſinated the firſt Opportunity he cou'd find.

'This Reſolution ſet him a little at eaſe, and 'he ſtrove to diſſemble Kindneſs to *Henrick*, 'with all the Art he was capable of, ſuffering 'him to come often to the Apartment of the 'Princeſs, and to entertain her oftentimes 'with Diſcourſe, when he was not near enough 'to hear what he ſpoke; but ſtill watching their 'Eyes, he found thoſe of *Henrick* full of Tears, 'ready to flow, but reſtrain'd, looking all dy-'ing, and yet reproaching, while thoſe of the 'Princeſs were ever bent to the Earth, and 'ſhe, as much as poſſible, ſhunning his Con-'verſation. Yet this did not ſatisfie the jea-'lous Husband; 'twas not her Complaiſance 'that cou'd appeaſe him; he found her Heart 'was panting within, when ever *Henrick* ap-'proach'd her, and every Viſit more and more 'confirm'd his Death.

'The Father often found the Diſorders of 'the Sons; the Softneſs and Addreſs of the 'one gave him as much Fear, as the angry 'Bluſhings, the fierce Looks, and broken Re-'plies of the other, when ever he beheld *Hen-'rick* approach his Wife: So that the Father 'fearing ſome ill Conſequence of this, be-'ſought *Henrick* to withdraw to ſome other 'Country, or travel into *Italy*, he being now 'of an Age that requir'd a View of the World. 'He told his Father, That he wou'd obey his 'Commands, though he was certain, that Mo-'ment he was to be ſeparated from the ſight 'of the fair Princeſs, his Siſter, wou'd be the 'laſt of his Life; and, in fine, made ſo pitiful 'a Story of his ſuffering Love, as almoſt mov'd

'the

'the old Prince to compaſſionate him ſo far, as 'to permit him to ſtay; but he ſaw inevitable 'Danger in that, and therefore bid him pre-'pare for his Journey.

'That which paſs'd between the Father and '*Henrick*, being a Secret, none talk'd of his 'departing from Court; ſo that the Deſign the 'Brother had, went on; and making an Hun-'ting-match one Day, where moſt young 'People of Quality were, he order'd ſome 'whom he had hir'd to follow his Brother, ſo 'as if he chanc'd to go out of the way, to 'diſpatch him; and accordingly, Fortune 'gave 'em an Opportunity; for he lagg'd be-'hind the Company, and turn'd aſide into a 'pleaſant Thicket of Hazles; where alighting 'he walk'd on Foot in the moſt pleaſant part 'of it, full of Thought, how to divide his 'Soul between Love and Obedience. He was 'ſenſible that he ought not to ſtay, that he 'was but an Affliction to the young Princeſs, 'whoſe Honour cou'd never permit her to 'eaſe any part of his Flame; nor was he ſo 'vicious, to entertain a Thought that ſhou'd 'ſtain her Vertue. He beheld her now as his 'Brother's Wife, and that ſecur'd his Flame 'from all looſe Deſires, if her native Modeſty 'had not been ſufficient of itſelf to have done 'it, and that profound Reſpect he paid her: 'And he conſider'd, in obeying his Father, 'he left her at Eaſe, and his Brother freed of 'a thouſand Fears; he went to ſeek a Cure, 'which if he cou'd not find, at laſt he cou'd 'but die; and ſo he muſt, even at her Feet:

'However, that 'twas more noble to ſeek a 'Remedy for his Diſeaſe, than expect a cer-'tain Death by ſtaying. After a thouſand Re-'flections on his hard Fate, and bemoaning 'himſelf, and blaming his cruel Stars, that 'had doom'd him to die ſo young; after an 'infinity of Sighs and Tears, Reſolvings and 'Unreſolvings, he, on the ſudden, was inter-'rupted by the trampling of ſome Horſes he 'heard, and their ruſhing through the Boughs, 'and ſaw four Men make towards him: He 'had not time to mount, being walk'd ſome 'Paces from his Horſe. One of the Men ad-'vanc'd, and cry'd, *Prince you muſt die* —— '*I do believe thee* (reply'd *Henrick*) *but not by a 'Hand ſo baſe as thine:* And at the ſame time, 'drawing his Sword, run him into the Groin. 'When the Fellow found himſelf ſo wounded, 'he wheel'd off, and cry'd, *Thou art a Pro-'phet, and haſt rewarded my Treachery with 'Death.* The reſt came up, and one ſhot at 'the Prince, and ſhot him in the Shoulder; 'the other two haſtily laying hold (but too 'late) on the Hand of the Murtherer, cry'd, '*Hold, Traytor; we relent, and he ſhall not die.* 'He reply'd, *'Tis too late, he is ſhot; and ſee, he 'lies dead: Let us provide for our ſelves, and tell 'the Prince, we have done the Work; for you are 'as guilty as I am.* At that, they all fled, and 'left the Prince lying under a Tree, weltering 'in his Blood.

'About the Evening, the Foreſter going 'his Walks, ſaw the Horſe richly capariſon'd, 'without a Rider, at the Entrance of the

'Wood;

'Wood; and going farther, to ſee if he cou'd 'find its Owner, found there the Prince al-'moſt dead: He immediately mounts him on 'the Horſe, and himſelf behind, bore him 'up, and carry'd him to the Lodge; where 'he had only one old Man, his Father, well 'skill'd in Surgery, and a Boy. They put him 'to Bed, and the old Foreſter, with what 'Art he had, dreſs'd his Wound, and in the 'Morning ſent for an abler Surgeon, to whom 'the Prince enjoyn'd Secrecy, becauſe he knew 'him. The Man was faithful, and the Prince, 'in time, was recover'd of his Wound; and 'ae ſoon as he was well, he came for *Flanders*, 'in the Habit of a Pilgrim, and after ſome 'time, took the Order of St. *Francis*, none 'knowing what became of him, 'till he was 'profeſs'd; and then he writ his own Story 'to the Prince his Father, to his Miſtreſs, and 'his ungrateful Brother. The young Princeſs 'did not long ſurvive his Loſs, ſhe languiſh'd 'from the Moment of his Departure; and he 'had this to confirm his devout Life, to know 'ſhe dy'd for him.

'My Brother, Madam, was an Officer un-'der the Prince, his Father, and knew his 'Story perfectly well; from whoſe Mouth I 'had it.

What! (reply'd *Miranda* then) *is Father* Henrick *a Man of Quality? Yes, Madam,* (ſaid *Cornelia,*) *and has chang'd his Name to* Franciſco. But *Miranda*, fearing to betray the Sentiments of her Heart, by asking any more Queſtions

about him, turn'd the Diſcourſe; and ſome Perſons of Quality came in to viſit her (for her Apartment was, about Six a-clock, like the Preſence-Chamber of a Queen, always fill'd with the greateſt People.) There meet all the *Beaux Eſprits*, and all the Beauties. But it was viſible *Miranda* was not ſo gay as ſhe us'd to be; but penſive, and anſwering *Mal a propo*, to all that was ſaid to her. She was a thouſand times going to ſpeak, againſt her Will, ſomething of the charming Friar, who was never from her Thoughts; and ſhe imagin'd, if he could inſpire Love in a courſe, grey, ill-made Habit, a ſhorn Crown, a Hair-Cord about his Waſte, bare-leg'd, in Sandals inſtead of Shooes, what muſt he do, when looking back on Time, ſhe beholds him in a Proſpect of Glory, with all that Youth, and Illuſtrious Beauty, ſet off by the Advantage of Dreſs and Equipage. She frames an Idea of him all gay, and ſplendid, and looks on his preſent Habit as ſome Diſguiſe proper for the Stealths of Love; ſome feign'd put-on Shape, with the more Security to approach a Miſtreſs, and make himſelf happy; and that, the Robe laid by, ſhe has the Lover in his proper Beauty, the ſame he would have been, if any other Habit (tho' never ſo rich) were put off: In the Bed, the ſilent, gloomy Night, and the ſoft Embraces of her Arms, he loſes all the Friar, and aſſumes all the Prince; and that awful Reverence, due alone to his holy Habit, he exchanges for a thouſand Dalliances, for which his Youth was made; for Love, for tender Embraces, and

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all the Happineſs of Life. Some Moments ſhe fancies him a Lover, and that the fair Object that takes up all his Heart, has left no room for her there; but that was a Thought that did not long perplex her, and which, almoſt as ſoon as born, ſhe turn'd to her Advantage: She beholds him a Lover, and therefore finds he has a Heart ſenſible and tender; he had Youth to be fir'd, as well as to inſpire; he was far from the lov'd Object, and totally without Hope: and ſhe reaſonably conſider'd, that Flame wou'd of itſelf ſoon die, that had only Deſpair to feed on. She beheld her own Charms; and Experience, as well as her Glaſs, told her, they never fail'd of Conqueſt; eſpecially where they deſign'd it: And ſhe believ'd *Henrick* would be glad, at leaſt, to quench that Flame in himſelf, by an Amour with her, which was kindl'd by the young Princeſs of—— his Siſter.

Theſe, and a thouſand other Self-flatteries, all vain and indiſcreet, took up her waking Nights, and now more retir'd Days; while Love, to make her truly wretched, ſuffer'd her to ſooth herſelf with fond Imaginations; not ſo much as permitting her Reaſon to plead one Moment to ſave her from Undoing: She wou'd not ſuffer it to tell her, he had taken holy Orders, made ſacred and ſolemn Vows of everlaſting Chaſtity, that 'twas impoſſible he cou'd marry her, or lay before her any Argument that might prevent her Ruine; but Love, mad, malicious Love was always call'd to Counſel, and, like eaſie Monarchs, ſhe had no Ears, but for Flatterers.

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Well then, ſhe is reſolv'd to love, without conſidering to what End, and what muſt be the Conſequence of ſuch an Amour. She now miſs'd no Day of being at that little Church, where ſhe had the Happineſs, or rather, the Misfortune (ſo Love ordain'd) to ſee this Raviſher of her Heart and Soul; and every Day ſhe took new Fire from his lovely Eyes: Unawares, unknown and unwillingly he gave her Wounds, and the Difficulty of her Cure made her Rage the more: She burnt, ſhe languiſh'd, and dy'd for the young Innocent, who knew not he was the Author of ſo much Miſchief.

Now ſhe reſolves a thouſand Ways in her tortur'd Mind, to let him know her Anguiſh, and at laſt pitch'd upon that of writing to him ſoft Billets, which ſhe had learnt the Art of doing; or if ſhe had not, ſhe had now Fire enough to inſpire her with all that cou'd charm and move. Theſe ſhe deliver'd to a young Wench, who waited on her, and whom ſhe had entirely ſubdu'd to her Intereſt, to give to a certain Lay-Brother of the Order, who was a very ſimple, harmleſs Wretch, and who ſerv'd in the Kitchen, in the nature of a Cook in the Monaſtery of *Cordeliers*: She gave him Gold to ſecure his Faith and Service; and not knowing from whence they came (with ſo good Credentials) he undertook to deliver the Letters to Father *Franciſco*; which Letters were all afterwards, as you ſhall hear, produc'd in open Court. Theſe Letters fail'd not to come every Day; and the Sence of the firſt was, to tell him that a very beautiful young Lady, of a great

great Fortune, was in love with him, without naming her; but it came as from a third Perſon, to let him know the Secret, that ſhe deſir'd he wou'd let her know whether ſhe might hope any Return from him; aſſuring him, he needed but only ſee the fair Languiſher, to confeſs himſelf her Slave.

This Letter being deliver'd him, he read by himſelf, and was ſurpriz'd to receive Words of this nature, being ſo great a Stranger in that place; and cou'd not imagine, or wou'd not give himſelf the trouble of gueſſing who this ſhould be, becauſe he never deſign'd to make Returns.

The next Day *Miranda*, finding no Advantage from her Meſſenger of Love, in the Evening ſends another (impatient of Delay) confeſſing that ſhe who ſuffer'd the Shame of Writing and Imploring, was the Perſon herſelf who ador'd him. 'Twas there her raging Love made her ſay all things that diſcover'd the nature of its Flame, and propoſe to flee with him to any part of the World, if he wou'd quit the Convent; that ſhe had a Fortune conſiderable enough to make him happy, and that his Youth and Quality were not given him to ſo unprofitable an End as to loſe themſelves in a Convent, where Poverty and Eaſe was all their Buſineſs. In fine, ſhe leaves nothing unurg'd that might debauch and invite him; not forgetting to ſend him her own Character of Beauty, and left him to judge of her Wit and Spirit by her Writing, and her Love by the Extremity of Paſſion ſhe profeſs'd. To all which,

which, the lovely Friar made no Return, as believing a gentle Capitulation or Exhortation to her wou'd but inflame her the more, and give new Occaſions for her continuing to write. All her Reaſonings, falſe and vicious, he deſpis'd, pities the Error of her Love, and was Proof againſt all ſhe could plead. Yet notwithſtanding his Silence, which left her in doubt, and more tormented her, ſhe ceas'd not to purſue him with her Letters, varying her Style; ſometimes all wanton, looſe and raving; ſometimes feigning a Virgin-modeſty all over, accuſing herſelf, blaming her Conduct, and ſiging her Deſtiny, as one compell'd to the ſhameful Diſcovery by the Auſterity of his Vow and Habit, asking his Pity and Forgiveneſs; urging him in Charity to uſe his Fatherly Care to perſwade and reaſon with her wild Deſires, and by his Councel drive the God from her Heart, whoſe Tyranny was worſe than that of a Fiend; and he did not know what his pious Advice might do. But ſtill ſhe writes in vain, in vain ſhe varies her Style, by a Cunning, peculiar to a Maid poſſeſs'd with ſuch a ſort of Paſſion.

This cold Neglect was ſtill Oil to the burning Lamp, and ſhe tries yet more Arts, which for want of right Thinking, were as fruitleſs. She has recourſe to Preſents; her Letters came loaded with Rings of great price, and Jewels, which Fops of Quality had given her. Many of this ſort he receiv'd, before he knew where to return 'em, or how; and on this Occaſion alone he ſent her a Letter, and reſtor'd her Trifles,

Trifles, as he call'd 'em: But his Habit having not made him forget his Quality and Education, he writ to her with all the profound Reſpect imaginable; believing by her Preſents, and the Liberality with which we parted with 'em, that ſhe was of Quality. But the whole Letter, as he told me afterwards, was to perſwade her from the Honour ſhe did him, by loving him; urging a thouſand Reaſons, ſolid and pious, and aſſuring her, he had wholly devoted the reſt of his Days to Heaven, and had no need of thoſe gay Trifles ſhe had ſent him, which were only fit to adorn Ladies ſo fair as herſelf, and who had buſineſs with this glittering World, which he diſdain'd, and had for ever abandon'd. He ſent her a thouſand Bleſſings, and told her, ſhe ſhou'd be ever in his Prayers, though not in his Heart, as ſhe deſired: And abundance of Goodneſs more he expreſs'd, and Councel he gave her, which had the ſame Effect with his Silence; it made her Love but the more, and the more impatient ſhe grew: She now had a new Occaſion to write, ſhe now is charm'd with his Wit; this was the new Subject. She rallies his Reſolution, and endeavours to re-call him to the World, by all the Arguments that Humane Invention is capable of.

But when ſhe had above four Months languiſh'd thus in vain, not miſſing one Day, wherein ſhe went not to ſee him, without diſcovering herſelf to him; ſhe reſolv'd, as her laſt Effort, to ſhew her Perſon, and ſee what that, aſſiſted by her Tears, and ſoft Words from

from her Mouth, cou'd do, to prevail upon him.

It happen'd to be on the Eve of that Day when ſhe was to receive the Sacrament, that ſhe, covering herſelf with her Veil, came to *Veſpers*, purpoſing to make choice of the conquering Friar for her Confeſſor.

She approach'd him; and as ſhe did ſo, ſhe trembl'd with Love: At laſt ſhe cry'd, *Father, my Confeſſor is gone for ſome time from the Town, and I am oblig'd to morrow to receive, and beg you will be pleas'd to take my Confeſſion.*

He cou'd not refuſe her; and let her into the *Sacriſte*, where there is a Confeſſion-Chair, in which he ſeated himſelf; and on one ſide of him ſhe kneel'd down, over againſt a little Altar, where the Prieſts Robes lie, on which was plac'd ſome lighted Wax-Candles, that made the little place very light and ſplendid, which ſhone full upon *Miranda*.

After the little Preparation uſual in Confeſſion, ſhe turn'd up her Veil, and diſcover'd to his View the moſt wond'rous Object of Beauty he had ever ſeen, dreſs'd in all the Glory of a young Bride; her Hair and Stomacher full of Diamonds, that gave a Luſtre all dazling to her brighter Face and Eyes. He was ſurpriz'd at her amazing Beauty, and queſtion'd whether he ſaw a Woman or an Angel at his Feet. Her Hands, which were elevated, as if in Prayer, ſeem'd to be form'd of poliſh'd Alabaſter; and he confeſs'd, he had never ſeen any thing in Nature ſo perfect, and ſo admirable.

He

He had ſome pain to compoſe himſelf to hear her Confeſſion, and was oblig'd to turn away his Eyes, that his Mind might not be perplex'd with an Object ſo diverting; when *Miranda*, opening the fineſt Mouth in the World, and diſcovering new Charms, began her Confeſſion.

Holy Father (ſaid ſhe;) *amongſt the Number of my vile Offences, that which afflicts me to the greateſt Degree, is, that I am in Love: Not* (continu'd ſhe) *that I believe ſimple, and vertuous Love a Sin, when 'tis plac'd on an Object proper and ſuitable; but, my dear Father,* (ſaid ſhe, and wept,) *I love with a Violence which cannot be contain'd within the Bounds of Reaſon, Moderation, or Vertue. I love a Man whom I cannot poſſeſs without a Crime, and a Man who cannot make me happy without become perjur'd. Is he marry'd?* (reply'd the Father.) *No*; (anſwer'd *Miranda*. *Are you ſo?* (continu'd he.) *Neither*; (ſaid ſhe) *Is he too near ally'd to you?* (ſaid *Franciſco:*) *a Brother, or Relation? Neither of theſe,* (ſaid ſhe:) *He is unenjoy'd, unpromis'd; and ſo am I: Nothing oppoſes our Happineſs, or makes my Love a Vice, but you: —— 'Tis you deny me Life: 'Tis you that forbids my Flame: 'Tis you will have me die, and ſeek my Remedy in my Grave, when I complain of Tortures, Wounds and Flames. O cruel Charmer, 'tis for you I languiſh; and here, at your Feet, implore that Pity which all my Addreſſes have fail'd of procuring me. ——*

With

With that, perceiving he was about to riſe from his Seat, ſhe held him by his Habit, and vow'd ſhe wou'd in that poſture follow him, where-ever he flew from her. She elevated her Voice ſo loud, he was afraid ſhe might be heard, and therefore ſuffer'd her to force him into his Chair again; where being ſeated, he began, in the moſt paſſionate Terms imaginable, to diſſuade her; but finding ſhe but the more perſiſted in Eagerneſs of Paſſion, he us'd all the tender Aſſurance that he cou'd force from himſelf, that he wou'd have for her all the Reſpect, Eſteem and Friendſhip that he was capable of paying; that he had a real Compaſſion for her; and at laſt, ſhe prevail'd ſo far with him by her Sighs and Tears, as to own he had a Tenderneſs for her, and that he cou'd not behold ſo many Charms, without being ſenſibly touch'd by them, and finding all thoſe Effects that a Maid ſo young and fair cauſes in the Souls of Men of Youth and Senſe: But that, as he was aſſured, he cou'd never be ſo happy to marry her, and as certain he cou'd not grant any thing but honourable Paſſion, he humbly beſought her not to expect more from him than ſuch; and then began to tell her how ſhort Life was, and tranſitory its Joys; how ſoon ſhe wou'd grow weary of Vice, and how often change to find real Repoſe in it, but never arrive to it. He made an End by new Aſſurance of his eternal Friendſhip, but utterly forbad her to hope.

Behold

Behold her now deny'd, refus'd and defeated, with all her pleading Youth, Beauty, Tears, and Knees, imploring, as ſhe lay, holding faſt his *Scapular*, and embracing his Feet. What ſhall ſhe do? She ſwells with Pride, Love, Indignation and Deſire; her burning Heart is burſting with Deſpair, her Eyes grow fierce, and from Grief, ſhe riſes to a Storm; and in her Agony of Paſſion, which looks all diſdainful, haughty, and full of Rage, ſhe began to revile him, as the pooreſt of Animals: Tells him, his Soul was dwindled to the Meanneſs of his Habit, and his Vows of Poverty were ſuited to his degenerate Mind. *And* (ſaid ſhe) *ſince all my nobler Ways have fail'd me; and that, for a little hypocritical Devotion, you reſolve to loſe the greateſt Bleſſings of Life, and to ſacrifice me to your Religious Pride and Vanity, I will either force you to abandon that dull Diſſimulation; or you ſhall die, to prove your Sanctity real. Therefore anſwer me immediately, anſwer my Flame, my raging Fire, which your Eyes have kindled; or here, in this very Moment, I will ruine thee; and make no Scruple of revenging the Pains I ſuffer, by that which ſhall take away your Life and Honour.*

The trembling young Man, who, all this while, with extream Anguiſh of Mind, and Fear of the dire Reſult, had liſten'd to her Ravings, full of Dread, demanded what ſhe wou'd have him do. When ſhe reply'd, —— *Do that which thy Youth and Beauty were ordain'd to do:* —— *This place is private, a Sacred Silence reigns here, and no one dares to pry into the Secrets*

Secrets of this holy Place: We are as ſecure from Fears of Interruption, as in Deſarts uninhabited, or Caves forſaken by wild Beaſts. The Tapers too ſhall veil their Lights, and only that glimmering Lamp ſhall be witneſs of our dear Stealths of Love —— Come to my Arms, my trembling, longing Arms; and curſe the Folly of thy Bigottry, that has made thee ſo long loſe a Bleſſing, for which ſo many Princes ſigh in vain.

At theſe Words ſhe roſe from his Feet, and ſnatching him in her Arms, he cou'd not defend himſelf from receiving a thouſand Kiſſes from the lovely Mouth of the charming Wanton; after which, ſhe ran herſelf, and in an inſtant put out the Candles. But he cry'd to her, *In vain, O too indiſcreet Fair One; in vain you put out the Light; for Heaven ſtill has Eyes, and will look down upon my broken Vows. I own your Power, I own I have all the Senſe in the World of your charming Touches; I am frail Fleſh and Blood, but yet —— yet —— yet I can reſiſt; and I prefer my Vows to all your powerful Temptations. —— I will be deaf and blind, and guard my Heart with Walls of Ice, and make you know, that when the Flames of true Devotion are kindled in a Heart, it puts out all other Fires; which are as ineffectual, as Candles lighted in the Face of the Sun. —— Go, vain Wanton, and repent, and mortifie that Blood which has ſo ſhamefully betray'd thee, and which will one Day ruine both thy Soul and Body. ——*

At theſe Words *Miranda*, more enrag'd, the nearer ſhe imagin'd herſelf to Happineſs, made no Reply; but throwing herſelf, in that inſtant,

inſtant, into the Confeſſing-Chair, and violently pulling the young Friar into her Lap, ſhe elevated her Voice to ſuch a degree, in crying out, *Help, help: A Rape: Help, help*, that ſhe was heard all over the Church, which was full of People at the Evening's Devotion; who flock'd about the Door of the *Sacriſti*; which was ſhut with a Spring-lock on the inſide, but they durſt not open the Door.

'Tis eaſily to be imagin'd, in what Condition our young Friar was, at this laſt deviliſh Stratagem of his wicked Miſtreſs. He ſtrove to break from thoſe Arms that held him ſo faſt; and his buſtling to get away, and hers to retain him, diſorder'd her Hair and Habit to ſuch a degree, as gave the more Credit to her falſe Accuſation.

The Fathers had a Door on the other ſide, by which they uſually enter'd, to dreſs in this little Room; and at the Report that was in an inſtant made 'em, they haſted thither, and found *Miranda* and the good Father very indecently ſtrugling; which they miſ-interpreted, as *Miranda* deſir'd; who, all in Tears, immediately threw herſelf at the Feet of the Provincial, who was one of thoſe that enter'd; and cry'd, *O holy Father, revenge an innocent Maid, undone and loſt to Fame and Honour, by that vile Monſter, born of Goats, nurs'd by Tygers, and bred up on ſavage Mountains, where Humanity and Religion are Strangers. For, O holy Father, cou'd it have enter'd into the Heart of Man, to have done ſo barbarous and horrid a Deed, as to attempt the Virgin-Honour of an unſpotted*

Maid, and one of my Degree, even in the Moment of my Confeſſion, in that holy time, when I was proſtrate before him and Heaven, confeſſing thoſe Sins that preſs'd my tender Conſcience; even then to load my Soul with the blackeſt of Infamies, to add to my Number a Weight that muſt ſink me to Hell? Alas! under the Security of his innocent Looks, his holy Habit, and his awful Function, I was lead into this Room, to make my Confeſſion; where, he locking the Door, I had no ſooner began, but he gazing on me, took Fire at my fatal Beauty; and ſtarting up, put out the Candles, and caught me in his Arms; and raiſing me from the Pavement, ſet me in the Confeſſion-Chair; and then —— Oh, ſpare me the reſt.

With that a Shower of Tears burſt from her fair diſſembling Eyes, and Sobs ſo naturally acted, and ſo well manag'd, as left no Doubt upon the good Men, but all ſhe had ſpoken was Truth.

—— *At firſt,* (proceeded ſhe,) *I was unwilling to bring ſo great a Scandal on his Order, as to cry out; but ſtruggl'd as long as I had Breath, pleaded the Heinouſneſs of the Crime; urging my Quality, and the Danger of the Attempt. But he, deaf as the Winds, and ruffling as a Storm, purſu'd his wild Deſign with ſo much Force and Inſolence, as I at laſt, unable to reſiſt, was wholly vanquiſh'd, robb'd of my native Purity: With what Life and Breath I had, I call'd for Aſſiſtance, both from Men and Heaven; but oh, alas! your Succours come too late: —— You find me here a wretched, undone and raviſh'd Maid. Revenge me, Fathers;*

revenge

revenge me on the perfidious Hypocrite, or elſe give me a Death that may ſecure your Cruelty and Injuſtice from ever being proclaim'd o'er the World; or my Tongue will be eternally reproaching you, and curſing the wicked Author of my Infamy.

She ended as ſhe began, with a thouſand Sighs and Tears; and receiv'd from the Provincial all Aſſurances of Revenge.

The innocent betray'd Victim, all this while ſhe was ſpeaking, heard her with an Aſtoniſhment that may eaſily be imagin'd; yet ſhew'd no extravagant Signs of it, as thoſe wou'd do, who feign it to be thought innocent; but being really ſo, he bore, with an humble, modeſt, and bluſhing Countenance, all her Accuſations: Which ſilent Shame they miſtook for evident Signs of his Guilt.

When the Provincial demanded, with an unwonted Severity in his Eyes and Voice, what he cou'd anſwer for himſelf; calling him Prophaner of his ſacred Vows, and Infamy to the holy Order; the Injur'd, but the innocently Accus'd, only reply'd, *May Heaven forgive that bad Woman, and bring her to Repentance: For his part, he was not ſo much in love with Life, as to uſe many Arguments to juſtifie his Innocence; unleſs it were to free that* Order *from a Scandal, of which he had the Honour to be profeſs'd: But as for himſelf, Life or Death were things indifferent to him, who heartily deſpis'd the World.*

He ſaid no more, and ſuffer'd himſelf to be led before the Magiſtrate; who committed him to Priſon, upon the Accuſation of this implacable

placable Beauty; who, with ſo much feign'd Sorrow, proſecuted the Matter, even to his Tryal and Condemnation; where he refus'd to make any great Defence for himſelf. But being daily viſited by all the Religious, both of his own, and other Orders, they oblig'd him (ſome of 'em knowing the Auſterity of his Life, others his Cauſe of Griefs that firſt brought him into Orders, and others pretending a nearer Knowledge, even of his Soul it ſelf) to ſtand upon his Juſtification, and diſcover what he knew of that wicked Woman; whoſe Life had not been ſo exemplary for Vertue, not to have given the World a thouſand Suſpicions of her Lewdneſs and Proſtitutions.

The daily Importunities of theſe Fathers made him produce her Letters: But as he had all the Gown-Men on his ſide, ſhe had all the Hats and Feathers on hers; all the Men of Quality taking her part, and all the Church-men his. They heard his daily Proteſtations and Vows, but not a Word of what paſſed at Confeſſion was yet diſcover'd: He held that as a Secret ſacred on his part; and what was ſaid in nature of a Confeſſion, was not to be reveal'd, though his Life depended on the Diſcovery. But as to the Letters, they were forc'd from him, and expoſs'd; however, Matters were carry'd with ſo high a Hand againſt him, that they ſerv'd for no Proof at all of his Innocence, and he was at laſt condemn'd to be burn'd at the Market-place.

After

After his Sentence was paſs'd, the whole Body of Prieſts made their Addreſſes to Marqueſs *Caſteil Roderigo*, the then Governour of *Flanders*, for a Reprieve; which, after much a-do, was granted him for ſome Weeks, but with an abſolute Denial of Pardon; ſo prevailing were the young Cavaliers of his Court, who were all Adorers of this Fair *Jilt*.

About this time, while the poor, innocent, young *Henrick* was thus languiſhing in Priſon, in a dark and diſmal Dungeon, and *Miranda*, cured of her Love, was triumphing in her Revenge, expecting, and daily giving new Conqueſts; and who, by this time, had re-aſſum'd all her wonted Gaiety, there was a great Noiſe about the Town, that a Prince of mighty Name, and fam'd for all the Excellencies of his Sex, was arrived; a Prince young, and glorioufly attended, call'd Prince *Tarquin*.

We had often heard of this Great Man, and that he was making his Travels in *France* and *Germany*: And we had alſo heard, that ſome Years before, he being about Eighteen Years of Age, in the time when our King *Charles* of Bleſſed Memory was in *Bruxels*, in the laſt Year of his Baniſhment, that all on a ſudden, this young Man roſe up upon 'em like the Sun, all glorious and dazling, demanding Place of all the Princes in that Court. And when his Pretence was demanded, he own'd himſelf Prince *Tarquin*, of the Race of the laſt Kings of *Rome*, made good his Title, and took his Place accordingly. After that, he travell'd for about ſix Years up and down the World,

and then arriv'd at *Antwerp*, about the time of my being ſent thither by His late Majeſty.

Perhaps there could be nothing ſeen ſo magnificent as this Prince: He was, as I ſaid, extreamly handſome, from Head to Foot exactly form'd, and he wanted nothing that might adorn that native Beauty to the beſt Advantage. His Parts were ſuitable to the reſt: He had an Accompliſhment fit for a Prince, an Air haughty, but a Carriage affable, eaſie in Converſation, and very Entertaining, Liberal and Good-natur'd, Brave and Inoffenſive. I have ſeen him paſs the Streets with twelve Foot-men, and four Pages; the Pages all in green Velvet Coats, lac'd with Gold, and white Velvet Trunks; the Men in Cloth, richly lac'd with Gold; his Coaches, and all other Officers, ſuitable to a Great Man.

He was all the Diſcourſe of the Town; ſome laughing at his Title, others reverencing it: Some cry'd, that he was an Impoſtor; others, that he had made his Title as plain, as if *Tarquin* had reign'd but a Year ago. Some made Friendſhips with him, others wou'd have nothing to ſay to him; but all wonder'd where this Revenue was, that ſupported this Grandeur; and believ'd, though he cou'd make his Deſcent from the *Roman* Kings very well out, that he cou'd not lay ſo good a Claim to the *Roman* Land. Thus every Body medled with what they had nothing to do; and, as in other places, thought themſelves on the ſurer ſide, if, in theſe doubtful Caſes, they imagin'd the worſt.

But

But the Men might be of what Opinion they pleas'd concerning him; the Ladies were all agreed that he was a Prince, and a young, handſome Prince, and a Prince not to be reſiſted: He had all their Wiſhes, all their Eyes, and all their Hearts: They now dreſs'd only for him; and what Church he grac'd, was ſure, that Day, to have the Beauties, and all that thought themſelves ſo.

You may believe, our amorous *Miranda* was not the laſt Conqueſt he made. She no ſooner heard of him, which was as ſoon as he arriv'd, but ſhe fell in love with his very Name. *Jeſu!*--- A young King of *Rome!* Oh, 'twas ſo novel, that ſhe doated on the Title; and had not car'd whether the reſt had been Man or Monkey almoſt: She was reſolv'd to be the *Lucretia*, that this young *Tarquin* ſhou'd raviſh.

To this End, ſhe was no ſooner up the next Day, but ſhe ſent him a *Billet Deaux*, aſſuring him how much ſhe admir'd his Fame; and that being a Stranger in the Town, ſhe begg'd the Honour of introducing him to all the *Belle*-Converſations, *&c.* Which he took for the Invitation of ſome *Coquet*, who had Intereſt in fair Ladies; and civilly return'd her an Anſwer, that he wou'd wait on her. She had him that Day watch'd to Church; and impatient to ſee what ſhe heard ſo many People flock to ſee, ſhe went alſo to the ſame Church; thoſe ſanctified Abodes being too often prophan'd by ſuch *Devotees*, whoſe Buſineſs is to ogle and enſnare.

But what a Noiſe and Humming was heard all over the Church, when *Tarquin* enter'd? His Grace, his Mien, his Faſhion, his Beauty, his Dreſs, and his Equipage ſurpriz'd all that were preſent: And by the good Management and Care of *Miranda*, ſhe got to kneel at the ſide of the Altar, juſt over againſt the Prince; ſo that, if he wou'd, he cou'd not avoid looking full upon her. She had turn'd up her Veil, and all her Face and Shape appear'd ſuch, and ſo inchanting, as I have deſcrib'd: And her Beauty heighten'd with Bluſhes, and her Eyes full of Spirit and Fire, with Joy, to find the young *Roman* Monarch ſo charming, ſhe appear'd like ſomething more than mortal, and compell'd his Eyes to a fix'd Gazing on her Face: She never glanc'd that way, but ſhe met 'em; and then would feign ſo modeſt a Shame, and Caſt her Eyes downward with ſuch inviting Art, that he was wholly raviſh'd and charm'd, and ſhe over-joy'd to find he was ſo.

The Ceremony being ended, he ſent a Page to follow that Lady home, himſelf purſuing her to the Door of the Church; where he took ſome Holy Water, and threw upon her, and made her a profound Reverence. She forc'd an innocent Look, and a modeſt Gratitude in her Face, and bow'd, and paſs'd forward, half aſſur'd of her Conqueſt; leaving him to go home to his Lodging, and impatiently wait the Return of his Page. And all the Ladies who ſaw this firſt Beginning between the Prince and *Miranda*, began to curſe and envy her

her Charms, who had depriv'd 'em of half their Hopes.

After this, I need not tell you, he made *Miranda* a Viſit; and from that Day, never left her Apartment, but when he went home at Nights, or unleſs he had Buſineſs; ſo entirely was he conquer'd by this Fair One. But the Biſhop, and ſeveral Men of Quality, in Orders, that profeſs'd Friendſhip to him, adviſ'd him from her Company; and ſpoke ſeveral things to him, that might (if Love had not made him blind) have reclaim'd him from the Purſuit of his Ruin. But whatever they truſted him with, ſhe had the Art to wind herſelf about his Heart, and make him unravel all his Secrets; and then knew as well, by feign'd Sighs and Tears, to make him diſbelieve all. So that he had no Faith, but for her; and was wholly inchanted and bewitched by her. At laſt, in ſpight of all that wou'd have oppos'd it, he marry'd this famous Woman, poſſeſs'd by ſo many Great Men and Strangers before, while all the World was pitying his Shame and Misfortunes.

Being marry'd, they took a great Houſe; and as ſhe was indeed a great Fortune, and now a great Princeſs, there was nothing wanting that was agreeable to their Quality; all was ſplendid and magnificent. But all this would not acquire 'em the World's Eſteem; they had an Abhorrence for her former Life, deſpis'd her; and for his eſpouſing a Woman ſo infamous, they deſpis'd him. So that tho' they admir'd, and gaz'd upon their Equipage,

and

and glorious Dreſs, they foreſaw the Ruin that attended it; and paid her Quality little Reſpect.

She was no ſooner marri'd, but her Uncle dy'd; and dividing his Fortune between *Miranda*, and her Siſter, and leaves the young Heireſs, and all her Fortune, entirely in the Hands of the Princeſs.

We will call this Siſter *Alcidiana*; ſhe was about Fourteen Years of Age, and now had choſen her Brother, the Prince, for her Guardian. If *Alcidiana* were not altogether ſo great a Beauty as her Siſter, ſhe had Charms ſufficient to procure her a great many Lovers, though her Fortune had not been ſo conſiderable as it was; but with that Addition, you may believe, ſhe wanted no Courtſhips from thoſe of the beſt Quality; though every Body deplor'd her being under the Tutorage of a Lady ſo expert in all the Vices of her Sex, and ſo cunning a Manager of Sin as was the Princeſs; who, on her part, fail'd not, by all the Careſſes, and obliging Endearments, to engage the Mind of this young Maid, and to ſubdue her wholly to her Government. All her Senſes were eternally regal'd with the moſt bewitching Pleaſures they were capable of: She ſaw nothing but Glory and Magnificence, heard nothing but Muſick of the ſweeteſt Sounds; the richeſt Perfumes employ'd her Smelling, and all ſhe eat and touch'd was delicate and inviting; and being too young to conſider, how this State and Grandeur was to be continu'd, little imagin'd her vaſt Fortune was every Day diminiſhing, towards its needleſs Support. When

When the Princeſs went to Church, ſhe had her Gentleman bare before her, carrying a great Velvet Cuſhion, with great Golden Taſſels, for her to kneel on, and her Train born up a moſt prodigious length; led by a Gentleman-Uſher, bare; follow'd by innumerable Footmen, Pages, and Women. And in this State ſhe wou'd walk in the Streets, as in thoſe Countries 'tis the Faſhion for the great Ladies to do, who are well; and in her Train two or three Coaches, and perhaps a rich Velvet Chair embroider'd, wou'd follow in State.

'Twas thus for ſome time they liv'd, and the Princeſs was daily preſs'd by young ſighing Lovers, for her Conſent to marry *Alcidiana*; but ſhe had ſtill one Art or other to put 'em off, and ſo continually broke all the great Matches that were propos'd to her, notwithſtanding their Kindred, and other Friends, had induſtriouſly endeavour'd to make ſeveral great Matches for her; but the Princeſs was ſtill poſitive in her Denial, and one way or other broke all. At laſt it happen'd, there was one propos'd yet more advantageous; a young Count, with whom the young Maid grew paſſionately in Love, and beſought her Siſter to conſent that ſhe might have him, and got the Prince to ſpeak in her behalf; but he had no ſooner heard the ſecret Reaſons *Miranda* gave him, but (entirely her Slave) he chang'd his Mind, and ſuited it to hers, and ſhe, as before, broke off that Amour; which ſo extreamly incens'd *Alcidiana*, that ſhe, taking an Opportunity, got from her Guard, and ran away, put-

putting herſelf into the Hands of a wealthy Merchant, her Kinſman, and one who bore the greateſt Authority in the City; him ſhe chuſes for her Guardian, reſolving to be no longer a Slave to the Tyranny of her Siſter. And ſo well ſhe ordered Matters, that ſhe writ to this young Cavalier, her laſt Lover, and retrieved him; who came back to *Antwerp* again, to renew his Courtſhip.

Both Parties being agreed, it was no hard Matter to perſwade all but the Princeſs. But though ſhe oppoſed it, it was reſolved on, and the Day appointed for Marriage, and the Portion demanded; demanded only, but never to be payed, the beſt part of it being ſpent. However, ſhe put 'em off from Day to Day, by a thouſand frivolous Delays: And when ſhe ſaw they would have recourſe to Force, and that all her Magnificence would be at an End, if the Law ſhould prevail againſt her; and that, without this Siſter's Fortune, ſhe could not long ſupport her Grandeur, ſhe bethought herſelf of a Means to make it all her own, by getting her Siſter made away; but ſhe being out of her Tuition, ſhe was not able to accompliſh ſo great a Deed of Darkneſs: But ſince 'twas reſolv'd it muſt be done, ſhe revolves on a Thouſand Stratagems; and, at laſt, pitches upon an effectual one.

She had a Page, called *Van Brune*; a Youth of great Addreſs and Wit, and one ſhe had long manag'd for her purpoſe. This Youth was about Seventeen Years of Age, and extreamly

treamly beautiful; and in the time when *Alcidiana* lived with the Princeſs, ſhe was a little in Love with this handſome Boy; but 'twas check'd in its Infancy, and never grew up to a Flame: Nevertheleſs, *Alcidiana* retain'd ſtill a ſort of Tenderneſs for him, while he burned in good Earneſt with Love for the Princeſs.

The Princeſs one Day ordering this Page to wait on her in her Cloſet, ſhe ſhut the Door; and after a Thouſand Queſtions of what he would undertake to ſerve her, the amorous Boy finding himſelf alone, and careſs'd by the fair Perſon he ador'd, with joyful Bluſhes that beautify'd his Face, told her, *There was nothing upon Earth, he wou'd not do, to obey her leaſt Commands.* She grew more familiar with him, to oblige him; and ſeeing Love dance in his Eyes, of which ſhe was ſo good a Judge, ſhe treated him more like a Lover, than a Servant; till at laſt the raviſh'd Youth, wholly tranſported out of himſelf, fell at her Feet, and impatiently implor'd to receive her Commands quickly, that he might fly to execute 'em; for he was not able to bear her charming Words, Looks, and Touches, and retain his Duty. At this ſhe ſmil'd, and told him, the Work was of ſuch a Nature, as wou'd mortifie all Flames about him; and he would have more need of Rage, Envy, and Malice, than the Aids of a Paſſion ſo ſoft as what ſhe now found him capable of. He aſſur'd her, he would ſtick at nothing, though even againſt his Nature, to recompence for the Boldneſs he now, through his Indiſcretion had

had diſcovered. She ſmiling, told him, he had committed no Fault; and that poſſibly the Pay he ſhou'd receive for the Service ſhe required at his Hands, ſhould be —— what he moſt wiſh'd for in the World. To this he bowed to the Earth; and kiſſing her Feet, bad her Gommand. And then ſhe boldly told him, *'Twas to kill her Siſter* Alcidiana. The Youth, without ſo much as ſtarting, or pauſing upon the Matter, told her, *It ſhould be done*; and bowing low, immediately went out of the Cloſet. She called him back, and would have given him ſome Inſtruction; but he refus'd it, and ſaid, *The Action, and the Contrivance ſhould be all his own.* And offering to go again, ſhe —— again recalled him; putting into his Hand a Purſe of a Hundred Piſtoles, which he took; and with a low Bow, departed.

He no ſooner left her Preſence, but he goes directly and buys a Doſe of Poyſon, and went immediately to the Houſe where *Alcidiana* lived; where deſiring to be brought to her Preſence, he fell a weeping; and told her, his Lady had fallen out with him, and diſmiſſed him her Service; and ſince, from a Child, he had been brought up in the Family, he humbly beſought *Alcidiana* to receive him into hers, ſhe being in a few Days to be married. There needed not much intreaty to a thing that pleaſed her ſo well, and ſhe immediately received him to Penſion. And he waited ſome Days on her, before he could get an Opportunity to adminiſter his Deviliſh Potion: But one Night, when ſhe drunk Wine

Vine with roaſted Apples, which was uſual ith her; inſtead of Sugar, or with the Su-ar, the baneful Drug was mixed, and ſhe drank down.

About this time, there was a great Talk of his Page's coming from one Siſter, to go to he other. And Prince *Tarquin*, who was norant of the Deſign, from the Beginning the End, hearing ſome Men of Quality at is Table ſpeaking of *Van Brune*'s Change Place (the Princeſs then keeping her Cham-er upon ſome trifling Indiſpoſition) he an-wered, *That ſurely they were miſtaken, that he was ot diſmiſſed from the Princeſs's Service.* And alling ſome of his Servants, he asked for *Van rune*; and whether any thing had happened etween Her Highneſs and him, that had oc-ſioned his being turned off. They alſo ſeem-d ignorant of this Matter; and thoſe who d ſpoken of it, began to fancy there was ſome ggle in the Caſe, which Time would bring Light.

The enſuing Day 'twas all about the Town, at *Alcidiana* was Poyſoned; and though not ead, yet very near it; and that the Doctors id, ſhe had taken Mercury. So that there as never ſo formidable a Sight as this Fair ung Creature; her Head and Body ſwol-n, her Eyes ſtarting out, her Face black, and deformed: So that diligent Search was ade, who it ſhould be that did this; who ve her Drink and Meat. The Cook and tler were examined, the Footmen called to Account; but all concluded, ſhe received nothing

nothing, but from the Hand of her new Page since he came into her Service. He was examined, and ſhewed a thouſand guilty Looks And the Apothecary, then attending among the Doctors, proved he had bought Mercury of him three or four Days before; which he could not deny; and making many Excuſes for his buying it, betrayed him the more; ſo ill he chanced to diſſemble. He was immediately ſent to be examined by the Margrave or Juſtice, who made his *Mittimus*, and ſent him to Priſon.

'Tis eaſie to imagine, in what Fears and Confuſion the Princeſs was at this News: She took her Chamber upon it, more to hide her guilty Face, than for any Indiſpoſition. And the Doctors applied ſuch Remedies to *Alcidiana*, ſuch Antidotes againſt the Poiſon, that in a ſhort time ſhe recovered; but loſt the fineſt Hair in the World, and the Complexion of her Face ever after.

It was not long before the Trials for Criminals came on; and the Day being arrived, *Van Brune* was tried the firſt of all; every Body having already read his Deſtiny, according as they wiſh'd it; and none would believe, but juſt indeed as it was: So that for the Revenge they hoped to ſee fall upon the Princeſs, every one wiſhed he might find no Mercy, that ſhe might ſhare of his Shame and Miſery.

The Seſſions-Houſe was filled that Day with all the Ladies, and Chief of the Town, to hear the Reſult of his Trial; and the ſad Youth was brought loaden with Chains, and pale as Death;

Death; where every Circumſtance being ſufficiently proved againſt him, and he making but a weak Defence for himſelf, he was Convicted, and ſent back to Priſon, to receive his Sentence of Death on the Morrow; where he owned all, and who ſet him on to do it. He own'd 'twas not Reward of Gain he did it for, but Hope he ſhould command at his Pleaſure, the Poſſeſſion of his Miſtreſs, the Princeſs; who ſhould deny him nothing, after having intruſted him with ſo great a Secret; and that beſides, ſhe had elevated him with the Promiſe of that glorious Reward, and had dazl'd his young Heart with ſo charming a Proſpect, that blind and mad with Joy, he ruſhed forward, to gain the deſired Prize, and thought on nothing but his coming Happineſs: That he ſaw too late the Follies of his preſumptuous Flame, and curſed the deluding Flatteries of the fair Hypocrite, who had ſoothed him to his Undoing: That he was a miſerable Victim to her Wickedneſs; and hoped, he ſhould warn all young Men, by his Fall, to avoid the Diſſimulation of the deceiving Fair: That he hoped, they would have Pity on his Youth, and attribute his Crime to the ſubtile Perſuaſions alone of his Miſtreſs, the Princeſs: And that ſince *Alcidiana* was not dead, they would grant him Mercy, and permit him to live to repent of his grievous Crime, in ſome Part of the World, whither they might baniſh him.

He ended with Tears, that fell in abundance from his Eyes; and immediately the Princeſs was apprehended, and brought to Priſon, to

the ſame Priſon, where yet the poor young Father *Franciſco* was languiſhing, he having been from Week to Week reprieved, by the Interceſſion of the Fathers; and poſſibly ſhe there had time to make ſome Reflections.

You may imagine *Tarquin* left no means uneſſaied, to prevent the Impriſonment of the Princeſs, and the Publick Shame and Infamy ſhe was likely to undergo in this Affair: But the whole City being over-joyed that ſhe ſhould be puniſh'd, as an Author of all this Miſchief, were ſo generally bent againſt her, both Prieſts, Magiſtrates, and People; the whole Force of the Stream running that way, ſhe found no more Favour than the meaneſt Criminal. The Prince therefore, when he ſaw 'twas impoſſible to reſcue her from the Hands of Juſtice, ſuffered with Grief unſpeakable, what he could not prevent; and led her himſelf to the Priſon, followed by all his People, in as much State, as if he had been going to his Marriage; where, when ſhe came, ſhe was as well attended and ſerved as before, he never ſtirring one Moment from her.

The next Day ſhe was tried in open and common Court; where ſhe appeared in Glory, led by *Tarquin*, and attended according to her Quality: And ſhe could not deny all the Page had alledged againſt her, who was brought thither alſo in Chains; and after a great many Circumſtances, ſhe was found Guilty, and both received Sentence; the Page to be hanged 'till he was dead, on a Gibbet, in the Market-place; and the Princeſs to ſtand under the Gibbet, with

with a Rope about her Neck, the other end of which was to be faſtned to the Gibbet where the Page was hanging; and to have an Inſcription, in large Characters, upon her Back and Breaſt, of the Cauſe why: Where ſhe was to ſtand from Ten in the Morning, to Twelve.

This Sentence, the People, with one accord, believed too favourable for ſo ill a Woman, whoſe Crimes deſerved Death, equal to that of *Van Brune*: Nevertheleſs, there were ſome who ſaid, it was infinitely more ſevere than Death itſelf.

The following *Friday* was the Day of Execution, and one need not tell of the abundance of People, who were flocked together in the Market-place: And all the Windows were taken down, and filled with Spectators, and the Tops of Houſes; when at the Hour appointed, the fatal Beauty appeared. She was dreſs'd in a black Velvet Gown, with a rich Row of Diamonds all down the fore-part of her Breaſt, and a great Knot of Diamonds at the Peak behind; and a Petticoat of flowered Gold, very rich, and laced; with all Things elſe ſuitable: A Gentleman carried her great Velvet Cuſhion before her, on which her Prayer-Book, embroidered, was laid; her Train was born up by a Page, and the Prince led her, bare; followed by his Foot-men, Pages, and other Officers of his Houſe.

When they arrived to the Place of Execution, the Cuſhion was laid on the Ground, upon a *Portugal*-Mat, ſpread there for that purpoſe;

and the Princeſs ſtood on the Cuſhion, with her Prayer-Book in her Hand, and a Prieſt by her ſide; and was accordingly tied up to the Gibbet.

She had not ſtood there ten Minutes, but ſhe had the Mortification, (at leaſt, one would think it ſo to her) to ſee her ſad Page, *Van Brune*, approach; fair as an Angel, but languiſhing and pale. That Sight moved all the Beholders with as much Pity, as that of the Princeſs did Diſdain and Pleaſure.

He was dreſſed all in Mourning, and very fine Linnen; bare-headed, with his own Hair, the faireſt that could be ſeen, hanging all in Curls on his Back and Shoulders, very long. He had a Prayer-Book of black Velvet in his Hand, and behaved himſelf with much Penitence and Devotion.

When he came under the Gibbet, he ſeeing his Miſtreſs in that Condition, ſhewed an infinite Concern, and his fair Face was covered over with Bluſhes; and falling at her Feet, he humbly ask'd her Pardon, for having been the Occaſion of ſo great an Infamy to her, by a weak Confeſſion, which the Fears of Youth, and Hopes of Life, had obliged him to make, ſo greatly to her Diſhonour; for indeed, he had wanted that Manly Strength, to bear the Efforts of dying as he ought, in Silence, rather than of committing ſo great a Crime againſt his Duty, and Honour itſelf; and that he could not die in Peace, unleſs ſhe would forgive him. The Princeſs only nodded her Head, and cried, *I do.*——

And

And after having ſpoken a little to his Father Confeſſor, who was with him, he chearfully mounted the Ladder; and in the ſight of the Princeſs, he was turned off, while a loud Cry was heard through all the Market-place, eſpecially from the fair Sex; he hanging there 'till the time the Princeſs was to depart: And then ſhe was put into a rich embroidered Chair, and carried away; *Tarquin* going into his; for he had all that time ſtood ſupporting the Princeſs under the Gallows, and was very weary. She was ſent back, 'till her Releaſement came; which was that Night, about Seven of the Clock; and then ſhe was conducted to her own Houſe in great State, with a Dozen White Wax-flambeaus about her Chair.

If the Affairs of *Alcidiana*, and her Friends, before were impatient of having the Portion out of the Hands of theſe Extravagants, 'tis not to be imagined, but they were now much more ſo; and the next Day they ſent an Officer, according to Law, to demand it; or to ſummon the Prince to give Reaſons, why he would not. And the Officer received for Anſwer, That the Money ſhould be called in, and paid in ſuch a time; ſetting a certain Time, which I have not been ſo curious as to retain, or put in my Journal Obſervations; but I am ſure it was not long, as may be eaſily imagin'd; for they every Moment, ſuſpected the Prince wou'd pack up, and be gone ſome time, or other, on the ſudden; and for that Reaſon they would not truſt him without Bail, or two Officers to remain in his Houſe, to watch that nothing

ſhould be removed, or touched. As for Bail, or Security, he could give none; every one ſlunk their Heads out of the Collar, when it came to that: So that he was obliged, at his own Expence, to maintain Officers in his Houſe.

The Princeſs finding herſelf reduced to the laſt Extremity, and that ſhe muſt either produce the Value of a Hundred thouſand Crowns, or ſee the Prince, her Husband, lodged for ever in a Priſon, and all their Glory vaniſh; and that it was impoſſible to fly, ſince guarded; ſhe had recourſe to an Extremity, worſe than the Affair of *Van Brune*. And in order to this, ſhe firſt puts on a World of Sorrow and Concern, for what ſhe feared might arrive to the Prince: And indeed, if ever ſhe ſhed Tears which ſhe did not diſſemble, it was upon this Occaſion. But here ſhe almoſt over-acted: She ſtirred not from her Bed, and refuſed to Eat, or Sleep, or ſee the Light; ſo that the Day being ſhut out of her Chamber, ſhe lived by Wax-Lights, and refuſed all Comfort and Conſolation.

The Prince, all raving with Love, tender Compaſſion, and Grief, never ſtirred from her Bed-ſide, nor ceaſed to implore, that ſhe would ſuffer herſelf to live. But ſhe, who was not now ſo paſſionately in Love with *Tarquin*, as ſhe was with the Prince; not ſo fond of the Man, as his Titles, and of Glory, foreſaw the total Ruin of the laſt, if not prevented, by avoiding the Payment of this great Sum; which could no otherwiſe be, than by the Death of

Alci-

Alcidiana: And therefore, without ceaſing, ſhe wept, and cried out, *She could not live, unleſs* Alcidiana *dy'd. This* Alcidiana, (continued ſhe,) *who has been the Author of my Shame; who has expoſed me under a Gibbet, in the publick Market-place——— Oh! —— I am deaf to all Reaſon, blind to Natural Affection. I renounce her, I hate her as my Mortal Foe, my Stop to Glory, and the Finiſher of my Days, e'er half my Race of Life be run.*

Then throwing her falſe, but ſnowy, charming Arms, about the Neck of her Heart-breaking Lord, and Lover, who lay ſighing, and liſtening by her Side, he was charmed and bewitched into ſaying all Things that appeaſed her: And laſtly, told her, Alcidiana *ſhould be no longer an Obſtacle to her Repoſe; but that, if ſhe would look up, and caſt her Eyes of Sweetneſs and Love upon him, as heretofore; forget her Sorrow, and redeem her loſt Health, he would take what Meaſures ſhe ſhould propoſe, to diſpatch this fatal Stop to her Happineſs, out of the way.*

Theſe Words fail'd not to make her careſs him in the moſt endearing Manner, that Love and Flattery could invent; and ſhe kiſſed him to an Oath, a ſolemn Oath, to perform what he had promiſed; and he vowed liberally. And ſhe aſſumed in an inſtant, her Good Humour, and ſuffered a Supper to be prepared, and did eat; which, in many Days before ſhe had not done; ſo obſtinate and powerful was ſhe in Diſſembling well.

The next Thing to be conſidered was, which Way this Deed was to be done; for they doubted not, but when 'twas done, all the World would lay it upon the Princeſs, as done by her Command: But ſhe urged, Suſpicion was no Proof; and that they never put to Death any one, but when they had great and certain Evidences, who were the Offenders. She was ſure of her own Conſtancy, that Racks and Tortures ſhould never get the Secret from her Breaſt; and if he were as confident on his part, there was no Danger. Yet this Preparation ſhe made, towards the laying the Fact on others, that ſhe cauſed ſeveral Letters to be written from *Germany*, as from the Relations of *Van Brune*, who threatned *Alcidiana* with Death, for depriving their Kinſman (who was a Gentleman) of his Life, tho' he had not taken away hers. And it was the Report of the Town, how this young Maid was threatned. And indeed, the Death of the Page had ſo afflicted a great many, that *Alcidiana* had procured herſelf abundance of Enemies upon that Account, becauſe ſhe might have ſaved him if ſhe had pleaſed; but on the contrary, ſhe was a Spectator, and in full Health and Vigour, at his Execution: And People were not ſo much concerned for her at this Report, as they would have been.

The Prince, who now had, by reaſoning the Matter ſoberly with *Miranda*, found it abſolutely neceſſary to diſpatch *Alcidiana*; he reſolved himſelf, and with his own Hand, to execute it; not daring to truſt to any of his moſt Fa-

Favourite Servants, tho' he had many, who, poſſibly, would have obeyed him; for they loved him as he deſerved; and ſo would all the World, had he not been ſo purely deluded by this fair Enchantreſs. He therefore, as I ſaid, reſolved to keep this great Secret to himſelf; and taking a Piſtol, charged well with two Bullets, he watched an Opportunity to ſhoot her as ſhe ſhould go out, or into her Houſe, or Coach, ſome Evening.

To this End he waited ſeveral Nights, near her Lodgings; but ſtill, either ſhe went not out; or when ſhe returned, ſhe was ſo guarded with Friends, or her Lover, and Flambeaus, that he could not aim at her, without endangering the Life of ſome other. But one Night above the reſt, upon a Sunday, when he knew ſhe would be at the Theater; for ſhe never miſſed that Day, ſeeing the Play: He waited at the Corner of the Stadt-Houſe, near the Theater, with his Cloak caſt over his Face, and a black Perriwig, all alone, with his Piſtol ready cock'd; and remain'd not very long, but he ſaw her Kinſman's Coach come along; 'twas almoſt dark; Day was juſt ſhutting up her Beauties, and left ſuch a Light to govern the World, as ſerved only juſt to diſtinguiſh one Object from another, an a convenient Help to Miſchief. He ſaw a Light out of the Coach, only one young Lady, the Lover, and then the deſtin'd Victim; which he (drawing near) knew rather by her Tongue, than Shape. The Lady ran into the Play-Houſe, and left *Alcidiana* to be conducted by her Lover into it; who

who led her to the Door, and went to give ſome Order to the Coach-man; ſo that the Lover was about twenty Yards from *Alcidiana*; when ſhe ſtood the faireſt Mark in the World, on the Threſhold of the Entrance of the Theatre; there being many Coaches about the Door, ſo that hers could not come ſo near. *Tarquin* was reſolved not to loſe ſo fair an Opportunity, and advanc'd, but went behind the Coaches; and when he came over-againſt the Door, through a great Booted, Velvet Coach, that ſtood between him and her, he ſhot; and ſhe having her Train of her Gown and Petticoat on her Arm, in great quantity, he miſſed her Body, and ſhot through her Cloaths, between her Arm and her Body. She, frightned to find ſomething hit her, and to ſee the Smoak, and hear the Report of the Piſtol; running in, cried, *I am ſhot*; *I am dead.*

This Noiſe quickly alarm'd her Lover; and all the Coach-men, and Foot-men immediately ran, ſome one Way, and ſome another. One of 'em ſeeing a Man haſte away in a Cloak, he being a luſty, bold *German*, ſtopped him; and drawing upon him, bad him ſtand, and deliver his Piſtol, or he would run him through.

Tarquin being ſurprized at the Boldneſs of this Fellow, to demand his Piſtol, as if he poſitively knew him to be the Murtherer, (for ſo he thought himſelf, ſince he believed *Alcidiana* dead) had ſo much Preſence of Mind, as to conſider, if he ſuffered himſelf to

to be taken, he ſhould poorly die a publick Death; and therefore reſolved upon one Miſchief more, to ſecure himſelf from the firſt: And in the Moment that the *German* bad him deliver his Piſtol, he cried, *Though I have no Piſtol to deliver, I have a Sword to chaſtiſe thy Inſolence.* And throwing off his Cloak, and flinging his Piſtol from him, he drew, and wounded, and diſarmed the Fellow.

This Noiſe of Swords brought every Body to the place; and immediately the Bruit ran, *The Murtherer was taken, the Murtherer was taken:* Though none knew which was he, nor the Cauſe of the Quarrel between the two fighting Men, which none yet knew; for it now was darker than before. But at the Noiſe of the Murderer being taken, the Lover of *Alcidiana*, who by this time found his Lady unhurt, all but the Trains of her Gown, and Petticoat, came running to the place, juſt as *Tarquin* had diſarmed the *German*, and was ready to have kill'd him; when laying hold of his Arm, they arreſted the Stroak, and redeemed the Footman.

They then demanded who this Stranger was, at whoſe Mercy the Fellow lay; but the Prince, who now found himſelf venturing for his laſt Stake, made no Reply; but with two Swords in his Hands, went to fight his Way through the Rabble: And tho' there were above a hundred Perſons, ſome Swords, others with long Whips (as Coach-men) ſo invincible was the Courage of this poor unfortunate Gentleman at that

that time, that all theſe were not able to ſeize him; but he made his Way through the Ring that encompaſſed him, and ran away; but was, however, ſo cloſely purſu'd, the Company ſtill gathering as they ran, that toiled with fighting, oppreſſed with Guilt, and Fear of being taken, he grew fainter and fainter, and ſuffered himſelf, at laſt, to yield to his Purſuers, who ſoon found him to be Prince *Tarquin* in Diſguiſe: And they carried him directly to Priſon, being *Sunday*, to wait the coming Day, to go before a Magiſtrate.

In an Hours time the whole fatal Adventure was carried all over the City, and every one knew that Prince *Tarquin* was the intended Murtherer of *Alcidiana*; and not one but had a real Sorrow and Compaſſion for him. They heard how bravely he had defended himſelf, how many he had wounded before he could be taken, and what Numbers he had fought through: And even thoſe that ſaw his Valour and Bravery, and who had aſſiſted at his being ſeized, now repented from the bottom of their Hearts, their having any Hand in the Ruine of ſo gallant a Man; eſpecially, ſince they knew the Lady was not hurt. A thouſand Addreſſes were made to her, not to proſecute him; but her Lover, a hot-headed Fellow, more fierce than brave, would by no means be pacified; but vowed to purſue him to the Scaffold.

The

The *Monday* came, and the Prince being examined, confeſſed the Matter of Fact, ſince there was no harm done; believing a generous Confeſſion the beſt of his Game; but he was ſent back to cloſer Impriſonment, loaded with Irons, to expect the next Seſſions. All his Houſhold-Goods were ſeized, and all they could find, for the Uſe of *Alcidiana*. And the Princeſs, all in Rage, tearing her Hair, was carried to the ſame Priſon, to behold the cruel Effects of her helliſh Deſigns.

One need not tell here how ſad and horrid this Meeting appeared between her Lord and ſhe, let it ſuffice it was the moſt melancholy and mortifying Object that ever Eyes beheld. On *Miranda*'s part, 'twas ſometimes all Rage and Fire, and ſometimes all Tears and Groans; but ſtill 'twas ſad Love, and mournful Tenderneſs on his: Nor cou'd all his Sufferings, and the Proſpect of Death itſelf, drive from his Soul one Spark of that Fire the obſtinate God had fatally kindl'd there: And in the midſt of all his Sighs, he would recal himſelf, and cry, —— *I have* Miranda *ſtill.*

He was eternally viſited by his Friends and Acquaintance; and this laſt Action of Bravery had got him more, than all his former Conduct had loſt. The Fathers were perpetually with him; and all joyn'd with one common Voice in this, That he ought to abandon a Woman ſo wicked as the Princeſs; and that however Fate dealt with him, he could not ſhew himſelf a true Penitent, while

while he laid the Author of ſo much Evil in his Boſom: That Heaven would never bleſs him, till he had renounced her: And on ſuch Conditions, he would find thoſe that would employ their utmoſt Intereſt to ſave his Life, who elſe would not ſtir in his Affair. But he was ſo deaf to all, that he could not ſo much as diſſemble a Repentance for having married her.

He lay a long time in Priſon, and all that time the poor Father *Franciſco* remained there alſo; and the good Fathers, who daily viſited theſe two amorous Priſoners, the Prince and Princeſs; and who found, by the Management of Matters, it would go very hard with *Tarquin*, entertained 'em often with holy Matters relating to the Life to come; from which, before his Tryal, he gathered what his Stars had appointed, and that he was deſtin'd to die.

This gave an unſpeakable Torment to the now repenting Beauty, who had reduced him to it; and ſhe began to appear with a more ſolid Grief, which being perceived by the good Fathers, they reſolved to attack her on the yielding Side; and after ſome Diſcourſe upon the Judgment for Sin, they came to reflect on the Buſineſs of Father *Franciſco*; and told her, ſhe had never thriv'd ſince her Accuſing of that Father, and laid it very home to her Conſcience; aſſuring her, that they would do their utmoſt in her Service, if ſhe would confeſs that ſecret Sin to all the World; ſo that ſhe might atone for the Crime, by the ſaving that good

ood Man. At firſt ſhe ſeem'd inclin'd to yield; ut ſhame of being her own Detector in ſo ile a Matter, recall'd her Goodneſs, and ſhe aintly perſiſted in it.

At the end of ſix Months, Prince *Tarquin* as call'd to his Tryal; where I will paſs o- er the Circumſtances, which are only what is ſual in ſuch Criminal Caſes, and tell you, hat he, being found guilty of the Intent of illing *Alcidiana*, was condemn'd to loſe his ead in the Market-place, and the Princeſs o be baniſh'd her Country.

After Sentence pronounc'd, to the real rief of all the Spectators, he was carried back o Priſon. And now the Fathers attack her -new: And ſhe, whoſe Griefs daily increas'd, ith a Languiſhment that brought her very ear her Grave, at laſt confeſs'd all her Life, ll the Lewdneſs of her Practices with ſeveral rinces and Great Men, beſides her Luſts with eople that ſerv'd her, and others in mean apacity: And laſtly, the whole Truth of he young Friar; and how ſhe had drawn the age, and the Prince, her Husband, to this eſign'd Murther of her Siſter. This ſhe ſign'd ith her Hand, in the Preſence of the Prince, er Husband, and ſeveral holy Men who were reſent. Which being ſignified to the Magi- rates, the Friar was immediately deliver'd om his Irons (where he had languiſh'd more an two whole Years) in great Triumph, with uch Honour, and lives a moſt exemplary ious Life, as he did before; for he is now li- ng in *Antwerp*.

After

After the Condemnation of these two unfortunate Persons, who begot such different Sentiments in the Minds of the People, (the Prince, all the Compassion and Pity imaginable; and the Princess all the Contempt and Despight;) they languish'd almost six Months longer in Prison; so great an Interest there was made, in order to the saving his Life, by all the Men of the Robe. On the other side, the Princes, and Great Men of all Nations who were at the Court of *Bruxels*, who bore a secret Revenge in their Hearts against a Man who had, as they pretended, set up a false Title, only to take place of them; who indeed, was but a Merchant's Son of *Holland*, as they said, so incens'd them against him, that they were too hard at Court for the Churchmen. However, this Dispute gave the Prince his Life some Months longer than was expected; which gave him also some hope, that a Reprieve for Ninety Years would have been granted, as was desir'd. Nay, Father *Francisco* so interested himself in this Concern, that he writ to his Father, and several Princes of *Germany*, with whom Marquess *Castiel de Roderigo* was well acquainted, to intercede with him for the saving of *Tarquin*; since 'twas more by his Perswasions, than those of all who attack'd her, that made *Miranda* confess the Truth of her Affair with him. But at the end of six Months, when all Application were found fruitless and vain, the Prince receiv'd News, that in two days he was to die, as his Sentence had been before pronounc'd, and for

which

which he prepar'd himſelf with all Chearfulneſs.

On the following *Friday*, as ſoon as it was light, all People of any Condition came to take their Leaves of him; and none departed with dry Eyes, or Hearts unconcern'd to the laſt Degree: For *Tarquin*, when he found his fate inevitable, bore it with a Fortitude that ſhew'd no ſigns of Regret; but addreſs'd himſelf to all about him with the ſame chearful, modeſt and great Air, he was wont to do in his modeſt flouriſhing Fortune. His *Vallet* was dreſſing him all the Morning, ſo many Interruptions they had by Viſiters; and he was all in Mourning, and ſo were all his Followers; for even to the laſt he kept up his Grandeur, to the Amazement of all People: And indeed, he was ſo paſſionately belov'd by them, that thoſe he had diſmiſs'd, ſerv'd him voluntarily, and would not be perſwaded to abandon him while he liv'd.

The Princeſs was alſo dreſs'd in Mourning, and her two Women; and notwithſtanding the unheard of Leudneſs and Villanies ſhe had confeſs'd of herſelf, the Prince ſtill ador'd her; for ſhe had ſtill thoſe Charms that made him firſt do ſo: Nor, to his laſt Moment, could be brought to wiſh, that he had never ſeen her; but on the contrary, as a Man yet vainly proud of his Fetters, he ſaid, *All the Satisfaction this ſhort Moment of Life could afford him, was, that he died in endeavouring to ſerve* Miranda, *his adorable Princeſs.*

After the Condemnation of these two unfortunate Persons, who begot such different Sentiments in the Minds of the People, (the Prince, all the Compassion and Pity imaginable; and the Princess all the Contempt and Despight;) they languish'd almost six Months longer in Prison; so great an Interest there was made, in order to the saving his Life, by all the Men of the Robe. On the other side, the Princes, and Great Men of all Nations, who were at the Court of *Bruxels*, who bore a secret Revenge in their Hearts against a Man who had, as they pretended, set up a false Title, only to take place of them; who indeed, was but a Merchant's Son of *Holland*, as they said, so incens'd them against him, that they were too hard at Court for the Churchmen. However, this Dispute gave the Prince his Life some Months longer than was expected; which gave him also some hope, that a Reprieve for Ninety Years would have been granted, as was desir'd. Nay, Father *Francisco* so interested himself in this Concern, that he writ to his Father, and several Princes of *Germany*, with whom Marquess *Castiel de Roderigo* was well acquainted, to intercede with him for the saving of *Tarquin*; since 'twas more by his Perswasions, than those of all who attack'd her, that made *Miranda* confess the Truth of her Affair with him. But at the end of six Months, when all Application were found fruitless and vain, the Prince receiv'd News, that in two days he was to die, as his Sentence had been before pronounc'd, and for

which

which he prepar'd himſelf with all Chearfulneſs.

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After he had taken Leave of all who thought it neceſſary to leave him to himſelf for ſome time, he retir'd with his Confeſſor; where they were about an Hour in Prayer, all the Ceremonies of Devotions that were fit to be done, being already paſt. At laſt the Bell toll'd, and he was to take leave of the Princeſs, as his laſt Work of Life, and the moſt hard he had to accompliſh. He threw himſelf at her Feet, and gazing on her, as ſhe ſat more dead than alive, o'erwhelm'd with ſilent Grief, they both remain'd ſome Moments ſpeechleſs; and then, as if one riſing Tide of Tears had ſupply'd both their Eyes, it burſt out in Streams at the ſame inſtant; and when his Sighs gave way, he utter'd a thouſand Farewels, ſo ſoft, ſo paſſionate and moving, that all who were by, were extreamly touch'd with it, and ſaid, *That nothing could be ſeen more deplorable and melancholy.* A thouſand times they bad Farewel, and ſtill ſome tender Look, or Word, would prevent his going: Then embrace, and bid Farewel again. A thouſand times ſhe ask'd his Pardon for being the Occaſion of that fatal Separation; a thouſand times aſſuring him, She would follow him, for ſhe could not live without him. And Heaven knows, when their ſoft and ſad Careſſes would have an end, had not the Officers aſſur'd him, 'twas time to mount the Scaffold. At which Words the Princeſs fell fainting in the Arms of her Women, and they led *Tarquin* out of Priſon.

When

When he came to the Market-place, whither he walked on Foot, follow'd by his own Domeſticks, and ſome bearing a black Velvet Coffin with Silver Hinges; the Heads-man before him, with his fatal Scimiter drawn, his Confeſſor by his ſide, and many Gentlemen, and Church-men, with Father *Franciſco* attending him, the People ſhowering Millions of Bleſſings on him, and beholding, with weeping Eyes, he mounted the Scaffold; which was ſtrew'd with ſome Saw-duſt, about the place where he was to kneel, to receive the Blood: For they Behead People kneeling, and with the Back-ſtroak of a Scimiter, and not lying on a Block, and with an Ax, as we in *England*. The Scaffold had a low Rail about it, that every Body might more conveniently ſee: This was hung with Black, and all that State that ſuch a Death could have, was here in moſt decent Order.

He did not ſay much upon the Scaffold: The Sum of what he ſaid to his Friends, was, To be kind, and take Care of the poor Penitent, his Wife: To others, recommending his honeſt and generous Servants, whoſe Fidelity was ſo well known and commended, that they were ſoon promis'd Preferment. He was ſome time in Prayer, and a very ſhort time ſpeaking to his Confeſſor; then he turn'd to the Heads-man, and deſired him to do his Office well, and gave him twenty *Louis d' Ors*; and undreſſing himſelf with the help of his Vallet, and Page, he pull'd off his Coat, and had underneath a white Satten Waſte-coat: He

took off his Perriwig, and put on a white Sat
ten Cap, with a Holland one done with Poy
under it, which he pull'd over his Eyes, the
took a chearful Leave of all, and kneel'd dow
and ſaid, *When he lifted up his Hands the Thi
time, the Heads-man ſhould do his Office.* Whic
accordingly was done, and the Heads-man gav
him his laſt Stroak, and the Prince fell on th
Scaffold. The People, with one common Voic
as if it had been but one entire one, pray'd fo
his Soul; and Murmurs of Sighs were hear
from the whole Multitude, who ſcrambl'd fo
ſome of the bloody Saw-duſt, to keep for h
Memory.

The Heads-man going to take up the Hea
as the manner is, to ſhew to the People, h
found he had not ſtruck it off, and that th
Body ſtirr'd; with that he ſtepp'd to an E
gine, which they always carry with 'em,
force thoſe who may be refractory; thinkin
as he ſaid, to have twiſted the Head from th
Shoulders, conceiving it to hang but by a ſma
matter of Fleſh. Tho' twas an odd Shift
the Fellows, yet 'twas done, and the be
Shift he could ſuddenly propoſe. The Ma
grave, and another Officer, old Men, were o
the Scaffold, with ſome of the Prince's Friend
and Servants; who ſeeing the Heads-man p
the Engine about the Neck of the Prince, b
gan to call out, and the People made a gre
Noiſe. The Prince, who found himſelf y
alive; or rather, who was paſt thinking, b
had ſome Senſe of feeling left, when th
Heads-man took him up, and ſet his Ba
again

gainſt the Rail, and clapp'd the Engine about
s Neck, got his two Thumbs between the
ope and his Neck, feeling himſelf preſs'd
here; and ſtruggling between Life and Death,
nd bending himſelf over the Rail backward,
hile the Heads-man pull'd forward, he threw
imſelf quite over the Rail, by Chance, and not
eſign, and fell upon the Heads and Shoulders
f the People, who were crying out with a-
azing Shouts of Joy. The Heads-man leap'd
fter him, but the Rabble had like to have
ull'd him to pieces: All the City was in an
proar, but none knew what the Matter
as, but thoſe who bore the Body of the
rince, whom they found yet living; but
ow, or by what ſtrange Miracle preſerv'd,
ey knew not, nor did examine; but with
ne Accord, as if the whole Crowd had been
ne Body, and had had but one Motion, they
ore the Prince on their Heads, about a hun-
red Yards from the Scaffold, where there is
Monaſtery of Jeſuites; and there they ſe-
ur'd him. All this was done, his Beheading,
is Falling, and his being ſecur'd, almoſt in a
oments time; the People rejoycing, as at
ome extraordinary Victory won. One of the
fficers being, as I ſaid, an old, timerous Man,
as ſo frighten'd at the Accident, the Buſtle,
he Noiſe, and the Confuſion, of which he was
holly ignorant, that he dy'd with Amaze-
ent and Fear; and the other was fain to be
et Blood.

The Officers of Juſtice went to demand the
riſoner; but they demanded in vain; they

had now a Right to protect him, and wou'd do ſo. All his over-joy'd Friends went to ſee in what Condition he was, and all of Quality found Admittance: They ſaw him in Bed, going to be dreſs'd by the moſt skilful Surgeons who yet could not aſſure him of Life. They deſired no Body ſhould ſpeak to him, or ask him any Queſtions. They found that the Heads-man had ſtruck him too low, and had cut him into the Shoulder-bone. A very great Wound, you may be ſure; for the Sword, in ſuch Executions, carries an extream force: However, ſo great Care was taken on all ſides, and ſo greatly the Fathers were concern'd for him, that they found an Amendment, and Hopes of a good Effect of their incomparable Charity and Goodneſs.

At laſt, when he was permitted to ſpeak, the firſt News he ask'd was after the Princeſs. And his Friends were very much afflicted to find, that all his Loſs of Blood had not quench'd that Flame, nor let out that which made him ſtill love that bad Woman. He was ſolicited daily to think no more of her: And all her Crimes were laid ſo open to him, and ſo ſhamefully repreſented; and on the other ſide, his Vertues ſo admir'd; and which, they ſaid, would have been eternally celebrated, but for his Folly with this infamous Creature; that at laſt, by aſſuring him of all their Aſſiſtance, if he abandon'd her; and to renounce him, and deliver him up, if he did not; they wrought ſo far upon him, as to promiſe, he would ſuffer her to go alone into Baniſhment, and would

not

not follow her, or live with her any more. But alas! this was but his Gratitude that compell'd this Complaiſance, for in his Heart he reſolv'd never to abandon her; nor was he able to live, and think of doing it: However, his Reaſon aſſured him, he could not do a Deed more juſtifiable, and one that would regain his Fame ſooner.

His Friends ask'd him ſome Queſtions concerning his Eſcape; and that ſince he was not beheaded, but only wounded, why he did not immediately riſe up? But he replied, He was ſo abſolutely prepoſſeſſed, that at the third lifting up his Hands, he ſhould receive the Stroak of Death, that at the ſame inſtant the Sword touch'd him, he had no Senſe; nay, not even of Pain, ſo abſolutely dead he was with Imagination; and knew not that he ſtirr'd, as the Heads-man found he did; nor did he remember any thing, from the lifting up of his Hands, to his Fall; and then awakened, as out of a Dream, or rather a Moment's Sleep, without Dream, he found he liv'd, and wonder'd what was arriv'd to him, or how he came to live; having not, as yet, any Senſe of his Wound, tho' ſo terrible an one.

After this, *Alcidiana*, who was extreamly afflicted for having been the Proſecutor of this Great Man; who, bating this laſt Deſign againſt her, which we knew was the Inſtigation of her Siſter, had oblig'd her with all the Civility imaginable; now ſought all Means poſſible of getting his Pardon, and that of her Siſter; tho' of an Hundred thouſand Crowns,

which ſhe ſhould have paid her, ſhe could ge
but Ten thouſand; which was from the Sale o
her rich Beds, and ſome other Furniture: S
that the young Count, who before ſhould hav
marry'd her, now went off for want of For
tune; and a young Merchant (perhaps the be
of the two) was the Man to whom ſhe was de
ſtin'd.

At laſt, by great Interceſſion, both the
Pardons were obtain'd; and the Prince, wh
would be no more ſeen in a place that ha
prov'd every way ſo fatal to him, left *Flander*
promiſing never to live with the fair Hypocri
more; but e'er he departed, he writ her a Le
ter, wherein he order'd her, in a little time, t
follow him into *Holland*; and left a Bill of Ex
change with one of his truſty Servants, who
he had left to wait upon her, for Money fo
her Accommodations: So that ſhe was no
reduced to one Woman, one Page, and th
Gentleman. The Prince, in this time of hi
Impriſonment, had ſeveral Bills of great Sum
from his Father, who was exceeding rich, an
this all the Children he had in the World, an
whom he tenderly loved.

As ſoon as *Miranda* was come into *Holland*
ſhe was welcom'd with all imaginable Reſpe
and Endearment by the old Father; who im
pos'd upon ſo, as that he knew not ſhe was th
fatal Occaſion of all theſe Diſaſters to his Son,
but rather look'd on her as a Woman, who ha
brought him an Hundred and fifty thouſan
Crowns, which his Misfortunes had conſum'd
But, above all, ſhe was receiv'd by *Tarquin* wit

a Joy unſpeakable; who, after ſome time, to redeem his Credit, and gain himſelf a new Fame, put himſelf into the *French* Army, where he did Wonders; and after three Campaigns, his Father dying, he return'd home, and retir'd to a Country-Houſe; where, with his Princeſs, he lives as a private Gentleman, in all the Tranquility of a Man of a good Fortune. They ſay *Miranda* has been very penitent for her Life paſt, and gives Heaven the Glory for having given her theſe Afflictions, that have reclaim'd her, and brought her to as perfect a State of Happineſs as this troubleſome World can afford.

Since I began this Relation, I heard that Prince *Tarquin* dy'd about Three Quarters of a Year ago.

The End of the Fair JILT.


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AGNES de CASTRO:

OR, THE

FORCE

OF

Generous LOVE.

Written in French by a Lady of Quality.

Made Engliſh by Mrs *BEHN.*

* *
* * *
* *

LONDON:
Printed by *W. Onley*, for *S. Briſcoe.* 1697.


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THE HISTORY OF *AGNES de CASTRO.*

THough Love, all ſoft and flattering, promiſes nothing but Pleaſures; yet its Conſequences are often ſad and fatal: It is not enough to be in Love, to be happy, ſince Fortune, who is Capricious, and takes delight to trouble the Repoſe of the moſt Elevated and Virtuous, has very little reſpect for paſſionate and tender Hearts, when ſhe deſigns to produce ſtrange Adventures.

Many Examples of paſt Ages render this Maxim certain, but the Reign of *Dom Alphonſo* the Fourth, King of *Portugal*, furniſhes us with one, the moſt extraordinary that Hiſtory can produce.

He was the Son of that *Dom Denice*, who was ſo ſucceſsful in all his Undertakings, that it was ſaid of him, that he was capable of performing whatever he deſign'd: And of *Iſabella*, a Princeſs of eminent Vertue, who when he

he came to inherit a flouriſhing and tranquil State, he endeavour'd to eſtabliſh Peace and Plenty in abundance, in his Kingdom.

And to advance this his Deſign, he agreed on a Marriage between his Son *Don Pedro*, (then about eight Years of Age) and *Bianca* Daughter of *Don Pedro*, King of *Caſtile*; and whom the young Prince married when he arrived to his ſixteenth Year.

Bianca brought nothing to *Coimbra* but Infirmities, and very few Charms. *Don Pedro*, who was full of Sweetneſs and Generoſity, liv'd nevertheleſs very well with her; but thoſe Diſtempers of the Princeſs degenerating into the Palſie, ſhe made it her Requeſt to retire, and at her Interceſſion, the Pope broke the Marriage, and the melancholy Princeſs concealed her Languiſhment in a ſolitary Retreat: And *Don Pedro*, for whom they had provided another Match, married *Conſtantia Manuel*, Daughter of *Dom John Manuel*, a Prince of the Blood of *Caſtile*, and famous for the Enmity he had to his King.

Conſtantia was promiſed to the King of *Caſtile*, but that King not keeping his Word, they made no difficulty of beſtowing her on a young Prince, who was one day to Reign over a Number of fine Provinces. He was but five and twenty Years of Age, and the Man of all *Spain* that had the beſt Faſhion and Grace: And with the moſt advantagious Qualities of the Body, he poſſeſt thoſe of the Soul, and ſhew'd himſelf worthy in all things of the Crown that was deſtin'd for him.

The

The Princeſs *Conſtantia* had Beauty, Wit, nd Generoſity, in as a great Meaſure as 'twas oſſible for a Woman to be poſſeſt with; her erit alone ought to have attach'd *Don Pedro* ternally to her; and certainly he had for her n Eſteem, mixt with ſo great a Reſpect, as ight very well paſs for Love with thoſe that ere not of a nice and curious Obſervation; ut alas! his real Care was reſerv'd for ano-her Beauty.

Conſtantia brought into the World, the firſt ear after her Marriage, a Son, who was call'd *Don Louis*; but it ſcarce ſaw the Light, and y'd almoſt as ſoon as born. The Loſs of this ttle Prince ſenſibly touch'd her, but the Cold-eſs ſhe obſerv'd in the Prince her Husband, ent yet more near her Heart; for ſhe had gi-en herſelf abſolutely up to her Duty, and had ade her Tenderneſs for him her only Con-ern: But puiſſant Glory which ty'd her ſo ntirely to the Intereſt of the Prince of *Portu-l*, open'd her Eyes upon his Actions, where e obſerv'd nothing in his Careſſes and Ci-ilities that was natural, or could ſatisfie her elicate Heart.

At firſt, ſhe fancy'd herſelf deceiv'd, but me having confirm'd her in what ſhe fear-, ſhe ſighed in ſecret; yet had that Conſi-eration for the Prince, as not to let him ſee r Diſorder; and which nevertheleſs, ſhe uld not conceal from *Agnes de Caſtro*, who y'd with her, rather as a Companion, than a aid of Honour, and whom her Friendſhip ade her infinitely diſtinguiſh from the reſt.

This

This maid, ſo dear to the Princeſs, very well merited the Preference her Miſtreſs gave her; ſhe was beautiful to exceſs, wiſe, diſcreet, witty, and had more Tenderneſs for *Conſtantia* than ſhe had for herſelf, having quitted her Family, which was illuſtrious, to give herſelf wholly to the Service of the Princeſs, and to follow her into *Portugal*. It was into the Boſom of this Maid, that the Princeſs unladed her firſt Moans, and the charming *Agnes* forgot nothing that might give eaſe to her afflicted Heart.

Nor was *Conſtantia* the only Perſon who complain'd on *Don Pedro*; before his Divorce from *Bianca*, he had expreſſed ſome Care and Tenderneſs for *Elvira Gonzales*, Siſter to *Don Alvaro Gonzales*, Favourite to the King of *Portugal*; and this Amuſement in the young Years of the Prince, had made a deep Impreſſion on *Elvira*, who flatter'd her Ambition with the Infirmities of *Bianca*. She ſaw, with a ſecret Rage, *Conſtantia* take her place, who was poſſeſt with ſuch Charms, that quite diveſted her of all Hopes.

Her Jealouſie left her not idle, ſhe examin'd all the Actions of the Prince, and eaſily diſcover'd the little Regard he had for the Princeſs; but this brought him not back to her. And it was upon very good Grounds that ſhe ſuſpected him to be in Love with ſome other Perſon, and poſſeſſed with a new Paſſion; and which ſhe promis'd herſelf, ſhe would deſtroy as ſoon as ſhe could find it out. She had a Spirit altogether proper for bold and hazardous

Enter

nterprizes; and the Credit of her Brother ave her ſo much Vanity, as all the Indiffe-ence of the Prince was not capable of hum-ling.

The Prince languiſh'd, and conceal'd the auſe with ſo much Care, that 'twas impoſſi-e for any to find it out. No publick Plea-ures were agreeable to him, and all Conver-tions were tedious; and it was Solitude alone hat was able to give him any eaſe.

This Change ſurprized all the World. The ing who lov'd his Son very tenderly, ear-eſtly preſs'd him to know the Reaſon of his elancholy; but the Prince made no anſwer, t only this, That it was the Effects of his emper.

But Time ran on, and the Princeſs was rought to Bed of a ſecond Son, who liv'd, nd was call'd *Fernando*. *Don Pedro* forc'd him-lf a little to take part in the publick Joy, ſo hat they believ'd his Humour was changing; ut this appearance of a Calm endured not ng, and he fell back again into his black Me-ncholy.

The Artful *Elvira* was inceſſantly agitated n ſearching out the Knowledge of this Secret. hance wrought for her: And, as ſhe was alking full of Indignation and Anger, in the arden of the Palace of *Coimbra*, ſhe found the rince of *Portugal* ſleeping in an obſcure rotto.

Her Fury could not contain itſelf at the ight of this lov'd Object, ſhe roul'd her Eyes pon him, and perceiv'd in ſpight of Sleep,

that ſome Tears eſcap'd his Eyes; the Flame which burnt yet in her Heart, ſoon grew ſoft and tender there: But oh! ſhe heard him ſigh, and after that, utter theſe Words; *Yes, Divine* Agnes, *I will ſooner die, than let you know it:* Conſtantia *ſhall have nothing to reproach me with.* *Elvira* was enrag'd at this Diſcourſe, which repreſented to her immediately, the ſame Moment, *Agnes de Caſtro* with all her Charms; and not at all doubting, but it was ſhe who poſſeſt the Heart of *Don Pedro*, ſhe found in her Soul more Hatred for this fair Rival, than Tenderneſs for him.

The Grotto was not a Place fit to make Reflections in, or to form Deſigns. Perhaps her firſt Tranſports would have made her waken'd him, if ſhe had not perceiv'd a Paper lying under his Hand, which ſhe ſoftly ſeiz'd on; and that ſhe might not be ſurpriz'd in the reading it, ſhe went out of the Garden with as much Haſte as Confuſion.

When ſhe was retir'd to her Apartment, ſhe open'd the Paper, trembling, and found in it theſe Verſes, writ by the Hand of *Don Pedro*; and which in appearance, he had newly then compoſed.

In vain, oh! Sacred Honour, you debate
The mighty Buſineſs in my Heart:
Love! Charming Love! rules all my Fate,
Intereſt and Glory claim no part.
The God, ſure of his Victory, Triumphs there,
And will have nothing in his Empire ſhare.

In vain, oh! Sacred Duty, you oppoſe;
In vain, your Nuptial Tye you plead:
Thoſe forc'd Devoirs LOVE overthrows,
And breaks the Vows he never made.
ixing his fatal Arrows every where,
burn, and languiſh, in a ſoft Deſpair.

Fair Princeſs, you to whom my Faith is due;
Pardon the Deſtiny that drags me on;
'Tis not my Fault, my Heart's untrue,
I am compell'd to be undone:
y Life is yours, I gave it with my Hand,
t my Fidelity I can't command.

Elvira did not only know the Writing of *on Pedro*, but ſhe knew alſo that he could rite Verſes. And ſeeing the ſad Part which *nſtantia* had in theſe which were now fallen to her Hands, ſhe made no ſcruple of reſol-ng to let the Princeſs ſee 'em: But that ſhe ght not be ſuſpected, ſhe took care not to pear in the Buſineſs herſelf; and ſince it s not enough for *Conſtantia* to know that e Prince did not love her, but that ſhe muſt ow alſo he was a Slave to *Agnes de Caſtro*; *vira* cauſed theſe few Verſes to be written an unknown Hand, under thoſe writ by the ince.

Sleep betray'd, the unhappy Lover;
While Tears were ſtreaming from his Eyes,
His heedleſs Tongue without diſguiſe,
The Secret did diſcover.

The Language of his Heart declare,
That Agnes *Image Triumphs there.*

Elvira regarded neither Exactneſsnor Grac in theſe Lines, and if they had but the Effe ſhe deſign'd, ſhe wiſh'd no more.

Her Impatience could not wait till the nex Day to expoſe 'em; ſhe therefore went im mediately to the Lodgings of the Princeſs, wh was then walking in the Garden of the Pa lace; and paſſing without reſiſtance, even t her Cabinet, ſhe put the Paper into a Book, i which the Princeſs us'd to read, and wen out again unſeen, and ſatisfied with her goo Fortune.

As ſoon as *Conſtantia* was return'd, ſhe en ter'd into her Cabinet, and ſaw the Book open and the Verſes lying in it, which were to co her ſo dear: She ſoon knew the Hand of th Prince which was ſo familiar to her, and be ſides the Information of what ſhe had alway fear'd, ſhe underſtood it was *Agnes de Caſtr* (whoſe Friendſhip alone was able to comfor her in her Misfortunes) who was the fatal Cauſ of it; ſhe read over the Paper an hundre times, deſiring to give her Eyes and Reaſo the Lye; but finding but too plainly ſhe wa not deceiv'd, ſhe found her Soul poſſeſt wit more Grief than Anger: When ſhe conſi der'd as much in Love as the Prince was, h had kept his Torment ſecret. After having made her Moan, without condemning him the Tenderneſs ſhe had for him, made he ſhed a Torrent of Tears, and inſpir'd he

wit

ith a Reſolution of concealing her Reſent-
ent.

She would certainly have done it by a Ver-
e extraordinary, if the Prince, who miſſing
s Verſes when he wak'd, and fearing they
ight fall into indiſcreet Hands, had not en-
r'd the Palace, all troubl'd with his Loſs,
d haſtily going into *Conſtantia*'s Apartment,
w her fair Eyes all wet with Tears, and at
e ſame inſtant caſt his own on the unhappy
erſes that had eſcap'd from his Soul, and now
y before the Princeſs.

He immediately turn'd pale at this ſight, and
ppear'd ſo mov'd, that the generous Princeſs
t more Pain than he did: *Madam*, ſaid he,
nfinitely alarm'd) *from whom had you that Pa-
r? It cannot come but from the Hand of ſome
rſon*, anſwer'd *Conſtantia*, *who is an Enemy
h to your Repoſe and mine; it is the Work, Sir,
your own Hand; and doubtleſs, the Sentiment of
r Heart: But be not ſurpriz'd, and do not fear,
if my Tenderneſs ſhould make it paſs for a
ime in you, the ſame Tenderneſs, which no-
ng is able to alter, ſhall hinder me from com-
ining.*

The Moderation and Calmneſs of *Conſtantia*,
rv'd only to render the Prince more aſham'd
d confuſs'd. *How Generous are you, Madam*,
rſu'd he, *and how Unfortunate am I.* Some
ears accompanied his Words, and the Prin-
ſs, who lov'd him with extream Ardor, was
ſenſibly touch'd, that it was a good
hile before ſhe could utter a Word: *Con-
ntia* then broke Silence, and ſhewing him

what *Elvira* had caus'd to be written; *You a betray'd, Sir*, added ſhe, *you have been hea ſpeak, and your Secret is known.* It was at th very moment that all the Forces of the Prin abandon'd him; and his Condition was real worthy Compaſſion: He could not pardo himſelf the unvoluntary Crime he had commi ted, in expoſing of the lovely, and the inno cent *Agnes*. And tho' he was convinc'd of th Vertue and Goodneſs of *Conſtantia*, the Ap prehenſions that he had, that this modeſt an prudent Maid might ſuffer by his Conduct, car ried him beyond all Conſideration.

The Princeſs, who heedfully ſurveyed him ſaw ſo many Marks of Deſpair in his Fac and Eyes, that ſhe was afraid of the Conſe quences; and holding out her Hand, in a ver obliging manner to him; ſhe ſaid, *I promi you, Sir, I will never more complain on you*; an *that* Agnes *ſhall always be very dear to me*; yo *ſhall never hear me make you any Reproaches: An ſince I cannot poſſeſs your Heart, I will content my ſelf with endeavouring to render myſelf worthy of it.* *Don Pedro* more confus'd and dejected than be fore he had been, bent one of his Knees at the Feet of *Conſtantia*, and with reſpect kiſs'd that fair kind Hand ſhe had given him, and perhaps forgot *Agnes* for a Moment.

But Love ſoon put a ſtop to all the little Ad vances of *Hymen*, the fatal Star that preſided over the Deſtiny of *Don Pedro*, had not yet vented its Malignity; and one Moment's ſight of *Agnes* gave new Forces to his Paſſion.

The

The Wiſh and Deſires of this charming Maid ad no part in this Victory; her Eyes were juſt, ho' penetrating, and they ſearched not in hoſe of the Prince, what they had a deſire to iſcover to her.

As ſhe was never far from *Conſtantia*, *Don edro* was no ſooner gone out of the Cloſet, but *gnes* entred; and finding the Princeſs all pale nd languiſhing in her Chair, ſhe doubted not ut there was ſome ſufficient Cauſe for her Af-iction; ſhe put herſelf in the ſame Poſture he Prince had been in before, and expreſſing n Inquietude, full of Concern; *Madam*, ſaid he, *by all your Goodneſs, conceal not from me the auſe of your Trouble. Alas*, Agnes, reply'd the he Princeſs, *what would you know? And what ould I tell you? The Prince, the Prince, my dear-ſt Maid, is in Love; the Hand that he gave me, as not a Preſent of his Heart; and for the Advan-ge of this Alliance, I muſt become the Victim of .—What! the Prince in Love*, replied *Agnes*, with an Aſtoniſhment mixt with Indignation) *What Beauty can diſpute the Empire over a Heart o much your due? Alas, Madam, all the Reſpect owe him, cannot hinder me from murmuring a-ainſt him. Accuſe him of nothing*, interrupted *Conſtantia, he does what he can; and I am more bliged to him for deſiring to be Faithful, than if I oſſeſt his real Tenderneſs. It is not enough to ight, but to Overcome; and the Prince does more n the Condition wherein he is, than I ought reaſona-ly to hope for: In fine, he is my Husband, and an greeable one; to whom nothing is wanting, but what cannot inſpire; that is, a Paſſion which would*

have made me but too happy. Ah, Madam, cry'd out *Agnes*, tranſported with her Tenderneſs for the Princeſs, *he is a blind and ſtupid Prince, who knows not the precious Advantages he poſſeſſes. He muſt ſurely know ſomething*, reply'd the Princeſs, modeſtly. *But, Madam*, reply'd *Agnes*, *Is there any thing, not only in* Portugal, *but in all* Spain, *that can compare with you? And, without conſidering the charming Qualities of your Perſon, can we enough admire thoſe of your Soul? My dear Agnes*, interrupted *Conſtantia*, ſighing, *ſhe who robs me of my Husband's Heart, has but too many Charms to plead his Excuſe; ſince it is Thou, Child, whom Fortune makes uſe of, to give me the Killing Blow. Yes,* Agnes, *the Prince loves thee; and the Merit I know thou art poſſeſt of, puts Bounds to my Complaints, without ſuffering me to have the leaſt Reſentment.*

The delicate *Agnes* little expected to hear what the Princeſs told her; Thunder would have leſs ſurprized, and leſs oppreſs'd her: She remained a long time without ſpeaking, but at laſt fixing her Looks all frightful on *Conſtantia*, *What ſay you, Madam?* (cry'd ſhe) *And what Thoughts have you of me? What, that I ſhould betray you? And coming hither only full of Ardor to be the Repoſe of your Life, do I bring a fatal Poyſon to afflict it? What Deteſtation muſt I have for the Beauty they find in me, without aſpiring to make it appear? And how ought I to curſe the unfortunate Day, in which I firſt ſaw the Prince?* ——*But, Madam, it cannot be me, whom Heaven has choſen to torment you, and to deſtroy all your Tranquility: No, it cannot be ſo much my Enemy, to put me*

o ſo great a Tryal: And if I were that odious Per-ſon, there is no Excuſe, or Puniſhment, to which I would not condemn myſelf: It is Elvira, *Madam, he Prince loves, and lov'd before his Marriage with you, and alſo before his Divorce from* Bianca; *and ſome Body has made an indiſcreet Report to you of his Intrigue of his Youth: But, Madam, what was n the time of* Bianca, *is nothing to you. It is cer-ain that* Don Pedro *loves you,* anſwer'd the Prin-ceſs; *and I have Vanity enough to believe, that none eſides yourſelf could have d ſputed his Heart with ne: But the Secret is diſcover'd, and* Don Pedro *as not diſown'd it. What,* interrupted *Agnes,* (more ſurprized than ever) *is it then from himſelf ou have learn'd his Weakneſs?* The Princeſs then new'd her the Verſes; and there was never ny Deſpair like to hers.

While they were both thus ſadly employed, oth Sighing, and both Weeping, the impa-ient *Elvira,* who was willing to learn the Ef-ect of her Malice, return'd to the Apartment f the Princeſs, where ſhe freely entred, even o the Cabinet where theſe unhappy Perſons were; whom all afflicted and troubled as they were, bluſh'd at her approach, whoſe Compa-y they did not deſire: She had the pleaſure to ee *Conſtantia* hide from her the Paper which ad been the Cauſe of all their Trouble, and hich the Princeſs had never ſeen, but for her pight and Revenge; and to obſerve alſo, in he Eyes of the Princeſs, and thoſe of *Agnes,* n immoderate Grief: She ſtay'd in the Ca-inet as long as it was neceſſary to be aſſur'd, hat ſhe had ſucceeded in her Deſign; but the

Prin-

Princeſs, who did not deſire ſuch a Witneſs of the Diſorder, in which ſhe then was, deſir'd to be left alone. *Elvira* then went out of the Cabinet, and *Agnes de Caſtro* withdrew at the ſame time.

It was in her own Chamber, that *Agnes* examining more freely this Adventure, found it as cruel as Death: She lov'd *Conſtantia* ſincerely, and had not 'till then any thing more than an Eſteem, mixt with Admiration, for the Prince of *Portugal*; which, indeed, none could refuſe to ſo many fine Qualities. And looking on herſelf as the moſt unfortunate of her Sex, as being the Cauſe of all the Suffering of the Princeſs, to whom ſhe was obliged for the greateſt Bounties, ſhe ſpent the whole Night in Tears and Complaints, ſufficient to have revenged *Conſtantia* of all the Griefs ſhe made her ſuffer.

The Prince, on his ſide, was in no greater Tranquility; the Generoſity of his Princeſs increas'd his Remorſe, without diminiſhing his Love; he fear'd, and with Reaſon, that thoſe who were the occaſion of *Conſtantia*'s ſeeing thoſe Verſes, ſhould diſcover his Paſſion to the King, from whom he hop'd for no Indulgence, and he would moſt willingly have given his Life to have been free from this Extremity.

In the mean time the afflicted Princeſs languiſh'd in a moſt deplorable Sadneſs; ſhe found nothing in thoſe who were the Cauſe of her Misfortunes, but things fitter to move her Tenderneſs than her Anger; it was in vain that

Jealouſie

Jealouſie ſtrove to combat the Inclination ſhe had to love her fair Rival; nor was any occaſion of making the Prince leſs dear to her; and ſhe felt neither Hatred, nor ſo much as Indifference for innocent *Agnes*.

While theſe three diſconſolate Perſons abandon'd themſelves to their Melancholy, *Elvira*, not to leave her Vengeance imperfect, ſtudy'd in what manner ſhe might bring it to the Height of its Effects. Her Brother, on whom ſhe depended, ſhew'd her a great deal of Friendſhip; and judging rightly that the Love of *Don Pedro*, to *Agnes de Caſtro*, would not be approv'd by the King, ſhe acquainted *Don Alvaro*, her Brother, with it, who was not ignorant of the Paſſion the Prince had once proteſted to have for his Siſter. He found himſelf very much intereſted in this News, from a ſecret Paſſion he had for *Agnes*; whom the Buſineſs of his Fortune had hitherto hindred him from diſcovering: And he expected a great many Favours from the King, that might render the Effort of his Heart the more conſiderable.

He hid not from his Siſter this one thing, which he found difficult to conceal; ſo that ſhe was now poſſeſt with a double Grief, to find *Agnes* Sovereign of all the Hearts, to which ſhe had a pretenſion.

Don Alvaro was one of thoſe ambitious Men, that are Fierce without Moderation, and Proud without Generoſity; of a melancholy, cloudy Humour; of a cruel Inclination, and to effect his Ends, found nothing difficult, or unlawful.

lawful. Naturally he lov'd not the Prince, who, on all Accounts ought to have held the firſt Rank in the Heart of the King, which ſhould have ſet Bounds to the Favour of *Don Alvaro*; who when he knew the Prince was his Rival, his Jealouſie increas'd his Hate of him; and he conjured *Elvira* to employ all her Care, to oppoſe an Engagement that could not but be deſtructive to 'em both; ſhe promiſed him, and he not very well ſatisfied, rely'd on her Addreſs.

Don Alvaro, who had too lively a Repreſentation within himſelf, of the Beauties and Grace of the Prince of *Portugal*, thought of nothing but how to combate his Merits, he himſelf being not handſome, or well made: His Faſhion was as diſagreeable as his Humour, and *Don Pedro* had all the Advantages that one Man may poſſibly have over another. In fine, all that *Don Alvaro* wanted, adorn'd the Prince: But as he was the Husband of *Conſtantia*, and depended upon an abſolute Father, and that *Don Alvaro* was free, and Maſter of a good Fortune, he thought himſelf more aſſur'd of *Agnes*, and fix'd his Hopes on that Thought.

He knew very well, that the Paſſion of *Don Pedro*, could not but inſpire a violent Anger in the Soul of the King. Induſtrious in doing Ill, his firſt Buſineſs was to carry this unwelcome News to him. After he had given time to his Grief, and had compos'd himſelf to his Deſire, he then beſought the King to Intereſt himſelf in his amorous Affair, and to be the Protector of his Perſon. Though

Though *Don Alvaro*, had no other Merit o recommend him to the King, than a con-inual and blind Obedience to all his Com-nands; yet he had favour'd him with ſeveral eſtimonies of his vaſt Bounty; and conſi-ering the height to which the King's Libe-ality had rais'd him, there were few Ladies hat would have refus'd his Alliance. The ing aſſur'd him of the Continuation of his riendſhip and Favour, and promis'd him, if e had any Authority, he would give him the harming *Agnes*.

Don Alvaro, perfectly skilful in managing his aſter, anſwer'd the King's laſt Bounties with profound Submiſſion. He had yet never told *gnes* what he felt for her; but he thought now e might make a publick Declaration of it, and nd ſought all means to do it.

The Gallantry which *Coimbra* ſeem'd to have rgotten, began now to be awaken'd. The ing, to pleaſe *Don Alvaro*, under pretence of verting *Conſtantia*, order'd ſome Publick orts, and commanded that every thing ſhould e magnificent.

Since the Adventure of the Verſes, *Don Pe-o* endeavour'd to lay a Conſtraint on him-lf, and to appear leſs troubled: But in his eart he ſuffer'd always alike; and it was t but with great Uneaſineſs he prepar'd him-lf for the Turnament. And ſince he could t appear with the Colours of *Agnes*, he took oſe of his Wife, without Device, or any great agnificence.

Don

Don Alvaro adorn'd himſelf with the Liv'ries of *Agnes de Caſtro*; and this fair Maid, who had yet found no Conſolation from what the Princeſs had told her, had this new Cauſe of being diſpleas'd.

Don Pedro appear'd in the Liſt with an admirable Grace; and *Don Alvaro*, who look'd on this Day as his own, appear'd there all ſhining with Gold, mix'd with Stones of Blew, which were the Colours of *Agnes*; and there was embroider'd all over his Equipage, flaming Hearts of Gold, on blew Velvet, and Nets for the Snares of Love, with abundance of double *A's*; his Device was a Love coming out of a Cloud, with theſe Verſes written underneath.

Love from a Cloud breaks like the God of Day,
And to the World his Glories does diſplay;
To gaze on charming Eyes, and make 'em know,
What to ſoft Hearts, and to his Power they owe.

The Pride of *Don Alvaro* was ſoon humbled at the Feet of the Prince of *Portugal*, who threw him againſt the Ground, with twenty others, and carry'd alone the Glory of the Day. There was in the Evening a Noble Aſſembly at *Conſtantia*'s, where *Agnes* would not have been, unleſs expreſly commanded by the Princeſs. She appear'd there all negligent and careleſs in her Dreſs, but yet ſhe appear'd all beautiful and charming. She ſaw, with diſdain, her Name, and her Colours, worn by *Don Alvaro*, at a Publick Triumph; and it

her

r Heart were capable of any tender Moti-
s, it was not for ſuch a Man as he, for
om her Delicacy deſtin'd them: She lookd
him with a Contempt, which did not hin-
r him from preſſing ſo near, that there was
eceſſity for her to hear, and what he had to
clare to her.

She treated him not uncivily, but her Cold-
ſs would have rebated the Courage of any
t *Alvaro.* *Madam*, ſaid he, (when he could
heard of none but herſelf) *I have hitherto*
cealed the Paſſion you have inſpir'd me with,
ring it ſhould diſpleaſe you; but it has commit-
a Violence on my Reſpect; and I could no longer
ceal it from you. I never reflected on your A-
ns, anſwer'd *Agnes*, with all the Indifference
which ſhe was capable, *and if you think you of-*
d me, you are in the wrong to make me perceive
This Coldneſs is but an ill Omen for me, reply'd
n Alvaro, *and if you have not found me out to*
your Lover to Day, I fear you will never approve
Paſſion.

Oh! what a time you have choſen to make it
ar to me (purſu'd *Agnes*) *is it ſo great an*
nour for me, that you muſt take ſuch Care to ſhew
the World! And do you think that I am ſo
rous of Glory, that I muſt aſpire to it by your
ions? If I muſt, you have very ill maintain'd
the Turnament; and if it be that Vanity that
depend upon, you'll make no great Progreſs on
oul that is not fond of Shame. If you were
ſt of all the Advantages, which the Prince has
Day carried away, you yet ought to conſider
you are going about; and it is not a Maid

like

like me, who is touch'd with Enterprizes, without reſpect or permiſſion.

The Favourite of the King, was too proud to hear *Agnes*, without Indignation: But as he was willing to conceal it, and not offend her, he made not his Reſentment appear; and conſidering the Obſervation ſhe made on the Triumphs of *Don Pedro*, (which encreaſed his Jealouſies:) *If I have not overcome at the Turnament*, reply'd he, *I am not the leſs in Love for being vanquiſh'd, nor leſs capable of ſucceſs on occaſions.*

They were interrupted here, but from that Day, *Don Alvaro*, who had open'd the firſt Difficulties, kept no more his wonted Diſtance, but perpetually perſecuted *Agnes*; yet tho' he were protected by the King, that inſpir'd in her never the more Conſideration for him. *Don Pedro* was always ignorant by what Means the Verſes he had loſt in the Garden fell into the Hands of *Conſtantia*: As the Princeſs appeared to him Indulgent, he was only concerned for *Agnes*; and the Love of *Don Alvaro*, which was then ſo well known, increas'd the Pain; and had he been poſſeſt of the Authority, he would not have ſuffer'd her to have been expos'd to the Perſecutions of ſo unworthy a Rival. He was alſo afraid of the King's being advertiſed of his Paſſion; but he thought not at all of *Elvira*'s, nor apprehended any Malice from her Reſentment.

While

While ſhe burnt with a Deſire of deſtroy-
g *Agnes*, againſt whom ſhe vented all her
enom; and ſhe was never weary of making
ew Reports to her Brother, aſſuring him,
at tho' they could not prove, that *Agnes*
ade any returns to the Tenderneſs of the
ince; yet that was the Cauſe of *Conſtantia*'s
rief. And, that if this Princeſs ſhould die
it, *Don Pedro* might marry *Agnes*. In fine,
e ſo incens'd the jealous *Don Alvaro*'s Jealou-
, that he could not hinder himſelf from run-
ng immediately to the King, with the Diſ-
very of all he knew, and all he gueſt, and
hom he had the Pleaſure to find, was infinite-
inrag'd at the News. *My dear* Alvaro, ſaid
e King, *you ſhall inſtantly marry this dangerous*
eauty: And let Poſſeſſion aſſure your Repoſe and
ine. If I have protected you in other Occaſions,
dge what a Service of ſo great an Importance for
e, would make me undertake; and without any re-
rve, the Forces of this State are in your Power;
nd almoſt any thing that I can give, ſhall be aſſu-
d you, ſo you render your ſelf Maſter of the De-
iny of Agnes.

Don Alvaro pleas'd, and vain with his Ma-
er's Bounty, made uſe of all the Authority
e gave him: He paſſionately lov'd *Agnes*, and
ould not, on the ſudden, make uſe of Vio-
nce; but reſolv'd with himſelf to employ all
oſſible Means to win her fairly; but if that
il'd, to have recourſe to force, if ſhe conti-
ued always inſenſible.

While *Agnes de Caſtro* (importun'd by his Aſſiduities, deſpairing at the Grief of *Conſtantia*, and perhaps made tender by thoſe ſhe had caus'd in the Prince of *Portugal*) took a Reſolution worthy of her Vertue; yet, amiable as *Don Pedro* was, ſhe found nothing in him, but his being Husband to *Conſtantia*, that was dear to her: And far from encouraging the Power ſhe had got over his Heart, ſhe thought of nothing but removing from *Coimbra*; the Paſſion of *Don Alvaro*, which ſhe had no inclination to favour, ſerv'd her as a Pretext, and preſs'd with the fear of cauſing, in the End, a cruel Divorce between the Prince and his Princeſs, ſhe went to find *Conſtantia*, with a Trouble which all her Care was not able to hide from her.

The Princeſs eaſily found it out; and their common Misfortune having not chang'd their Friendſhip: —— *What ails you*, Agnes? ſaid the Princeſs to her, in a ſoft Tone, and her ordinary Sweetneſs; *And what new Misfortune cauſes that Sadneſs in thy Looks? Madam*, reply'd *Agnes*, ſhedding a Rivulet of Tears, *the Obligations and Tyes I have to you, put me upon a cruel Tryal: I had bounded the Felicity of my Life in hope of paſſing it near your Highneſs; yet I muſt carry, to ſome other part of the World, this unlucky Face of mine, which renders me nothing but ill Offices: And 'tis to obtain that Liberty, that I am come to throw myſelf at your Feet; looking upon you as my Sovereign.*

Conſtantia

Conſtantia was ſo ſurpriz'd and touch'd with the Propoſition of *Agnes*, that ſhe loſt her Speech for ſome Moments; Tears, which were ſincere, expreſs'd her firſt Sentiments: And after having ſhed abundance, to give a new Mark of her Tenderneſs to the Fair afflicted *Agnes*, ſhe with a ſad and melancholy Look, fix'd her Eyes upon her, and holding out her Hand to her, in a moſt obliging manner, ſighing; cry'd, —— *You will then, my dear* Agnes, *leave me? and expoſe me to the Griefs of ſeeing you no more? Alas, Madam,* interrupted this lovely Maid, *hide from the unhappy* Agnes *a Bounty, which does but increaſe her Misfortunes. It is not I, Madam, that would leave you, it is my Duty, and my Reaſon that orders my Fate. And thoſe Days which I ſhall paſs far from you, promiſe me nothing to oblige me to this Deſign, if I did not ſee myſelf abſolutely forc'd to it: I am not ignorant of what paſſes at* Coimbra; *and I ſhall be an Accomplice of the Injuſtice there committed, if I ſhould ſtay there any longer.* ——— *Ah, I know your Vertue,* cry'd *Conſtantia, and you may remain here, in all ſafety, while I am your Protectreſs; and let what will happen, I will accuſe you of nothing. There's no anſwering for what's to come,* reply'd *Agnes,* ſadly; *and I ſhall be ſufficiently Guilty, if my Preſence cauſe Sentiments, which cannot be innocent. Beſide, Madam, the Importunities of* Don Alvaro *are inſupportable to me; and though I find nothing but Averſion for him, ſince the King protects his Inſolence, and he's in a Condition of undertaking any thing, my Flight is abſolutely neceſſary: But, Madam, though he*

has nothing but what ſeems odious to me; I c
Heaven to witneſs, that if I could cure the Pri
by marrying Don Alvaro, *I would not conſider*
it a Moment; and finding in my Puniſhment t
Conſolation of ſacrificing my ſelf to my Princeſs,
would ſupport it without murmuring. But if I w
the Wife of Don Alvaro, Don Pedro *would a*
ways look upon me with the ſame Eyes: So that
find nothing more reaſonable for me, than to hi
myſelf in ſome Corner of the World; where, thou
I ſhall moſt certainly live without Pleaſure, yet
ſhall preſerve the Repoſe of my deareſt Miſtreſs. A
the Reaſon you find in this Deſign, anſwered th
Princeſs, *cannot oblige me to approve of your A*
ſence: Will it reſtore me the Heart of Don Pedro
And will he not fly away with you? his Grief is min
and my Life is ty'd to his; do not make him deſpa
then, if you love me. I know ye, I tell you ſo on
more; and let your Power be never ſo great over th
Heart of the Prince, I will not ſuffer you to aban
don us.

Though *Agnes* thought ſhe had perfectl
known *Conſtantia*, yet ſhe did not expect t
find ſo intire a Vertue in her, which made he
think herſelf more happy, and the Prince more
criminal. *Oh, Wiſdom! Oh, Bounty without Ex-*
ample! (cry'd ſhe) *Why is it, that the cruel De-*
ſtinies do not give you all you deſerve? You are th
Diſpoſer of my Actions, continu'd ſhe (in kiſſing
the Hand of *Conſtantia*) *I'll do nothing but wha*
you'll have me: But conſider, weigh well the Rea-
ſons that ought to counſel you in the Meaſures yo
oblige me to take.

Don Pedro, who had not ſeen the Princeſs all
t Day, came in then, and finding 'em both
treamly troubled; with a fierce Impatience,
manded the Cauſe: *Sir*, anſwered *Conſtan-*
Agnes *too wiſe, and too ſcrupulous, fears the*
ffects of her Beauty, and will live no longer at
imbra; and it was on this Subject, (which can-
be agreeable to me) that ſhe ask'd my Advice.
he Prince grew pale at this Diſcourſe, and
atching the Words from her Mouth (with
ore concern, than poſſeſt either of them)
y'd with a Voice very feeble, Agnes *cannot*
l, if ſhe follow your Councel, Madam; and I
ve you full liberty to give it her. He then im-
ediately went out, and the Princeſs, whoſe
eart he perfectly poſſeſt, not being able to
de her Diſpleaſure, ſaid, *My dear* Agnes, *if*
Satisfaction did not only depend on your Conver-
ion, I ſhould deſire it of you, for Don Pedro's
e; it is the only Advantage that his unfortunate
ve can hope: And would not the World have rea-
to call me Barbarous, if I contributed to deprive
n of that? But the ſight of me will prove a Poyſon
him, —— reply'd *Agnes, And what ſhould I*
my Princeſs, if after the Reſerve he has hitherto
t, his Mouth ſhould add any thing to the Tor-
nts I have already felt, by ſpeaking to me of his
ame? You would hear him ſure, without cauſing
m to deſpair, reply'd *Conſtantia; and I ſhould*
this Obligation to the Account of the reſt you
ve done. Would you then have me expect thoſe
vents which I fear, Madam? reply'd *Agnes;*
ell —— *I will obey, but juſt Heavens,* purſued
e, if they prove fatal, do not puniſh an innocent

Heart for it. Thus this Converſation ende *Agnes* withdrew into her Chamber, but it w not to be more at eaſe.

What *Don Pedro* had learn'd of the Deſig of *Agnes*, caus'd a cruel Agitation in his Soul he wiſh'd he had never lov'd her, and deſir'd thouſand times to die: But it was not for hi to make Vows againſt a thing which Fa had deſign'd him; and whatever Reſolution he made, to bear the Abſence of *Agnes*, h Tenderneſs had not force enough to conſen to it.

After having, for a long time, combate with himſelf, he determin'd to do, what wa impoſſible for him, to let *Agnes* do. His Cou rage reproach'd him with the Idleneſs, in whic he paſt the moſt Youthful and Vigorous of hi Days; and making it appear to the King, tha his Allies, and even the Prince *Don John Ema nuel*, his Father-in-Law, had Concerns in th World, which demanded his Preſence on th Frontiers; he eaſily obtain'd Liberty to mak this Journey, to which the Princeſs would pu no Obſtacle.

Agnes ſaw him part without any Concern but it was not upon the Account of any Aver ſion ſhe had for him. *Don Alvaro* began the to make his Importunity, an open Perſecution he forgot nothing that might touch the inſen ſible *Agnes*, and made uſe, a long time, only o the Arms of Love: But ſeeing that this Sub miſſions and Reſpect was to no purpoſe, h form'd ſtrange Deſigns.

As

As the King had a Deference for all his ounſels, it was not difficult to inſpire him ith what he had a Mind to: He complain'd f the ungrateful *Agnes*, and forgot nothing at might make him perceive that ſhe was not uel to him, on his Account; but from the o much Senſibility ſhe had for the Prince. he King, who was extream angry at this, re- erated all the Promiſes he had made him.

The King had not yet ſpoke to *Agnes*, in fa- our of *Don Alvaro*; and not doubting but his pprobation would ſurmount all Obſtacles, e took an occaſion to entertain her with it: nd removing ſome diſtance from thoſe who ight hear him, *I thought* Don Alvaro *had Me- enough*, ſaid he to her, *to have obtain'd a lit- ſhare in your Eſteem; and I could not imagine, ere would have been any neceſſity of my ſolliciting for him: I know you are very charming, but he s nothing that renders him unworthy of you; and hen you ſhall reflect on the Choice my Friendſhip has ade of him, from among all the Great Men of my ourt, you will do him, at the ſame time, Juſtice. is Fortune is none of the meaneſt, ſince he has me r his Protector: He is nobly born, a Man of Ho- ur and Courage; he adores you, and it ſeems to e, that all theſe Reaſons are ſufficient to vanquiſh ur Pride.*

The Heart of *Agnes* was ſo little diſpoſed to ive itſelf to *Don Alvaro*, that all that the King f *Portugal* had ſaid, had no Effect on her, in s favour. *If* Don Alvaro, *Sir*, anſwered ſhe, *ere without Merit, he poſſeſt Advantages enough the Bounty your Majeſty is pleaſed to Honour him*

with, to make him Maſter of all things, ; it is my that I find any Defect in him, that I anſwer not his Deſires : But, Sir, by what obſtinate Power, would you that I ſhould Love, if Heaven has not given me a Soul that is tender ? And why ſhould you pretend that I ſhould ſubmit to him, when nothing is dearer to me than my Liberty? You are not ſo free, nor ſo inſenſile, as you ſay, (anſwered the King, bluſhing, with Anger ;) *and if your Heart were exempt from all ſorts of Affection, he might expect a more reaſonable Return than what he finds. But imprudent Maid, conducted by an ill Fate,* added he, in Fury, *what Pretenſions have you to* Don Pedro ? *Hitherto, I have hid the Chagreen, which his Weakneſs, and yours gave me ; but it was not the leſs violent for being hid : And ſince you oblige me to break out, I muſt tell you, that if my Son were not already married to* Conſtantia, *he ſhould never be your Husband ; renounce then thoſe vain Ideas which will cure him, and juſtifie you.*

The couragious *Agnes* was ſcarce Miſtreſs of the firſt Tranſports, at a Diſcourſe ſo full of Contempt ; but calling her Vertue to the aid of her Anger, ſhe recover'd herſelf by the aſſiſtance of Reaſon : And conſidering the Outrage ſhe receiv'd, not as coming from a Great King, but a Man blinded and poſſeſt by *Don Alvaro*, ſhe thought him not worthy of her Reſentment ; her fair Eyes animated themſelves with ſo ſhining a vivacity, they anſwered for the purity of her Sentiments ; and fixing them ſtedfaſtly on the King, *If the Prince,* Don Pedro *have Weakneſſes,* (reply'd ſhe, with an Air diſdainful) *he never communicated 'em to me*

and I am certain, I never contributed wilfully to it: But to let you ſee how little I regard your Defiance, and to put my Glory in ſafety, I will live far from you, and all that belongs to you: Yes, Sir, I will quit Coimbra *with pleaſure; and for this Man, who is ſo dear to you,* (anſwer'd ſhe with a noble Pride and Fierceneſs, of which the King felt all the Force) *for this Favourite, ſo worthy to poſſeſs the moſt tender affections of a great Prince, I aſſure you, that into whatever part of the World Fortune conducts me, I will not carry away the leaſt Remembrance of him.* At theſe words ſhe made a profound Reverence, and made ſuch haſte from his Preſence, that he could not oppoſe her going if he would.

The King was now more ſtrongly convinc'd than ever, that ſhe favoured the Paſſion of Don *Pedro*, and immediately went to *Conſtantia*, to inſpire her with the ſame thought; but ſhe was not capable of receiving ſuch Impreſſions, and following her own natural Inclinations, ſhe generouſly defended the Virtue of *Actions*. The King angry to ſee her ſo well intentioned to her Rival, whom he would have had her hated, reproached her with the ſweetneſs of her Temper, and went thence to mix his Anger with Don *Alvaro*'s Rage, who was totally confounded when he ſaw the Negotiation of his Maſter had taken no effect. The haughty Maid braves me then, Sir, ſaid he to the King, and deſpiſes the Honour which your Bounty offered her! Why cannot I reſiſt ſo fatal a Paſſion? But I muſt love her, in ſpight of my ſelf; and if this Flame conſume me, I can find

no

no way to extinguiſh it; what can I farther do for you, replied the King? Alas, Sir, anſwer'd Don *Alvaro*, I muſt do by force, what I cannot otherwiſe hope from the Proud and Cruel *Agnes*. Well then, added the King, ſince it is not fit for me to Authorize publickly a Violence in the midſt of my Kingdom, chuſe thoſe of my Subjects which you think moſt capable of ſerving you, and take away by force the Beauty that charms you, and if ſhe do not yield to your Love, put that Power you are Maſter of in execution, to oblige her to marry you.

Don *Alvaro*, raviſh'd with this Propoſition, which at the ſame time flatter'd both his Love and Anger, caſt himſelf at the feet of the King, and renew'd his Acknowledgments by freſh Proteſtations, and thought of nothing but employing his unjuſt Authority againſt *Agnes*.

Don *Pedro* had been about three months abſent, when *Alvaro* undertook what the King counſell'd him to; tho' the Moderation was known to him, yet he feared his Preſence, and would not attend the Return of a Rival, with whom he would avoid all Diſputes.

One Night, when the ſad *Agnes*, full of her ordinary Inquietudes, in vain expected the God of Sleep, ſhe heard a noiſe, and after ſaw ſome Men unknown enter her Chamber, whoſe Meaſures being well conſulted, they carried her out of the Palace, and putting her in a cloſe Coach, forc'd her out of *Coimbra*, without being hinder'd by any Obſtacle. She knew not of whom to complain, nor whom to ſuſpect;

Don

Don *Alvaro* ſeem'd too puiſſant to ſeek his ſatisfaction this way; and ſhe accus'd not the Prince of this Attempt, of whom ſhe had ſo favourable an Opinion; whatever ſhe could think or ſay, ſhe could not hinder her ill Fortune: They hurried her on with diligence, and before it was Day, were a conſiderable way off from the Town.

As ſoon as Day began to break, ſhe ſurveyed thoſe that encompaſſed her, without ſo much as knowing one of them; and ſeeing that her Cries and Prayers were all in vain with theſe deaf Raviſhers, ſhe ſatisfied herſelf with imploring the Protection of Heaven, and abandon'd herſelf to its Conduct.

While ſhe ſate thus overwhelmed with grief, uncertain of her Deſtiny, ſhe ſaw a Body of Horſe advance towards the Troop which conducted her; the Raviſhers did not ſhun them, thinking it to be Don *Alvaro*; but when he approached more near, they found it was the Prince of *Portugal*, who was at the Head of them, and who, without foreſeeing the occaſion that would offer itſelf of ſerving *Agnes*, was returning to *Coimbra* full of her Idea, after having performed what he ought in this Expedition.

Agnes, who did not expect him, changed now her Opinion, and thought that it was the Prince that had cauſed her to be ſtolen away. *Oh, Sir*, ſaid ſhe to him, *having ſtill the ſame Thought, Is it you that have torn me from the Princeſs? and could ſo cruel a Blow come from a Hand that is ſo dear to her, what will you*

do

do with an Unfortunate Creature, who deſires nothing but Death? and why will you obſcure the Glory of your Life, by an Artifice unworthy of you? This Language aſtoniſh'd the Prince no leſs than the Sight of *Agnes* had done; he found by what ſhe had ſaid, that ſhe was taken away by force; and immediately paſſing to the height of Rage, he made her underſtand by one only Look, that he was not the baſe Author of her Trouble. *I tear you from* Conſtantia, *whoſe only Pleaſure you are,* replied he: *What Opinion have you of Don* Pedro? *No, Madam, though you ſee me here, I am altogether innocent of the Violence that has been done you; and there is nothing I will refuſe to hinder it.* He then turned himſelf to behold the Raviſhers, but his Preſence had already ſcattered 'em: he ordered ſome of his Men to purſue 'em, and to ſeize ſome of 'em, that he might know what Authority it was that ſet 'em at work.

During this, *Agnes* was no leſs confus'd than before; ſhe admir'd the Conduct of her Deſtiny, that brought the Prince at a time when he was ſo neceſſary to her: Her Inclinations to do him Juſtice, ſoon repair'd the Offence her Suſpicions had caus'd; ſhe was glad to have eſcap'd a Misfortune, which appear'd certain to her; but this was not a ſincere Joy, when ſhe conſider'd that her Lover was her Deliverer, and a Lover worthy of all her Acknowledgments, but who ow'd his Heart to the moſt amiable Princeſs in the World.

While

While the Prince's Men were purſuing the Raviſhers of *Agnes*, he was left almoſt alone with her; and tho' he had always reſolv'd to ſhun being ſo, yet his Conſtancy was not Proof againſt ſo fair an Occaſion: 'Madam, ſaid he to her, is it poſſible that Men born amongſt thoſe that obey us, ſhould be capable of offending you? I never thought my ſelf deſtin'd to revenge ſuch an Offence; but ſince Heaven has permitted you to receive it, I will either periſh or make them repent it. Sir, replied *Agnes*, more concern'd at this Diſcourſe than at the Enterprize of Don *Alvaro*, thoſe who are wanting in their Reſpect to the Princeſs and you, are not oblig'd to have any for me. I do not in the leaſt doubt but Don *Alvaro* was the Undertaker of this Enterprize, and I judg'd what I ought to fear from him, by what his Importunities have already made me ſuffer. He is ſure of the King's Protection, and he will make him an Accomplice in his Crime; but, Sir, Heaven conducted you hither happily for me, and I owe you for the liberty I have of ſerving the Princeſs yet longer. You will do for *Conſtantia*, replied the Prince, what 'tis impoſſible not to do for you; your Goodneſs attaches you to her, and my Deſtiny engages me to you for ever.

The modeſt *Agnes*, who fear'd this Diſcourſe much as the Misfortune ſhe had newly ſhunn'd, anſwer'd nothing but by down-caſt Eyes, d the Prince, who knew the trouble ſhe was left her to go ſpeak to his Men, who brought ck one of thoſe that belong'd to Don *Alvaro*,

by

by whoſe Confeſſion he found the Truth: H
pardon'd him, thinking not fit to puniſh him
who obey'd a Man whom the weakneſs of h
Father had render'd powerful.

Afterwards they conducted *Agnes* back t
Coimbra, where her Adventure began to mak
a great noiſe: The Princeſs was ready to di
with Deſpair, and at firſt thought it was onl
a continuation of the Deſign this fair Mai
had of retiring; but ſome Women that ſerv'
her having told the Princeſs, that ſhe was car
ried away by Violence, *Conſtantia* made he
Complaint to the King, who regarded her no
at all.

'Madam, ſaid he to her, let this fatal Plagu
'remove itſelf, who takes from you the Hea
'of your Husband, and without afflicting yo
'ſelf for her Abſence, bleſs Heaven and n
'for it.

The Generous Princeſs took *Agnes*'s pa
with a great deal of Courage, and was th
diſputing her defence with the King, wh
Don *Pedro* arriv'd at *Coimbra*.

The firſt Object that met the Prince's Ey
was Don *Alvaro*, who was paſſing through o
of the Courts of the Palace, amidſt a Croud
Courtiers, whom his favour with the Ki
drew after him. This Sight made Don *Pe*
rage; but that of the Princeſs and *Ag*
caus'd in him another ſort of Emotion: H
eaſily divin'd, that it was Don *Pedro*, who h
taken her from his Men, and, if his Fury h
acted what it would, it might have produc
very ſad effects.

D

'Don *Alvaro*, ſaid the Prince to him, is it thus you make uſe of the Authority which the King my Father has given you? Have you receiv'd Employments and Power from him for no other end but to do baſe Actions, and to commit Rapes on Ladies? Are you ignorant how the Princeſs intereſts herſelf in all that concerns this Maid? And do you not know the tender and affectionate Eſteem he has for her? No, replied Don *Alvaro*, with an Inſolence that had like to have put e Prince paſt all Patience) 'I am not igno-ant of it, nor of the Intereſt your Heart akes in her. Baſe and treacherous as thou rt, replied the Prince, neither the Favour hich thou haſt ſo much abuſed, nor the In-olence which makes thee ſpeak this, ſhould inder me from puniſhing thee, wert thou orthy of my Sword; but there are other ays to humble thy Pride, and 'tis not fit r ſuch an Arm as mine to ſeek ſo baſe an mployment to puniſh ſuch a Slave as thou rt.

Don *Pedro* went away at theſe words, and *Alvaro* in a Rage, which is not to be ex-ſs'd, deſpairing to ſee himſelf defeated in an terprize he thought ſo ſure, and at the Con-pt the Prince ſhew'd him, he promiſed him-to ſacrifice all to his Revenge.

Tho' the King loved his Son, he was ſo pre-ſeſs'd againſt his Paſſion, that he could not don him what he had done, and condemn'd as much for this laſt Act of Juſtice, in de-ring *Agnes*, as if it had been the greateſt of mes.

Et-

Elvira, whom the ſweetneſs of Hope flatter'd ſome moments, ſaw the return of *Agnes* with a ſenſible Diſpleaſure, which ſuffer'd her to think of nothing but irritating her Brother.

In fine, the Prince ſaw the King, but inſtead of being receiv'd by him with a Joy due to the ſucceſs of his Journey, he appear'd all ſullen and out of Humour. After having paid him his firſt Reſpects, and gave him an exact account of what he had done, he ſpoke to him about the Violence committed againſt the Perſon of *Agnes de Caſtro*, and complain'd to him of it in the Name of the Princeſs, and of his own: 'You ought to be ſilent in this Affair' replied the King, and the Motive which 'makes you ſpeak is ſo ſhameful for you, that 'I ſigh and bluſh at it: What is it to you, 'this Maid, whoſe Preſence is troubleſome to 'me, be remov'd hence, ſince 'tis I that de'ſire it? But, Sir, interrupted the Prince, 'what neceſſity is there of employing Force 'Artifice, and the Night, when the leaſt of 'your Orders had been ſufficient; *Agnes* would 'willingly have obey'd you, and if ſhe conti'nue at *Coimbra*, 'tis perhaps againſt her will 'but be it as it will, Sir, *Conſtantia* is offended 'and if it were not for fear of diſpleaſing you '(the only thing that retains me) the Raviſher 'ſhould not have gone unpuniſh'd. How happy are you, replied the King, ſmiling with 'Diſdain, in making uſe of the Name of *Con'ſtantia* to uphold the Intereſt of your Heart 'you think I am ignorant of it, and that this 'unhappy Princeſs looks on the Injury you

o her with Indifference. Never ſpeak to me
ore of *Agnes*, (with a Tone very ſevere)
ontent your ſelf, that I pardon what's paſt,
nd think maturely of the Conſiderations I
ave for *Don Alvaro*, when you would de-
gn any thing againſt him. Yes, Sir, re-
ly'd the Prince, with fierceneſs, I will ſpeak
o you no more of *Agnes*, but *Conſtantia*, and
will never ſuffer, that ſhe ſhould be any
ore expos'd to the Inſolence of your Fa-
ourite. The King had like to have broke
into Rage at this Diſcourſe; but he had
a Reſt of Prudence left, that hinder'd him.
etire, (ſaid he to *Don Pedro*) and go make
eflections on what my Power can do, and
hat you owe me.

During this Converſation, *Agnes* was recei-
g from the Princeſs, and from all the Ladies
the Court, great Expreſſions of Joy, and
endſhip, *Conſtantia* ſaw again her Husband,
h a great deal of ſatisfaction, and far from
ng ſorry at what he had later done for
nes, ſhe privately return'd him Thanks for
and ſtill was the ſame towards him, not-
hſtanding all the Jealouſie which was endea-
r'd to be inſpir'd in her.

Don Alvaro, who found in his Siſter a Mali-
uſneſs worthy of his Truſt, did not conceal
Fury from her. After ſhe had made vain
empts to moderate it, in blotting *Agnes* out
his Heart, ſeeing that his Diſeaſe was incu-
le, ſhe made him underſtand, that ſo long
Conſtantia ſhould not be Jealous, there was

no Hopes. That if *Agnes* ſhould once be ſpected by her, ſhe would not fail of ab doning her, and that then it would be e to get Satisfaction, the Prince being now proud of *Conſtantia*'s Indulgency. In giv this Advice to her Brother, ſhe promis'd ſerve him effectually; and having no need any Body but herſelf to perform Ill Things, recommended *Don Alvaro* to manage well t King.

Four Years were paſs'd in that melanch ly Station, and the Princeſs, beſides her fi dead Child, and *Ferdinand*, who was ſti living, had brought two Daughters into t World.

Some Days after *Don Pedro*'s Return, *Elvir* who was moſt dextrous in the Art of We governing any wicked Deſign, did gain o of the Servants which belong'd to *Conſtanti* Chamber. She firſt ſpoke her fair, then ove whelm'd her with Preſents and Gifts, an finding in her as ill a Diſpoſition as in herſe ſhe readily reſolv'd to employ her.

After ſhe was ſure of her, ſhe compos'd Letter, which was after writ over again an unknown Hand, which ſhe depoſited in th Maid's Hands, that ſhe might deliver to *Co ſtantia* with the firſt Opportunity, telling he that *Agnes* had drop'd it. This was the Sub ſtance of it.

I Employ not my own Hand to write to you, f Reaſons that I ſhall acquaint you with. H

appy am I to have overcome all your Scruples! And what Happineſs ſhall I find in the Progreſs of our Intrigue! The whole Courſe of my Life, ſhall ontinually repreſent to you the Sincerity of my Affections; pray think on the Secret Converſation that require of you; I dare not ſpeak to you in publick, herefore let me conjure you here, by all that I have uffer'd, to come to Night to the Place appointed, and peak to me no more of Conſtantia; *for ſhe muſt e content with my Eſteem, ſince my Heart can be nly Yours.*

The unfaithful *Portugueſe* ſerv'd *Elvira* exactly to her Deſires, and the very next Day ſeeing *Agnes* go out from the Princeſs, ſhe carry'd *Conſtantia* the Letter; which ſhe took, and found there what ſhe was far from imagining: Tenderneſs never produc'd an Effect more full of Grief, than what it made her ſuffer: *Alas, they are both culpable* (ſaid ſhe, ſighing) *and in ſpight of the Defence my Heart wou'd make for 'em, my Reaſon Condemns 'em. Unhappy Princeſs, the ſad Subject of the Capriciouſneſs of Fortune! Why doſt not thou die, ſince thou haſt not a Heart of Honour to revenge itſelf? O* Don Pedro! *Why did you give me your Hand, without your Heart? And thou, Fair, and Ungrateful! Wert thou born to be the Misfortune of my Life, and, perhaps, the only Cauſe of my Death.* After having given ſome Moments to the Violence of her Grief, ſhe call'd the Maid, who brought her the Letter, commanding her to ſpeak of it to no Body, and to ſuffer no one to enter into her Chamber.

She conſider'd then of that Prince with more liberty, whoſe Soul ſhe was not able to touch with the leaſt Tenderneſs; and of the cruel fair One that had betray'd her: Yet, even while her Soul was upon the Rack, ſhe was willing to excuſe 'em, and ready to do all ſhe could for Don *Pedro*; at leaſt, ſhe made a firm Reſolution, not to complain of him.

Elvira was not long without being inform'd of what had paſs'd, nor of the Melancholly of the Princeſs, from whom ſhe hop'd all ſhe deſir'd.

Agnes, far from foreſeeing this Tempeſt, return'd to *Conſtantia*; and hearing of her Indiſpoſition, paſs'd the reſt of the day at her Chamber-door, that ſhe might from time to time learn News of her Health, for ſhe was not ſuffer'd to come in, at which *Agnes* was both ſurpriz'd and troubled. The Prince had the ſame Deſtiny, and was aſtoniſh'd at an Order which ought to have excepted him.

The next day *Conſtantia* appear'd, but ſo alter'd, that 'twas not difficult to imagine what ſhe had ſuffer'd. *Agnes* was the moſt impatient to approach her, and the Princeſs could not forbear weeping. They were both ſilent for ſome time, and *Conſtantia* attributed this Silence of *Agnes* to ſome Remorſe which ſhe felt; and this unhappy Maid being able to hold no longer, *Is it poſſible Madam*, (ſaid ſhe,) *that two Days ſhould have taken from me all the Goodneſs you had for me? What have I done? And for what do you puniſh me?* The Princeſs regarded her with a languiſhing look, and return'd her no

o Anſwer, but Sighs. *Agnes*, offended at this Reſerve, went out with very great Diſſatisfaction and Anger; which contributed to her being thought criminal. The Prince came in immediately after, and found *Conſtantia* more diſorder'd than uſual, and conjur'd her in a moſt obliging manner to take care of her Health: *The greateſt good for me* (ſaid ſhe) *is not the Continuation of my Life; I ſhould have more Care of it if I lov'd you leſs; but* ——— She could not proceed; and the Prince, exceſſively afflicted at her trouble, ſigh'd ſadly, without making her any Anſwer, which redoubled her Grief. Spight then began to mix itſelf; and all things perſwading the Princeſs that they made a Sacrafice of her, ſhe would enter into no Explanation with her Husband, but ſuffer'd him to go away without ſaying any thing to him.

Nothing is more capable of troubling our Reaſon, and conſuming our Health, then ſecret Notions of Jealouſie in Solitude.

Conſtantia, who us'd to open her Heart freely to *Agnes*, now believing ſhe had deceiv'd her, abandon'd herſelf ſo abſolutely to Grief, that ſhe was ready to ſink under it; ſhe immediately fell ſick with the violence of it, and all the Court was concern'd at this Misfortune: Don *Pedro* was truly afflicted at it, but *Agnes* more than all the World beſide. *Conſtantia*'s Coldneſs towards her, made her continually ſigh; and her Diſtemper, created meerly by fancy, caus'd her to reflect on every thing that offer'd itſelf to her Memory; ſo that at laſt

ſhe began even to fear herſelf, and to reproach herſelf for what the Princeſs ſuffer'd.

But the Diſtemper began to be ſuch, that they fear'd *Conſtantia*'s Death, and ſhe herſelf began to feel the Approaches of it. This Thought did not at all diſquiet her; ſhe look'd on Death as the only Relief from all her Torments; and regarded the Deſpair of all that approach'd her without the leaſt concern.

The King, who lov'd her tenderly, and who knew her Vertue, was infinitely mov'd at the Extremity ſhe was in. And Don *Alvaro*, who loſt not the leaſt Occaſion of making him underſtand, that it was Jealouſie which was the Cauſe of *Conſtantia*'s Diſtemper, did but too much incenſe him againſt Criminals worthy of Compaſſion. The King was not of a Temper to conceal his Anger long: *You give fine Examples*, (ſaid he to the Prince) *and ſuch as will render your Memory illuſtrious; and the Death of* Conſtantia *(of which you are only to be accus'd of) is the unhappy Fruit of your guilty Paſſion. Fear Heaven after this; and behold yourſelf as a Monſter that does not deſerve to ſee the Light. If the Intereſt you have in my Blood did not plead for you, what ought you not to fear from my juſt Reſentment? But what muſt not Imprudent* Agnes, *to whom nothing ties me, expect from my hands? If* Conſtantia *dyes, ſhe, who has the Boldneſs, in my Court, to cheriſh a fooliſh Flame by vain Hopes, and make us loſe the moſt Amiable Princeſs, whom thou art not worthy to poſſeſs, ſhall feel the Effects of her Indiſcretion.*

Don

Don *Pedro* knew very well, that *Conſtantia* s not ignorant of his Sentiments for *Agnes*; t he knew alſo with what Mod eration ſhe ceiv'd it: He was very ſenſible of the King's proaches; but as his Fault was not volun-ry, and that a commanding Power, a fatal ar had forc'd him to love in ſpight of him-f, he appear'd afflicted and confus'd: *You demn me, Sir,* (anſwered he) *without having ll examin'd me; and if my Intentions were own to you, perhaps you would not find me ſo iminal: I would take the Princeſs for my dge, whom you ſay, I ſacrifice, if ſhe were a condition to be conſulted. If I am guil-of any Weakneſs, her Juſtice never reproach'd for it; and my Tongue never inform'd* Ag-s *of it. But, ſuppoſe I have committed any ult, why wou'd you puniſh an Innocent La-, who perhaps condemns me for it as much you? Ah, Villain!* (interrupted the King,) *has but too much favour'd you: You would t have lov'd thus long, had ſhe not made you me Returns. Sir,* (reply'd the Prince, pier-d with Grief for the Outrage that was mmitted againſt *Agnes,*) *you offend a Ver-e, than which nothing can be purer; and thoſe xpreſſions which break from your Choler, are t worthy of you.* Agnes *never granted me y Favours; I never asked any of her; and proteſt to Heaven, I never thought of any thing ntrary to the Duty I owe* Conſtantia.

As they thus argued, one of the Princeſs's Vomen came all in Tears, to acquaint Don edro, That the Princeſs was in the laſt Ex-

tremities of Life: *Go ſee thy fatal Work,* (ſa the King,) *and expect from a too-long-patient F ther the Uſage thou deſerv'ſt.*

The Prince ran to *Conſtantia*, whom found dying, and *Agnes* in a ſwoon, in t Arms of ſome of the Ladies. What caus this double Calamity, was, that *Agnes*, wh could ſuffer no longer the Indifferency of t Princeſs, had conjur'd her to tell her what wa her Crime, and either to take her Life fro her, or reſtore her Friendſhip.

Conſtantia, who found ſhe muſt die, coul no longer keep her ſecret Affliction from *Ag nes*; and after ſome Words, which were Preparative to the ſad Explanation, ſhe ſhew her that fatal Billet which *Elvira* had caus'd t be written: *Ah! Madam*, (cry'd out the fai *Agnes*, after having read it;) *Ah, Madam How many cruel Inquietudes had you ſpar'd me, ha you open'd your Heart to me with your wonted Boun ty? 'Tis eaſy to ſee that this Letter is counterfeit and that I have Enemies without compaſſion. Co you believe the Prince ſo Impudent, to make uſe of a ny other hand but his own, on an occaſion like this And do you believe me ſo Simple, to keep about m this Teſtimony of my Shame, with ſo little Precauti on? You are neither betray'd by your Husband no me; I atteſt Heaven, and thoſe Efforts I have made, to leave* Coimbra. *Alas, my dear Princeſs! how little have you known her, whom you have ſo much honour'd? Do not believe, that when I have juſti ſy'd myſelf, I will have any more Communication with the World. No, no; there will be no Retreat far enough from hence for me. I will take care to*

hide

…de this unlucky Face, where it ſhall be ſure to do no more Harm.

The Princeſs touch'd at this Diſcourſe, and the Tears of *Agnes*, preſs'd her hand, which ſhe held in hers; and fixing looks upon her, capable of moving pity in the moſt inſenſible Souls, *If I have committed any Offence, my dear* Agnes, (anſwer'd ſhe) *Death, which I expect in a moment, ſhall revenge it. I ought alſo to proteſt to you, That I have not ceas'd loving you, and that I believe every thing you have ſaid, giving you back my moſt tender Affections.*

'Twas at this time that the Grief, which equally oppreſs'd 'em, put the Princeſs into ſuch an Extremity, that they ſent for the Prince. He came and found himſelf almoſt without life or motion at this ſight. And what ſecret Motive ſoever might call him to the Aid of *Agnes*, 'twas to *Conſtantia* he ran. The Princeſs, who finding her laſt Moments drawing on, by a cold Sweat that cover'd her all over; and finding ſhe had no more buſineſs with Life, and cauſing thoſe Perſons ſhe moſt ſuſpected to retire, *Sir*, (ſaid ſhe to Don Pedro,) *If I abandon Life without Regret, it is not without Trouble that I part with you. But, Prince, we muſt vanquiſh when we come to die; and I will forget myſelf wholly, to think of nothing but of you. I have no Reproaches to make againſt you, knowing that 'tis Inclination that diſpoſes Hearts, and not Reaſon.* Agnes *is beautiful enough to inſpire the moſt ardent Paſſion, and vertuous enough to deſerve the firſt Fortunes in the World. I ask her, once more, Pardon for the Injuſtice I have done her, and recommend*

recommend her to you, as a Perſon moſt dear to me. Promiſe me, my dear Prince, before I Expire, to give her my Place in your Throne; it cannot be better fill'd; you cannot chuſe a Princeſs more perfect for your People, nor a better Mother for our little Children. And you, my Dear, and my faithful Agnes (purſu'd ſhe) *liſten not to a Vertue too ſcrupulous, that they may make any oppoſition to the Prince of* Portugal: *Refuſe him not a Heart, of which he is worthy; and give him that Friendſhip which you had for me, with that which is due to his Merit. Take care of my little* Fernando, *and the two young Princeſſes: let 'em find me in you, and ſpeak to 'em ſometimes of me. Adieu; live both of you happy, and receive my laſt Embraces.*

The afflicted *Agnes*, who had recover'd a little her Forces, loſt 'em again a ſecond time: Her Weakneſs was follow'd with Convulſions ſo vehement, that they were afraid of her Life; but Don *Pedro* never remov'd from *Conſtantia: What, Madam,* (ſaid he) *you will leave me then; and you think 'tis for my Good. Alas,* Conſtantia! *if my Heart has committed any Outrage againſt you, your Vertue has ſufficiently reveng'd you on me, in ſpight of you. Can you think me ſo barbarous?*——As he was going on, he ſaw Death ſhut the Eyes of the moſt generous Princeſs for ever; and he was within a very little of following her.

But what loads of Grief was this for *Agnes*, when ſhe found that in that Interval, when Life and Death were ſtruggling in her Soul, that *Conſtantia* was newly expir'd! She would then have taken away her own Life, and have let her Deſpair fully appear. At

At the noiſe of the Death of the Princeſs, the Town and the Palace was all in Tears. *Elvira*, who ſaw then Don *Pedro* free to engage himſelf, repented of having contributed to the Death of *Agnes*, who thought herſelf the cauſe of it, promis'd her Griefs never to Pardon herſelf.

She had need of being guarded ſeveral days together; during which time, ſhe fail'd not inceſſantly to weep. And the Prince gave all thoſe days to deepeſt Mourning. But when the firſt Emotions were paſt, thoſe of his Love made him feel that he was ſtill the ſame.

He was a long time without ſeeing *Agnes*, but this Abſence of his ſerv'd only to make her appear the more charming when he did ſee her.

Don *Alvaro*, who was afraid of the Liberty of the Prince, made new Efforts to move *Agnes de Caſtro*; who was now become inſenſible to every thing but Grief. *Elvira*, who was willing to make the beſt of the Deſign ſhe had begun, conſulted all her Womens Arts, and the delicacy of her Wit, to revive the Flames with which the Prince once burnt for her: But his Inconſtancy was bounded, and it was *Agnes* alone that was to reign over his Heart. She had taken a firm Reſolution, ſince the Death of *Conſtantia*, to paſs the reſt of her days in a ſolitary Retreat. In ſpight of the Precaution ſhe took to hide this Deſign, the Prince was inform'd of it, and did all he was able to diſpoſe his Conſtancy and Fortitude to it. He thought himſelf ſtronger than he really was; but

but after he had too well conſulted his Heart he found but too well how neceſſary the Preſence of *Agnes* was to him: *Madam*, (ſaid he to her one day, with a Heart big, and his Eyes in Tears) *Which Action of my Life has made you determine my Death? Though I never told you how much I lov'd you, yet I am perſwaded you are not ignorant of it. I was conſtrain'd to be ſilent during ſome Years for your ſake, for* Conſtantia's *and my own; but 'tis not poſſible for me to put that Force upon my Heart for ever: I muſt once at leaſt tell you how it languiſhes. Receive then the Aſſurances of a Paſſion, full of Reſpect and Ardour; with an Offer of my Fortune, which I wiſh not better, but for your Advantage.*

Agnes anſwer'd not immediately to theſe Words, but with abundance of Tears; which having wip'd away, and beholding Don *Pedro* with an Air which made him eaſily comprehend ſhe did not agree with his Deſires: *If I were capable of the Weakneſs with which you'd inſpire me, you'd be oblig'd to puniſh me for it: What!* (ſaid ſhe) Conſtantia *is ſcarce bury'd, and you wou'd have me offend her! No, my Princeſs,* (added ſhe with more Softneſs;) *No, no, ſhe whom you have heap'd ſo many Favours on, will not call down the Anger of Heaven, and the Contempt of Men upon her, by an Action ſo perfidious. Be not obſtinate then in a Deſign in which I will never ſhew you Favour. You owe to* Conſtantia, *after her Death a Fidelity that may juſtifie you: And I to repair the Ills I have made her ſuffer, ought to ſhun all Converſe with you. Go, Madam,* reply'd the Prince growing pale;) *go, and expect the News of my*

Death.

eath, in that part of the World, whither your elty ſhall lead you, the News ſhall follow cloſe af-; you ſhall quickly hear of it; and I will go ſeek n thoſe Wars which reign among my Neighbours. Theſe words made the fair *Agnes de Caſtro* ceive that her Innocency was not ſo great he imagin'd, and that her Heart intereſted lf in the Preſervation of Don *Pedro: You t, Sir, to preſerve your Life,* (reply'd *Ag- for the ſake of the little Prince and Princeſſes,* ch Conſtantia *has left you. Wou'd you aban- their Youth* (continu'd ſhe, with a tender ne) *to the Cruelty of Don* Alvaro? *Live, Sir, ! and let the unhappy* Agnes *be the only Sacri- Alas, cruel Maid!* (interrupted Don *Pe-*;) *why do you command me to live, if I cannot with you? Is it an effect of your Hatred? No,* (replyed *Agnes*) *I do not hate you; and I to God that I cou'd be indifferent, that I might ble to defend myſelf againſt the Weakneſs with h I find myſelf poſſeſs'd. Oblige me to ſay no , Sir: You ſee my Bluſhes, interpret them as leaſe; but conſider yet, that the leſs Averſion I I have for you, the more culpable I am; and I ought no more to ſee, or ſpeak to you. In fine, if you oppoſe my Retreat, I declare to you, that* Alvaro, *as odious as he is to me, ſhall ſerve Defence againſt you; and that I will ſooner nt to marry a Man I abhor, than to favour a on that coſt* Conſtantia *her Life. Well then,* nes, (reply'd the Prince, with looks all lan- hing and dying) *follow the Motions which arous Vertue inſpires you with; take thoſe Mea- you judge neceſſary, againſt an unfortunate Lo-*

ver,

ver, and enjoy the Glory of having cruelly refu me.

At theſe Words he went away; and troubled as *Agnes* was, ſhe would not ſ him: Her Courage combated with her Gri and ſhe thought now, more than ever of d parting.

'Twas difficult for her to go out of *Coimbr* and not to defer what appear'd to her ſo n ceſſary; ſhe went immediately to the Apa ment of the King, notwithſtanding the inte eſt of Don *Alvaro*. the King receiv'd h with a Countenance ſevere, not being able conſent to what ſhe demanded: *You ſhall go hence*, (ſaid he) *and if you are wiſe, you ſ enjoy here, with Don* Alvaro, *both my Friend and my Favour. I have taken another Reſoluti* (anſwer'd *Agnes*) *and the World has no part in You will accept Don* Pedro, (reply'd the King *his Fortune is ſufficient to ſatisfie an Ambiti Maid: But you will not ſucceed* Conſtantia, *lov'd you ſo tenderly; and* Spain *has Princeſſes nough to fill up part of the Throne which I ſhall le him. Sir*, (reply'd *Agnes*, piqu'd at this D courſe) *If I had a diſpoſition to Love, and a ſign to Marry, perhaps the Prince might be the ly Perſon on whom I would fix 'em: And you kn if my Anceſtors did not poſſeſs Crowns, yet t were worthy to wear 'em. But let it be how it w I am reſolv'd to depart, and to remain no longer Slave in a place to which I came Free.*

This bold Anſwer, which ſhew'd the Ch racter of *Agnes*, anger'd and aſtoniſh'd t King: *You ſhall go when we think fit*, (reply'd h

nd without being a Slave at Coimbra, *you ſhall tend our Orders.*

Agnes ſaw ſhe muſt ſtay, and was ſo griev'd t it, that ſhe kept her Chamber ſeveral days, ithout daring to inform herſelf of the Prince; nd this Retirement ſpar'd her the Affliction f being viſited by Don *Alvaro.*

During this, Don *Pedro* fell ſick, and was n ſo great Danger, that there was a general pprehenſion of his Death. *Agnes* did not in he leaſt doubt, but it was an Effect of his Diſ-ontent: ſhe thought at firſt ſhe had ſtrength nd reſolution enough to ſee him die, rather han to favour him; but had ſhe reflected a lit-le, ſhe had ſoon been convinc'd to the contra-y: She found not in her Heart that cruel Con-ancy, ſhe thought there ſo well eſtabliſh'd; he felt Pains and Inquietude, ſhed Tears, made Viſhes; and in fine, diſcover'd that ſhe ov'd.

'Twas impoſſible to ſee the Heir of the rown, a Prince that deſerv'd ſo well, even t the point of Death, without a general Affli-ion: The People who lov'd him, paſs'd whole ays at the Palace-gate to hear News of him: he Court was all overwhelm'd with Grief.

Don *Alvaro* knew very well how to conceal malicious Joy, under an Appearance of Sad-eſs. *Elvira*, full of Tenderneſs, and per-aps of Remorſe, ſuffer'd alſo on her ſide. he King, altho' he condemn'd the Love of s Son, yet ſtill had a Tenderneſs for him, nd cou'd not reſolve to loſe him. *Agnes de aſtro*, who knew the Cauſe of his Diſtemper,

ex-

expected the end of it with ſtrange Anxieties. In fine, after a Month had paſs'd away in Fears, they began to have a little Hopes of his Recovery. The Prince, and Don *Alvaro* were the only Perſons that were not glad of it. But *Agnes* rejoyc'd enough for all the reſt.

Don *Pedro*, ſeeing that he muſt live whether he wou'd or no, thought of nothing, but paſſing his days in Melancholly and Diſcontent. As ſoon as he was in a condition to walk, he ſought out the moſt ſolitary Places, and gain'd ſo much upon his own Weakneſs, to go everywhere, where *Agnes* was not; but her Idea follow'd him always, and his Memory, faithful to repreſent her to him, with all her Charms, render'd her always dangerous.

One day, when they had carry'd him into the Garden, he ſought out a Labyrinth which was at the fartheſt part of it, to hide his Melancholly, during ſome hours; there he found the ſad *Agnes*, whom Grief, little different from his, had brought thither; the ſight of her, whom he expected not, made him tremble: She ſaw by his pale and meagre Face, the remains of his Diſtemper; his Eyes full of Languiſhment troubled her, and tho' her deſire was ſo great to have fled from him, an unknown Power ſtopt her, and 'twas impoſſible for her to go.

After ſome Moments of Silence, which many Sighs interrupted, Don *Pedro* rais'd himſelf from the place, where his Weakneſs had forc'd him to ſit; he made *Agnes* ſee, as he approached her, the ſad Marks of his Sufferings, and

content with the Pity he ſaw in her Eyes, *have reſolv'd my Death then, Cruel* Agnes, id he) *my deſire was the ſame with yours; but avin has thought fit to reſerve me for other Mis-unes, and I ſee you again as unhappy, but more ove than ever.*

There was no need of theſe Words to move nes to Compaſſion, the Languiſhment of the nce ſpoke enough: And the Heart of this Maid, was but too much diſpos'd to yield lf: She thought then that *Conſtantia* ought be ſatisfied; Love, which combated for n *Pedro*, triumphed over Friendſhip, and nd that happy Moment, for which the nce of *Portugal* had ſo long ſighed.

Do not reproach me, for that which has coſt me re than you, Sir; (reply'd ſhe) *and do not ac-e a Heart, which is neither Ingrateful nor Bar-rous; and I muſt tell you, that I love you. But I have made you that Confeſſion, what is it far-r that you require of me?* Don *Pedro*, who ex-ted not a Change ſo favourable, felt a uble Satisfaction, and falling at the Feet of nes, he expreſs'd more by the Silence his ſſion created, than he could have done by e moſt eloquent Words.

After having known all his good Fortune, then conſulted with the Amiable *Agnes*, at was to be fear'd from the King; they ncluded, that the cruel Billet, which ſo ubled the laſt days of *Conſtantia*, could come m none but *Elvira* and Don *Alvaro*. The nce, who knew that his Father had ſearch'd eady an Alliance for him, and was reſolv'd

on his Favourite's marrying *Agnes*, conj her ſo tenderly to prevent theſe Perſecuti by conſenting to a ſecret Marriage; that, ter having a long time conſidered, ſhe at conſented, *I will do what you will have me,* (ſhe) *though I preſage nothing but fatal Events it; all my Blood turns to Ice, when I think of Marriage, and the Image of* Conſtantia *ſeem hinder me from doing it.*

The Amorous Prince ſurmounted all Scruples, and ſeparated himſelf from *A* with a Satisfaction which ſoon redoubled Forces; he ſaw her afterward with the p ſure of a Myſtery, and the Day of their U arriv'd: Dom *Gill*, Biſhop of *Guarda*, perfo ed the Ceremony of the Marriage, in the p ſence of ſeveral Witneſſes, faithful to Don *dro*, who ſaw him Poſſeſſor of all the Cha of the Fair *Agnes*.

She liv'd not the more peaceable for belo ing to the Prince of *Portugal*; her Enem who continually perſecuted her, left her without troubles; and the King, whom Refuſal inrag'd, laid his abſolute Comma on her, to Marry Don *Alvaro*, with Threat force her to it, if ſhe continued Rebellious.

The Prince took loudly her part, and joyn'd to the Refuſal he made of marrying Princeſs of *Arragon*, caus'd Suſpicions of Truth in the King his Father. He was ſeco ed by thoſe that were too much intereſt not to unriddle this Secret. Don *Alvaro* his Siſter acted with ſo much Care, gave many Gifts, and made ſo many Promiſes, th the

diſcovered the ſecret Engagements of
Pedro and *Agnes*.
he King wanted but little of breaking out
all the Rage and Fury ſo great a Diſap-
tment could inſpire him with, againſt the
ceſs. Don *Alvaro*, whoſe Love was chang'd
the moſt violent Hatred, appeas'd the
Tranſports of the King, by making him
prehend, that if they could break the
riage of 'em, that would not be a ſuffici-
Revenge, and ſo poyſoned the Soul of the
to conſent to the Death of *Agnes*.
he Barbarous Don *Alvaro* offered his Arm
his terrible Execution, and his Rage was
ity for the Sacrifice.
he King, who thought the Glory of his
ly diſgraced, by this Alliance, and his
in particular in the Procedure of his Son,
full Power to this Murder, to make the
cent *Agnes*, a Victim to his Rage.
was not eaſie to execute this horrid De-
Though the Prince ſaw *Agnes* but in ſe-
yet all his Cares were ſtill awake for her,
e was married to her above a Year, be-
Don *Alvaro* could find out an Opportuni-
long fought for.
he Prince delivered himſelf but little, and
rarely went far from *Coimbra*: but on a
an Unfortunate Day, and mark'd out by
en for an unheard of and horrid Aſſaſſin,
ade a Party to hunt at a fine Houſe, which
ing of *Portugal* had near the City.
nes lov'd every thing that gave the Prince
action; but a ſecret Trouble made her

apprehend some Misfortune in this unha
Journey: *Sir*, (said she, to him alarm'd, w
out knowing the Reason why I tremble) *se*
you to day, as it were design'd the last of my
Preserve yourself, my Dear Prince, and thoug
Exercise you take be not very dangerous, beca
the least Hazards, and bring me back all that I
with you. Don *Pedro*, who had never so
her so Handsome and so Charming bef
embraced her several times, and went ou
the Palace with his Followers, with a de
not to return till the next Day.

He was no sooner gone, but the Cruel D
Alvaro prepared himself for the Executio
had resolv'd on; he thought it of that im
tance, that it required more Hands tha
Own; and so chose for his Companions D
Lopes Pacheo, and *Pedro Cuello*, two Mon
like himself, whose Cruelty he was assur'
by the Presents he had made 'em.

They waited the coming of the Night,
the lovely *Agnes* was in her first sleep, w
the last of her Life, when these Assassins
proach'd her Bed. Nothing made resist
to Don *Alvaro*, who could do every thing,
whom the blackest Furies introduced to A
she wakened, and opening her Curtains,
by the Candle burning in her Chamber,
Poinard with which Don *Alvaro* was ar
he having not his Face covered she easily k
him, and forgetting herself, to think of
thing but the Prince: *Just Heaven*, (said
lifting up her fine Eyes) *if you will revenge*
stantia, *satisfie yourself with my Blood only*,

e that of Don *Pedro.* The Barbarous Man heard her, gave her not time to ſay more; finding he could never (by all he could do Love) touch the Heart of the Fair *Agnes*, pierc'd it with his Poinard; his Accompli- gave her ſeveral Wounds, tho' there were Neceſſity of ſo many to put an End to an ocent Life.

What a ſad Spectacle was this for thoſe who roach'd her Bed the next Day: And what nal News was this to the Unfortunate nce of *Portugal!* He return'd to *Coimbra*, to firſt Report of this Adventure, and ſaw t had certainly coſt him his Life, if Men d die of Grief; after having a thouſand es embraced the bloody Body of *Agnes*, and all that a juſt Deſpair could inſpire him h, he ran like a Mad-man into the Palace, nanding the Murderers of his Wife, of ngs that could not hear him: In fine, he the King, and without obſerving any Re- t, he gave a Looſe to his Reſentment: af- having rail'd a long time, overwhelm'd h Grief, he fell into a Swoon, which con- ued all that Day. They carried him into Apartment; and the King, believing that Misfortune would prove his Cure, re- ted not of what he had permitted,

Don *Alvaro*, and the two other Aſſaſſins, tted *Coimbra.* This Abſence of theirs, le 'em appear guilty of the Crime, for ch the Afflicted Prince vowed a ſpeedy geance to the Ghoſt of his Lovely *Agnes*, lving to purſue them to the uttermoſt part

of the Univerſe: He got a conſiderable nu
ber of Men together, ſufficient to have m
Reſiſtance, even on the King of *Portugal* hi
ſelf, if he ſhould yet take the Part of the M
derers; with theſe he ravag'd the whole Co
try, as far as the *Duero* Waters, and carri
on a War, even till the Death of the Ki
continually mixing Tears with Blood, whi
he gave to the Revenge of his Deareſt *Agnes*.

Such was the deplorable End of the Unfo
tunate Love of Don *Pedro* of *Portugal*, and
the Fair *Agnes de Caſtro*, whoſe Remembra
he faithfully preſerved in his Heart, even up
the Throne, to which he mounted, by t
Right of his Birth, after the Death of t
King.



The End of AGNES de CASTRO.

THE

LOVER's WATCH:

OR, THE

ART

OF

Making LOVE:

BEING

Rules for Courtship,

For Every

HOUR in the DAY and NIGHT.

By Mrs. *BEHN.*

LONDON:
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THE

Lover's Watch:

OR, THE

ART

OF

Making LOVE.

The ARGUMENT.

'TIS *in the most Happy and Augusť Court of the Beſt and Greateſt Monarch of the World, that* Damon, *a young Nobleman, whom we will render under that Name, languiſhes for a Maid of Quality, who will give us leave to call her* Iris:

Their Births are equally Illuſtrious; they are both Rich, and both Young; their Beauty ſuch, as I dae not too nicely particularize, leſt I ſhould diſcover

diſcover (which I am not permitted to do) who theſe charming Lovers are. Let it ſuffice, that Iris *is the moſt fair and accompliſht Perſon that ever adorn'd a Court; and that* Damon *is only worthy of the Glory of her Favour; for he has all that can render him lovely in the fair Eyes of the Amiable* Iris. *Nor is he Maſter of thoſe Superficial Beauties alone, that pleaſe at firſt Sight; he can charm the Soul with a thouſand Arts of Wit and Gallantry. And, in a word, I may ſay, without flattering either, that there is no one Beauty, no one Grace, no perfection of Mind and Body, that wants to compleat a Victory on both ſides.*

The Agreement of Age, Fortunes, Quality and Humours in theſe two fair Lovers, made the impatient Damon *hope, that nothing would oppoſe his Paſſion; and if he ſaw himſelf every Hour languiſhing for the Adorable Maid, he did not however deſpair: And if* Iris *ſigh'd, it was not for fear of being one day more happy.*

In the midſt of the Tranquility of theſe two Lovers, Iris *was obliged to go into the Country for ſome Months, whither 'twas impoſſible for* Damon *to wait on her, he being oblig'd to attend the King his Maſter; and being the moſt Amorous of his Sex, ſuffer'd with extream Impatience the Abſence of his Miſtreſs. Nevertheleſs, he fail'd not to ſend to her every day, and gave up all his melancholly Hours to Thinking, Sighing, and Writing to her the ſoftest Letters that Love could inſpire. So that* Iris *even bleſſed that Abſence, that gave her ſo tender and convincing Proofs of his Paſſion; and found this dear way of Converſing, even recompenſed all her Sighs for his Abſence.*

After

After a little Intercourse of this kind, Damon *bethought himself to ask* Iris *a* Discretion, *which he had won of her, before she left the Town; and in a* Billet-doux *to that purpose, prest her very earnestly for it.* Iris *being infinitely pleas'd with his Importunity, suffer'd him to ask it often; and he never fail'd of doing so.*

But as I do not here design to relate the Adventures of these two Amiable Persons, nor give you all the Billet-douxes *that past between them: You shall here find nothing but the* Watch, *this charming Maid sent her impatient Lover.*

IRIS

IRIS to *DAMON.*

IT muſt be confeſt, *Damon*, that you are the moſt importuning Man in the World. Your Billets have an hundred times demanded a *Diſcretion*, which you won of mé; and tell me, you will not wait my Return, to be paid. You are either a very faithleſs Creditor, or believe me very unjuſt, that you dun with ſuch Impatience. But, to let you ſee I am a Maid of Honour, and value my Word, I will acquit myſelf of this Obligation I have to you, and ſend you a *Watch* of my faſhion; perhaps you never ſaw any ſo good. It is not one of thoſe, that have always ſomething to be mended in it; but one that is without Fault, very juſt and good, and will remain ſo, as long as you continue to love me. But *Damon*, know, that the very Minute you ceaſe to do ſo, the String will break, and it will go no more. 'Tis only uſeful in my Abſence, and when I return, 'twill change its Motion: And though I have ſet it but for the Spring-time, 'twill ſerve you the whole Year round; and 'twill be neceſſary only, that you alter the buſineſs of the Hours (which my *Cupid*, in the middle of my *Watch*, points you out) according to the length of the

Days

Days and Nights. Nor is the Dart of that little God directed to those Hours, so much to inform you how they pass, as how you ought to pass them, how you ought to employ those of your Absence from *Iris*. 'Tis there you shall find the whole Business of a Lover, from his Mistress; for I have design'd it a Rule to all your Actions. The Consideration of the Workman, ought to make you set a Value upon the Work: And though it be not an accomplisht, and perfect Piece; yet *Damon*, you ought to be grateful, and esteem it, since I have made it for you alone. But however I may boast of the Design, I know, as well as I believe, you love me; that you will not suffer me to have the Glory of it wholly, but will say in your heart,

That Love, *the great Instructor of the Mind,*
That forms a new, and fashions every Soul,
Refines the gross Defects of Humane kind;
Humbles the Proud and Vain, inspires the Dull:
Gives Cowards noble Heat in Fight,
And teaches feeble Woman how to write:
That doth the Universe command;
Does from my Iris *Heart direct her Hand.*

I give you the liberty to say this to your Heart, if you please: And that you may know, with what Justice you do so, I will confess in my turn.

The

The Confeſſion.

That Love's *my Conduct where I go,*
And Love *inſtructs me all I do.*
Prudence no longer is my Guide,
Nor take I Counſel of my Pride.
In vain does Honour now invade,
In vain does Reaſon take my part;
If againſt Love *it do perſwade,*
If it rebel againſt my Heart.

If the ſoft Ev'ning do invite,
And I incline to take the Air,
The Birds, the Spring, the Flowers no more delight;
'Tis Love *makes all the Pleaſure there;*
Love, *which about me ſtill I bear:*
I'm charm'd with what I thither bring,
And add a Softneſs to the Spring.

If for Devotion I deſign,
Love *meets me, even at the ſhrine;*
In all my Worſhips claims a part,
And robs even Heaven of my Heart.
All Day does Counſel and controul,
And all the Night employs my Soul.
No wonder then, if all you think be true,
That Love's *concern'd in all I do for you.*

And *Damon*, you know that *Love* is no ill Maſter; and I muſt ſay, with a Bluſh, that he has found me no unapt Scholar; and he inſtructs too agreeably, not to ſucceed in all he undertakes:

Who can resist his soft Commands?
When he resolves, what God withstands?

But I ought to explain to you my *Watch*: The naked *Love* which you will find in the middle of it, with his Wings clip'd, to shew you he is fix'd and constant, and will not fly away, points you out, with his Arrow, the four and twenty Hours that compose the Day and the Night: Over every Hour you will find written what you ought to do, during its course; and every Half-hour is marked with a Sigh, since the quality of a Lover is, to sigh day and night: Sighs are the Children of Lovers, that are born every hour. And that my *Watch* may always be just, *Love* himself ought to conduct it; and your Heart should keep time with the Movement:

My Present's delicate, and new,
If by your Heart the Motion's set;
According as that's false, or true,
You'll find, my Watch *will answer it.*

Every hour is tedious to a Lover, separated from his Mistress; and, to shew you how good am, I will have my *Watch* instruct you, to pass some of them without Inquietude; that the force of your Imagination may sometimes charm the Trouble you have for my Absence:

Perhaps

Perhaps I am miſtaken here,
My Heart may too much Credit give;
But Damon, *you can charm my Fear,*
And ſoon my Error undeceive.

But I will not diſturb my Repoſe at this time, with a Jealouſie, which, I hope is altogether frivolous and vain; but begin to inſtruct you in the Myſteries of my *Watch:* Cast then your Eyes upon the Eighth Hour in the Morning, which is the Hour I would have you begin to wake: You will find there written

Eight a Clock.

Agreeable Reverie.

DO not riſe yet; you may find Thoughts agreeable enough, when you awake, to entertain you longer in Bed. And 'tis in that hour you ought to recollect all the Dreams you had in the Night. If you have dream'd anything to my Advantage, confirm yourſelf in that thought; but if to my Diſadvantage, renounce it, and diſown the injurious Dream. 'Tis in this Hour alſo, that I give you leave to reflect on all that I have ever ſaid and done that has been moſt obliging to you, and that gives you the moſt tender Sentiments.

The Reflection.

member Damon, *while your mind*
Reflects on things that charm and please,
u give me Proofs that you are kind,
And set my doubting Soul at ease:
r when your Heart receives with Joy
The thoughts of Favours which I give,
y Smiles in vain I not imploy,
And on the Square we love and live.

ink then on all I ever did,
That e're was charming, e're was dear;
t nothing from that Soul be hid,
Whose Griefs and Joys I feel and share.
l that your Love and Faith have sought,
l that your Vows and Sighs have bought,
ow render present to your Thought.

nd for what's to come, I give you leave, *Da-*
n, to flatter your self, and to expect, I shall
ll pursue those Methods, whose remembrance
arms so well: But, if it be possible, conceive
ese kind Thoughts between Sleeping and
aking, that all my too forward Complai-
nce, my Goodness, and my Tenderness,
hich I confess to have for you, may pass for
lf Dreams; for 'tis most certain,

That, though the Favours of the Fair
Are ever to the Lover dear;

Yet, leſt he ſhould reproach that eaſie Flame,
That buys its Satisfaction with its Shame,
She ought but rarely to confeſs,
How much ſhe finds of Tenderneſs;
Nicely to guard the yielding part,
And hide the hard-kept Secret in her Heart.

For, let me tell you *Damon*, though the Pa
on of a Woman of Honour be never ſo inn
cent, and the Lover never ſo diſcreet and h
neſt; her Heart feels I know not what of Re
proach within, at the Reflection of any Favou
ſhe has allow'd him. For my part, I never c
to mind the leaſt ſoft, or kind Word I have ſp
ken to *Damon*, without finding, at the ſame i
ſtant, my Face cover'd over with Bluſhes, a
my Heart with ſenſible Pain. I ſigh at the Re
membrance of every Touch I have ſtol'n fro
his Hand, and have upbraided my Soul, whi
confeſſes ſo much guilty Love, as that ſecret de
ſire of Touching him made appear. I am a
gry at the Diſcovery, though I am pleas'd a
the ſame time, with the Satisfaction I take i
doing ſo; and ever diſorder'd at the remem
brance of ſuch Arguments of too much Lov
And theſe unquiet Sentiments alone, are ſuffi
cient to perſwade me, that our Sex cannot b
reſerv'd too much. And I have often, on the
occaſions, ſaid to my ſelf,

The Reserve.

Though Damon *every Vertue have,*
With all that pleases in his Form,
That can adorn the Just and Brave,
That can the coldest Bosom warm;
Though Wit and Honour there abound;
Yet the Pursuer's ne'r pursu'd,
And when my Weakness he has found,
His Love will sink to Gratitude:
While on the Asking Part he lives,
'Tis she th' Obliger is, who gives.

And he that, at one throw, the Stake has won,
Gives over Play, since all the Stock is gone.
And what dull Gamester ventures certain Store,
With Losers, who can set no more.

Nine a Clock.

Design to please no Body.

I Should continue to accuse you of that Vice I have often done, that of Laziness, if you remain'd past this Hour in Bed; 'tis time for you to rise; my *Watch* tells you 'tis Nine a Clock. Remember that I am absent, therefore do not take too much pains in dressing your self, and setting your Person off.

The Queſtion.

Tell me! What can he deſign,
Who in his Miſtreſs abſence will be fine?
Why does he Cock, and Comb, and Dreſs?
Why is the Cravat-ſtring in print?
What does th' Embroyder'd Coat confeſs?
Why to the Glaſs this long Addreſs,
If there be nothing in't?
If no new Conqueſt is deſign'd,
If no Beauty fill his Mind?

Let Fools and Fops, whoſe Talents lie
In being neat, in being ſpruce,
Be dreſt, in vain, and tawdery;
With Men of Sence, 'tis out of uſe:
The only Folly that Diſtinction ſets
Between the noiſie flutt'ring Fools and Wits.

Remember, Iris *is away;*
And ſighing, to your Valet cry,
Spare your Perfumes and Care, to day,
I have no buſineſs to be gay,
Since Iris *is not by.*
I'll be all negligent in Dreſs,
And ſcarce ſet off for Complaiſance.
Put me on nothing that may pleaſe,
But only ſuch as may give no Offence.

Say to your ſelf, as you are Dreſſing
"Would it pleaſe Heaven, that I might ſee
"*Iris* to day! But oh! 'tis impoſſible: There
"fore all that I ſhall ſee, will be but indifferent
"Ob

Objects, ſince 'tis *Iris* only that I wiſh to ſee.
nd ſighing, wiſper to your ſelf;

The Sigh.

h! Charming Object of my wiſhing Thought!
h! Soft Idea of a diſtant Bliſs!
hat only art in Dreams and Fancy brought,
give ſhort Intervals of Happineſs.
t when I waking, find thou abſent art;
And with thee, all that I adore,
What Pains, what Anguiſh fills my Heart!
What Sadneſs ſeizes me all o're!
All entertainments I neglect,
Since Iris *is no longer there:*
Beauty ſcarce claims my bare Reſpect,
Since in the Throng I find not her.
h then! How vain it were to dreſs, and ſhow,
nce all I wiſh to pleaſe, is abſent now!

'Tis with theſe Thoughts, *Damon*, that your
ind ought to be employed, during your time
Dreſſing: And you are too knowing in
ove, to be ignorant,

hat when a Lover ceaſes to be bleſt
With the dear Object he deſires,
h! How indifferent are the reſt!
How ſoon their Converſation tires!
ough they a thouſand Arts to pleaſe, invent,
eir Charms are dull, their Wit impertinent.

Ten a Clock.

Reading of Letters.

MY *Cupid* points you now to the Hour in which you ought to retire into your Cabinet, having already paſt an Hour in Dreſſing; and for a Lover, who is ſure not to appear before his Miſtreſs, even that Hour is too much to be ſo employ'd. But I will think, you thought of nothing leſs than Dreſſing, while you were about it. Loſe then no more Minutes, but open your Scrutore, and read over ſome of thoſe Billets you have receiv'd from me. Oh! what Pleaſures a Lover feels about his Heart, in reading thoſe from a Miſtreſs he entirely loves!

The Joy.

Who, but a Lover can expreſs
The Joys, the Pants, the Tenderneſs,
That the ſoft Amorous Soul invades,
While the dear Billet-doux *he reads?*
Raptures Divine the Heart o're-flow;
Which he that Loves not, cannot know.

A thouſand Tremblings, thouſand Fears,
The ſhort-breath'd Sighs, the joyful Tears;
The Tranſport, where the Love's confeſt,
The Change, where Coldneſs is expreſt;
The diff'ring Flames the Lover burns,
As thoſe are ſhy, or kind, by Turns.

However you find 'em *Damon*, conſtrue 'em to my Advantage: Poſſibly, ſome of 'em ve an Air of Coldneſs, ſomething different om that Softneſs they are uſually too amply 'd with; but where you find they have, be- ve there, that Sence of Honour, and my Sexes odeſty, guided my Hand a little, againſt the clinations of my Heart; and that it was a nd of an Atonement, I believed, I ought to ake, for ſomething I feared, I had ſaid too nd, and too obliging before: But where-ever u find that, ſtop that Check in my Career Love; you will be ſure to find ſomething at follows it to favour you, and deny that willing Impoſition upon my Heart; which, ſt you ſhould miſtake, *Love* ſhews himſelf in miles again, and flatters more agreeably, diſ- aining the Tyranny of Honour, and Rigid uſtom, that Impoſition on our Sex; and will, ſpight of me, let you ſee, he Reigns abſo- tely in my Soul.

The reading my *Billet-doux* may detain you Hour; I have had Goodneſs enough to write ou enough to entertain you ſo long, at leaſt, nd ſometimes reproach my ſelf for it; but, ntrary to all my Scruples, I find my ſelf diſ- os'd to give you thoſe frequent Marks of my enderneſs. If yours be ſo great as you expreſs , you ought to kiſs my Letters a Thouſand mes, you ought to read them with Attention, nd weigh every Word, and value every Line. Lover may receive a Thouſand indearing Words from a Miſtreſs, more eaſily than a Bil- t. One ſays a great many kind Things of

courſe to a Lover, which one is not willi
to write, or to give teſtify'd under one's Ha
Sign'd and Seal'd. But when once a Lo
has brought his Miſtreſs to that degree
Love, he ought to aſſure himſelf, ſhe loves
at the common Rate.

Love's Witneſs.

Slight unpremediated Words are born
By every common Wind, into the Air;
Careleſly utter'd, die as ſoon as born,
And in one inſtant, give both Hope and Fear
Breathing all Contraries with the ſame Wind,
According to the Caprice of the Mind.

But Billets-doux *are conſtant Witneſſes,*
Subſtantial Records to Eternity;
Juſt Evidence, who the Truth confeſs;
On which, the Lover ſafely may rely:
They're ſerious Thoughts, digeſted and reſolv'd;
And laſt, when Words are into Clouds devolv'd.

I will not doubt, but you give Credit to a
that is Kind in my Letters; and I will believe
you find a Satisfaction in the Entertainme
they give you, and that the Hour of Readi
'em is not diſagreeable to you. I cou'd wi
your Pleaſure might be extream, even to th
Degree of ſuffering the Thought of my Ab
ſence not to diminiſh any part of it. And I cou'
wiſh too, at the End of your Reading, yo
wou'd ſigh with Pleaſure, and ſay to you
ſelf,——

The Tranſport.

O Iris ! *While you thus can charm,*
While at this Diſtance, you can wound and warm ;
My abſent Torments I will bleſs and bare,
That give me ſuch dear Proofs, how kind you are,
Preſent, the valu'd Store was only ſeen :
Now I am rifling the bright Maſs within.

Every dear paſt and happy Day,
When Languiſhing at Iris *Feet, I lay ;*
When all my Prayers, and all my Tears cou'd move
No more then her Permiſſion, I ſhould love :
Vain with my Glorious Deſtiny,
I thought, beyond, ſcarce any Heaven cou'd be.

But, Charming Maid, now I am taught,
That Abſence has a thouſand Joys to give,
On which, the Lovers, preſent, never thought,
That recompence the Hours we grieve.
Rather by Abſence let me be undone,
Than forfeit all the Pleaſures that has won.

With this little Rapture, I wiſh you wou'd niſh the Reading my Letters, ſhut your Scru- ore, and quit your Cabinet ; for my *Love* eads to Eleven a Clock.

Eleven

Eleven a Clock.

The Hour to Write in.

IF my *Watch* did not inform you, 'tis now time to Write: I believe, *Damon*, your Heart wou'd; and tell you alſo, that I ſhould take it kindly, if you would employ a whole Hour that way; and that you ſhould never loſe an Occaſion of writing to me, ſince you are aſſured of the Welcome I give your Letters. Perhaps you will ſay, an Hour is too much, and that 'tis not the Mode to write long Letters. I grant you, *Damon*, when we write thoſe indifferent ones, of Gallantry in courſe, or neceſſary Compliment; the handſom comprizing of which, in the feweſt words, renders 'em the moſt agreeable: But in Love we have a Thouſand fooliſh things to ſay, that, of themſelves, bear no great Sound, but have a mighty Sence in Love; for there is a peculiar Eloquence, natural alone to a Lover, and to be underſtood by no other Creature: To thoſe, Words have a thouſand Graces and Sweetneſſes; which, to the Unconcerned, appears Meanneſs, and Eaſie Senſe at the beſt. But, *Damon*, you and I are none of thoſe ill Judges of the Beauties of Love; we can penetrate beyond the Vulgar, and perceive the fine Soul in every Line, through all the humble Dreſs of Phraſe; when poſſibly, they who think they diſcern it beſt in florid Language, do not ſee it at all. *Love* was not born, or bred

Courts, but Cottages; and nurs'd in Groves
d Shades, ſmiles on the Plains, and wantons
the Streams; all unador'd, and harmleſs.
herefore, *Damon*, do not conſult your Wit in
is Affair, but Love alone; and ſpeak all that
and Nature taught you, and let the fine
hings you learn in Schools alone: Make uſe
thoſe Flowers you have gather'd there,
hen you converſe with States-men and the
own. Let *Iris* poſſeſs your Heart in all its
nple Innocence, that's the beſt Eloquence to
r that loves; and this is my Inſtruction to a
over, that would ſucceed in his Amours; for
have a Heart very difficult to pleaſe, and this
the neareſt Way to it.

Advice to Lovers.

overs, *if you would gain a Heart,*
Of Damon *learn to win the Prize;*
e'll ſhew you all its tend'reſt Part,
And where its greateſt Danger lies.
e Magazine of its Diſdain;
here Honour, feebly guarded, does remain.

preſent, do but little ſay;
Enough the ſilent Lover ſpeaks:
t wait, and ſigh, and gaze all Day:
Such Rhet'rick, more than Languages takes.
r Words, the dulleſt way do move;
nd utter'd more to ſhew your Wit, than Love.

Let your Eyes tell her of your Heart:
Its Story is, for Words, too delicate.
Souls thus exchange, and thus impart,
And all their Secrets can relate.
A Tear, a broken Sigh, she'll understand;
Or the soft trembling Pressings of the Hand.

Or if your Pain must be in Words exprest,
Let 'em fall gently, unassur'd, and slow;
And where they fail, your Looks may tell the rest:
Thus Damon *spoke, and I was conquer'd so.*
The witty Talker has mistook his Art;
The modest Lover only charms the Heart.

Thus, while all Day you gazing sit,
And fear to speak, and fear your Fate,
You more Advantages by Silence get,
Than the gay forward Youth, with all his Prate.
Let him be silent here; but when away,
Whatever Love can dictate, let him say.

There let the bashful Soul unvail,
And give a Loose to Love and Truth:
Let him improve the amorous Tale,
With all the Force of Words, and Fire of Youth:
There all, and any thing, let him express;
Too long he cannot write, too much confess.

O *Damon!* How well have you made me understand this soft Pleasure? You know my Tenderness too well, not to be sensible, how I am charmed with your agreeable long Letters.

The Invention.

Ah! he who first found out the Way
Souls to each other to convey,
Without dull Speaking, sure must be
Something above Humanity.
Let the fond World in vain dispute,
And the first Sacred Mystery impute
Of Letters, to the Learned Brood;
And of the Glory, cheat a God:
'was Love *alone that first the Art essay'd,*
'nd Psyche *was the first fair yielding Maid*
'hat was by the dear Billet-doux *betray'd.*

It is an Art too ingenious to have been found
t by Man, and too necessary to Lovers, not
have been invented by the God of Love him-
lf. But, *Damon*, I do not pretend to exact
om you those Letters of Gallantry which, I
ve told you, are filled with nothing but fine
noughts, and writ with all the Arts of Wit
d Subtilty: I would have yours still, all ten-
r unaffected Love, Words unchosen, Thoughts
studied, and Love unfeigned. I had rather
d more Softness than Wit, in your Passion;
ore of Nature than of Art; more of the Lo-
r than the Poet. Nor would I have you write
y of those little short Letters that are read
er in a minute; in Love, long Letters bring
long Pleasure: Do not trouble yourself to
ake 'em fine, or write a great deal of Wit and
nce in a few Lines; that is the Notion of a
itty Billet, in any Affair but that of Love:

And

And have a Care, rather to avoid these Gra
to a Mistress; and assure yourself, dear *Dam*
that what pleases the Soul pleases the Eye, a
the Largeness or Bulk of your Letter shall n
ver offend me; and that I only am displeas
when I find them small. A Letter is ever t
best and most powerful Agent to a Mistress,
almost always perswades; 'tis always renewi
little Impressions, that possibly, otherwise, A
sence would deface. Make use then, *Dam*
of your Time while it is given you, and tha
me, that I permit you to write to me: Perha
I shall not always continue in the Humor
suffering you to do so; and it may so happe
by some Turn of Chance and Fortune, that y
may be deprived, at the same time, both of m
Presence, and of the Means of sending to m
I will believe, that such an Accident would
a great Misfortune to you, for I have often hea
you say, that, "To make the most happy L
"ver suffer Martyrdom, one need only for h
"him Seeing, Speaking, and Writing to t
"Object he loves. Take all the Advantag
then you can, you cannot give me too ofte
Marks too powerful of your Passion: Wri
therefore, during this Hour, every Day.
give you leave to believe, that while you do
you are Serving me the most Obligingly a
Agreeably you can, while absent; and, th
you are giving me a Remedy against all Gri
Uneasiness, Melancholy, and Despair: Nay,
you exceed your Hour, you need not be asham
The Time you employ in this kind Devoir,
the Time that I shall be grateful for, and, n
doub

ubt, will recompenſe it. You ought not, owever, to neglect Heaven for me; I will ve you time for your Devotion, for my *Watch* lls you, 'tis time to go to the Temple.

Twelve a Clock.

Indiſpenſible Duty.

THere are certain Duties, which one ought never to neglect: That of Adoring the ods, is of this nature; and which we ought pay, from the bottom of our Hearts: And at, *Damon*, is the only time, I will diſpenſe th your not thinking on me. But I would t have you go to one of thoſe Temples, where e celebrated Beauties, and thoſe that make a ofeſſion of Gallantry, go; and which come ither, only to ſee, and be ſeen; and whi-er they repair, more to ſhew their Beauty d Dreſs, than to honour the Gods. If you ll take my Advice, and oblige my Wiſh, you ll go to thoſe that are leaſt frequented; d you ſhall appear there, like a Man, that has erfect Veneration for all things Sacred.

The Inſtruction.

mon, *if your Heart, and Flame,*
wiſh, ſhould always be the ſame,

Do

Do not give it leave to rove,
Nor expose it to new Harms:
E're you think on't, you may love,
If you gaze on Beauty's Charms.
If with me, you wou'd not part,
Turn your Eyes into your Heart.

If you find a new Desire,
In your easie Soul take Fire,
From the tempting Ruine fly;
Think it faithless, think it base:
Fancy soon will fade, and die,
If you wisely cease to gaze.
Lovers should have Honour too,
Or they pay but half Love's due.

Do not to the Temple go,
With design to gaze, or show:
What e're Thoughts you have abroad,
Though you can deceive elsewhere,
There's no feigning with your God;
Souls should be all perfect there.
The Heart that's to the Altar brought,
Only Heaven should fill its Thought.

Do not your sober Thoughts perplex,
By gazing on the Ogling Sex:
Or if Beauty call your Eyes,
Do not on the Object dwell;
Guard your Heart from the Surprize,
By thinking Iris *doth excel.*
Above all earthly Things, I'd be,
Damon, *most belov'd by thee:*
And only Heaven must Rival me.

One a Clock.

Forc'd Entertainment.

I Perceive it will be very difficult for you to quit the Temple, without being ſurrounded with Complements, from People of Ceremony, Friends, and News-mongers, and ſeveral of thoſe ſorts of Perſons, who afflict and buſie themſelves, and rejoyce at a hundred things, they have no Intereſt in: Coquets and Politicians, who make it the Buſineſs of their whole lives, to gather all the News of the Town; adding or diminiſhing, according to the Stock of their Wit and Invention, and ſpreading it all abroad, to the believing Fools and Goſſips; and perplexing every-body with a hundred ridiculous Novels, which they paſs off for Wit and Entertainment: Or elſe, ſome of thoſe Recounters of Adventures, that are always telling of Intrigues, and that make a Secret, to a hundred People, of a Thouſand fooliſh things they have heard: Like a certain Pert and Impertinent Lady of the Town, whoſe Youth and Beauty being paſt, ſets up for Wit, to uphold a feeble Empire over idle Hearts; and whoſe Character is this,-----

The Coquet.

Milinda, who had never been
Eſteem'd a Beauty at Fifteen,
Always Amorous was, and Kind:
To every Swain ſhe lent an Ear.
Free as Air, but Falſe as Wind;
Yet none complain'd, She was ſevere.
She eas'd more than ſhe made complain;
Was always Singing, Pert, and Vain.

Where-e'er the Throng was, ſhe was ſeen,
And ſwept the Youths along the Green.
With equal Grace ſhe flatter'd all,
And fondly proud of all Addreſs;
Her Smiles invite, her Eyes do call,
And her vain Heart her Looks confeſs.
She Rallies this, to that ſhe Bow'd,
Was Talking ever, Laughing loud.

On every ſide ſhe makes Advance,
And every where a Conſidance.
She tells for Secrets all ſhe knows,
And all to know ſhe does pretend:
Beauty in Maids ſhe treats as Foes;
But every handſom Youth, as Friend.
Scandal ſtill paſſes off for Truth;
And Noiſe and Nonſence, Wit and Youth.

Coquet all o'er, and every part,
Yet wanting Beauty, even of Art.

Herds with the Ugly, and the Old;
And plays the Critick on the reſt
Of Men, the Baſhful, and the Bold;
Either, and all, by Turns, likes beſt:
Even now, tho' Youth be languiſht, ſhe
Sets up for Love, and Gallantry.

This ſort of Creature, *Damon*, is very dan-
erous; not that I fear you will ſquander away
Heart upon her, but your Hours; for, in
pight of you, ſhe'll detain you with a thou-
and Impertinencies, and eternal Tattle. She
aſſes for a judging Wit; and there is nothing
troubleſome, as ſuch a Pretender. She, per-
aps, may get ſome Knowledge of our Corre-
pondence; and then, no doubt, will improve
, to my diſadvantage. Poſſibly ſhe may rail at
e; that is her Faſhion, by the way of Friend-
Speaking; and an Aukward Commendation,
he moſt effectual Way of Defaming, and Tra-
ucing. Perhaps ſhe tells you, in a cold Tone,
hat you are a happy Man, to be belov'd by me:
That *Iris*, indeed, is handſome; and ſhe won-
ers, ſhe has no more Lovers; but the Men are
ot of her Mind; if they were, you ſhould have
ore Rivals. She commends my Face, but that
have blue Eyes, and 'tis pity my Complexion
no better: My Shape, but too much inclining
Fat. Cries —— She would charm infinitely
ith her Wit, but that ſhe knows too well, ſhe
Miſtreſs of it. And concludes, —— But all
gether, ſhe is well enough. —— Thus ſhe runs
n, without giving you leave to edge in a Word,
my Defence; and ever and anon, crying

up her own Conduct, and Management: Tell you, how she is oppress't with Lovers, and fatigu'd with Addresses; and recommending herself, at every turn, with a perceivable Cunning: And all the while, is Jilting you of your good Opinion; which she would buy, at the Price of any Body's Repose, or her own Fame, tho' but for the Vanity of adding to the Number of her Lovers. When she sees a new Spark, the first thing she does, she enquires into his Estate: If she find it such, as may (if the Coxcomb be well manag'd) supply her Vanity, she makes Advances to him, and applies herself to all those little Arts she usually makes use of, to gain her Fools; and, according to his Humour, dresses and affects her own. But, *Damon*, since I point to no particular Person, in this Character, I will not name who you should avoid; but all of this sort, I conjure you, whereso'ever you find 'em. But if unlucky Chance throw you in their Way, hear all they say, without Credit, or Regard, as far as Decency will suffer you: Hear 'em, without approving their Foppery; and hear 'em, without giving 'em Cause to censure you. But 'tis so much Time lost, to listen to all the Novels, this sort of People will perplex you with; whose Business is to be idle; and who even tire themselves with their own Impertinencies. And be assur'd, after all, there is nothing they can tell you, that is worth your knowing. And, *Damon*, a perfect Lover never asks any News, but of the Maid he loves.

The Enquiry.

Damon, *If your Love be True,*
To the Heart that you poſſeſs,
Tell me; What have you to do
Where you have no Tenderneſs?
Her Affairs who cares to learn,
For whom he has not ſome Concern?

If a Lover fain would know
If the Object lov'd be true,
Let her but induſtrious be
To watch his Curioſity;
Tho' ne'r ſo cold his Queſtions ſeem,
They come from warmer Thoughts within,

When I hear a Swain enquire
What gay Melinda *does to live,*
I conclude, there is ſome Fire
In a Heart inquiſitive;
For 'tis, at leaſt, the Bill that's ſet
To ſhew, The Heart is to be Let.

Two a Clock.

Dinner time.

LEave all thoſe fond Entertainments, or you will diſoblige me, and make Dinner wait for you; for my *Cupid* tells you, 'tis that Hour. *Love* does not pretend to make you loſe that; nor is it my Province to order you your Diet. Here I give you a perfect Liberty, to do what you pleaſe: And poſſibly, 'tis the only Hour in the whole Four and twenty, that I will abſolutely reſign you, or diſpence with your even ſo much as Thinking on me. 'Tis true, in ſeating yourſelf at Table, I would not have you placed over-againſt a very Beautiful Object, for in ſuch a one there are a thouſand little Graces, in Speaking, Looking, and Laughing, that fail not to Charm, if one gives way to the Eyes, to gaze and wander that way; in which, perhaps, in ſpight of you, you will find a Pleaſure: And while you do ſo, though without Deſign or Concern, you give the fair Charmer a ſort of Vanity, in believing you have placed yourſelf there, only for the Advantage of Looking on her; and aſſumes a hundred little Graces and Affectations, which are not Natural to her, to compleat a Conqueſt, which ſhe believes ſo well begun already. She ſoftens her Eyes, and ſweetens her Mouth; and in fine, puts on another Air, than when ſhe had no Deſign; and when you did not, by your conti-

ntinual looking on her, rouze her Vanity, d increaſe her eaſie Opinion of her own harms. Perhaps ſhe knows, I have ſome In-reſt in your Heart; and Prides herſelf, at aſt, with believing, ſhe has attracted the Eyes my Lover, if not his Heart; and thinks it ſie to vanquiſh the Whole, if ſhe pleaſes; and iumphs over me in her ſecret Imaginations. emember, *Damon*, that while you act thus in e Company and Converſation of other Beau-s, that every Look, or Word you give in vour of 'em, is an Indignity to my Reputa-on; and, which you cannot ſuffer, if you ve me truly, and with Honour: And, aſſure urſelf, ſo much Vanity as you inſpire in her, much Fame you rob me of; for whatever aiſes you give another Beauty, ſo much you e away from mine. Therefore, if you Dine Company, do as others do: Be generally il, not applying yourſelf, by Words, or oks to any particular Perſon: Be as gay as u pleaſe: Talk and laugh with all, for this is t the Hour for Chagrin.

The Permiſſion.

y Damon, *tho' I ſtint your Love,*
I will not ſtint your Appetite;
at I would have you ſtill improve,
By every new, and freſh Delight.
Feaſt, till Apollo *hides his Head;*
drink the am'rous God to Thetis *Bed.*

Be like yourſelf: All witty, gay!
And o're the Bottle bleſs the Board,
The liſtening round will, all the Day,
Be charm'd, and pleas'd with every Word.
Tho' Venus *Son inſpire your Wit,*
'Tis the Selenian *God beſt utters it.*

Here talk of ev'ry thing but me,
Since ev'ry Thing you ſay with Grace.
If not diſpos'd your Humour be,
And you'd this Hour in ſilence paſs;
Since ſomething muſt the Subject prove
Of Damon's *Thoughts; let it be me, and Love.*

But, Damon, *this enfranchis'd Hour,*
No Bounds, or Laws, will I impoſe;
But leave it wholly in your Pow'r,
What Humour to refuſe, or chuſe.
I Rules preſcribe, *but to your Flame;*
For I, your Miſtreſs, not Phyſician, am.

Three a Clock.

Viſits to Friends.

Damon, my Watch is juſter than you imagine; it would not have you live retired and ſolitary, but permits you to go, and make Viſits. I am not one of thoſe that believe, Love and Friendſhip cannot find a Place in one and the

e ſame Heart: And that Man would be very nhappy, who, as ſoon as he had a Miſtreſs, ould be obliged to renounce the Society of his riends. I muſt confeſs, I would not that you ould have ſo much Concern for them, as you ve for me; for I have heard a ſort of a Pro-rb, that ſays, *He cannot be very fervent in ove, who is not a little cold in Friendſhip.* You e not ignorant, that when *Love* eſtabliſhes him-lf in a Heart, he reigns a Tyrant there, and ill not ſuffer even Friendſhip, if it pretend to are his Empire there.

Cupid.

Love is a God, whoſe charming Sway
Both Heaven, and Earth, and Seas obey.
A Power that will not mingled be
With any dull Equality.
Since firſt from Heaven, which gave him Birth,
He rul'd the Empire of the Earth,
Jealous of Sov'raign Power, he rules,
And will be Abſolute in Souls.

I ſhould be very angry, if you had any of oſe Friendſhips, which one ought to deſire in Miſtreſs only; for many times it happens, at you have Sentiments a little too tender for oſe Amiable Perſons; and many times Love d Friendſhip are ſo confounded together, that e cannot eaſily diſcern one from t'other. I ve ſeen a Man flatter himſelf with an Opinion, at he had but an Eſteem for a Woman, when ſome Turn of Fortune in her Life, as Mar-

rying,

rying, or Receiving the Addreſſes of Men, he has found, by Spight and Jealouſies within, that that was Love, which he before took for Complaiſance, or Friendſhip. Therefore have a Care; for ſuch Amities are dangerous. Not but that a Lover may have Fair and Generous Female-Friends, whom he ought to viſit; and perhaps, I ſhou'd eſteem you leſs, if I did not believe you were valued by ſuch, if I were perfectly aſſured they were Friends, and not Lovers. But have a Care, you hide not a Miſtreſs under this Veil, or that you gain not a Lover by this Pretence: For you may begin with Friendſhip, and end with Love; and I ſhou'd be equally afflicted, ſhou'd you give it, or receive it. And though you charge our Sex with all the Vanity; yet I often find Nature to have given you as large a Portion of that Common Crime, which you wou'd ſhuffle off, as aſham'd to own; and are as fond and vain of the Imagination of a Conqueſt, as any Coquet of us all; though, at the ſame time, you deſpiſe the Victim, you think it adds a Trophy to your Fame. And I have ſeen a Man dreſs, and trick, and adjuſt his Looks and Mien, to make a Viſit to a Woman he lov'd, nor ever cou'd love, not as for thoſe he made to his Miſtreſs; and only for the Vanity of making a Conqueſt upon a Heart, even unworthy of the little Pains he has taken about it. And what is this but buying Vanity at the Expence of Sence and Eaſe; and with Fatigue, purchaſe the Name of a Conceited Fop, beſides that of a Diſhoneſt Man? For he who takes Pains to make himſelf Belov'd, only to pleaſe his cu-

ious Humour, tho' he ſhould ſay nothing that
ds to it, more than by his Looks, his Sighs,
now and then breaking into Praiſes and
mmendations of the Object, by the Care he
es, to appear well dreſt before her, and in
d order; he lyes in his Looks, he deceives
h his Mien and Faſhion, and cheats with e-
y Motion, and every Grace he puts on: He
ens when he Sings, or Dances; he diſſembles
en he Sighs; and every thing he does, that
fully gains upon her, is Malice propenſe,
eneſs, and Art below a Man of Sence, or
rtue: And yet theſe Arts, theſe Coz'nages,
the common Practices of the Town. What's
but that damnable Vice, of which they ſo
roach our Sex; that of Jilting for Hearts?
d 'tis in vain, that my Lover, after ſuch foul
y, ſhall think to appeaſe me, with ſaying, *He*
it to try how eaſie he cou'd Conquer, and of how
t Force his Charms were: And why ſhou'd I be
y, if all the Town lov'd him, ſince he lov'd none
Iris? Oh fooliſh Pleaſure! How little Sence
s to the making of ſuch a Happineſs? And
w little Love muſt he have for one particular
ſon, who wou'd wiſh to inſpire it into all the
orld, and yet himſelf pretend to be inſenſi-
? But this *(Damon)* is rather what is but
much practiſed by your Sex, than any Guilt
arge on you; tho' Vanity be an Ingredient
t Nature very ſeldom omits in the Compo-
on of either Sex; and you may be allow'd a
cture of it at leaſt. And, perhaps, I am not
olly exempt from this Leaven in my Nature,
accuſe myſelf ſometimes of finding a ſecret

Joy

Joy of being ador'd, tho' I even hate my Wo
ſhipper. But if any ſuch Pleaſure touch
Heart, I find it at the ſame time bluſhing in
Cheeks with a guilty Shame; which ſoon che
the petty Triumph, and I have a Vertue at
berer Thoughts, that I find ſurmounts my Wea
neſs and Indiſcretion; and I hope *Damon* fin
the ſame: For, ſhould he have any of thoſe A
tachments, I ſhould have no Pity for him.

The Example.

Damon, *if you wou'd have me true,*
Be you my Preſident and Guide:
Example ſooner we purſue,
Than the dull Dictates of our Pride.
Precepts of Vertue are too weak an Aim:
'Tis Demonſtration, that can beſt reclaim.

Shew me the Path you'd have me go;
With ſuch a Guide, I cannot ſtray:
What you approve, whate'er you do,
It is but juſt I bend the Way.
If true, my Honour favours your Deſign:
If falſe, Revenge is the Reſult of mine,

A Lover true, a Maid ſincere,
Are to be priz'd, as Things Divine:
'Tis Juſtice makes the Bleſſing dear;
Juſtice of Love, without Deſign.
And ſhe that Reigns not in a Heart alone,
Is never ſafe, or eaſie, on her Throne.

Four a Clock.

General Converſation.

N this Viſiting-Hour, many People will hap-
pen to meet at one and the ſame time toge-
r, in a Place: And as you make not Viſits to
nds, to be ſilent, you ought to enter into
verſation with 'em; but thoſe Converſati-
ought to be General, and of General
ings; for there is no neceſſity of making
r Friend the Confident of your Amours:
would infinitely diſpleaſe me, to hear you
e reveal'd to them, all that I have repos'd in
; tho' Secrets never ſo trivial, yet, ſince
r'd between Lovers, they deſerve to be
z'd at a higher rate: For what can ſhew a
art more indifferent and indiſcreet, than to
lare in any Faſhion, or with Mirth, or Joy,
tender Things a Miſtreſs ſays to a Lover;
which poſſibly, related at Second Hand,
r not the ſame Sence, becauſe they have
the ſame Sound, and Air, they had origi-
ly, when they came from the ſoft Heart of
, who ſigh'd 'em firſt to her laviſh Lover.
haps they are told again with Mirth, or Joy,
becoming their Character and Buſineſs; and
n they loſe their Graces; (for Love is
moſt Solemn Thing in Nature, and the moſt
uiting with Gaiety.) Perhaps the ſoft Ex-
ſions ſuit not ſo well the harſher Voice of
Maſculine Lover, whoſe Accents were not
form'd

form'd for ſo much Tenderneſs; at leaſt, of that ſort; for Words that have the ſa Meaning, are alter'd from their Sence, by leaſt Tone, or Accent of the Voice; and th proper, and fitted to my Soul, are not, poſſib ſo to yours, tho' both have the ſame Efficacy on us: yours upon my Heart, as mine up yours; and both will be miſunderſtood by unjudging World. Beſides this, there is a H lineſs in Love that's true, that ought not to prophan'd: And as the Poet truly ſays, at latter end of an Ode; of which, I will recite whole.

The Invitation.

Aminta, fear not to confeſs,
The charming Secret of thy Tenderneſs:
That which a Lover can't conceal,
That which, to me, thou ſhould'ſt reveal;
And is but what thy lovely Eyes expreſs.
Come, whiſper to my panting Heart,
That heaves, and meets thy Voice half way:
That gueſſes what thou wou'dſt impart,
And languiſhes for what thou haſt to ſay.
Confirm my trembling Doubt, and make me know,
Whence all theſe Bluſhings, and theſe Sighings flow

Why doſt thou ſcruple to unfold
A Myſtery that does my Life concern?
If thou ne'er ſpeak'ſt, it will be told;
For Lovers all things can diſcern,
From every Look, from every baſhful Grace,
That ſtill ſucceed each other in thy Face,
I ſhall the dear tranſporting Secret learn:

t 'tis a Pleaſure not to be expreſt,
To hear it by the Voice confeſt,
hen ſoft Sighs breathe it on my panting Breaſt.

All calm and ſilent is the Grove,
Whoſe ſhading Boughs reſiſt the Day:
Here thou may'ſt bluſh, and talk of Love,
While only Winds, unheeding, ſtay,
That will not bear the Sound away:
While I, with ſolemn awful Joy,
l my attentive Faculties employ;
Liſt'ning to every valu'd Word;
d in my Soul, the Sacred Treaſure hoard.
There, like ſome Myſtery Divine,
The wondrous Knowledge I'll enſhrine.
ve can his Joys no longer call his own,
Than the dear Secret's kept unknown.

There is nothing more true, than thoſe two Lines; and that Love ceaſes to be a Pleaſure, when it ceaſes to be a Secret, and one you ght to keep ſacred: For the World, who ver makes a right Judgment of Things, will interpret Love, as they do Religion; eve-one judging it, according to the Notion he l of it, or the Talent of his Sence. *Love*, as reat Duke ſaid, *is like Apparitions; every one s of 'em, but few have ſeen 'em:* Every Body nks himſelf capable of underſtanding Love, l that he is a Maſter in the Art of it; when re is nothing ſo nice, or difficult, to be right-comprehended; and indeed, cannot be, but Soul very delicate. Nor will he make him-known to the Vulgar: There muſt be an un-

uncommon Fineneſs in the Mind, that contai
him; the reſt, he only viſits in as many D
guiſes, as there are Diſpoſitions and Nature
where he makes but a ſhort ſtay, and is go
He can fit himſelf to all Hearts, being the gre
eſt Flatterer in the World: And he poſſeſſes
very one with a Confidence, that they are in t
Number of his Elect; and they think, they kn
him perfectly, when nothing but the Spirits
fin'd, poſſeſs him in his Excellency. From t
difference of Love, in different Souls, proce
thoſe odd fantaſtick Maxims, which ſo ma
hold of ſo different Kinds: And this makes t
moſt innocent Pleaſures paſs oftentimes
Crimes, with the unjudging Crowd, who
themſelves Lovers: And you will have yo
Paſſion cenſur'd, by as many as you ſhall diſc
ver it to, and as many ſeveral Ways. I adv
you therefore *(Damon)* to make no Confide
of your Amours; and believe, that Silence h
with me, the moſt powerful Charm.

'Tis alſo in theſe Converſations, that th
indiſcreetly civil Perſons often are, who thi
to oblige a good Man, by letting him know
is belov'd by ſome one or other; and maki
him underſtand how many good Qualities h
Maſter of, to render him agreeable to the F
Sex, if he wou'd but advance where Love a
good Fortune calls; and that a too conſtant l
ver loſes a great part of his time, which mig
be manag'd to more Advantage, ſince Yo
hath ſo ſhort a Race to run: By this, an
thouſand the like indecent Complaiſances, g
him a Vanity, that ſuits not with that Diſc

on, which has hitherto acquir'd him ſo good Reputation. I wou'd not have you *(Damon)* t on theſe Occaſions, as many of the eaſie barks have done before you, who receive ſuch Veakneſs and Flattery for Truth; and paſſing off with a Smile, ſuffer 'em to advance in Fol-, 'till they have gain'd a Credit with 'em, and ey believe all they hear; telling 'em they do , by conſenting Geſtures, Silence, or open pprobation. For my part, I ſhou'd not con-mn a Lover, that ſhou'd anſwer a ſort of ci-l Brokers for Love, ſomewhat briskly, and by ving 'em to underſtand, they are already en-ged; or directing 'em to Fools, that will ſſibly hearken to 'em, and credit ſuch Stuff, ame 'em out of a Folly ſo infamous and diſin-enious. In ſuch a Caſe only I am willing you ou'd own your Paſſion; not that you need tell e Object which has charm'd you: And you ay ſay, you are already a Lover, without ying, you are belov'd. For ſo long as you ppear to have a Heart unengag'd, you are ex-os'd to all the little Arts and Addreſſes of this rt of obliging Procurers of Love, and give ay to the hope they have of making you their roſelyte. For your own Reputation then, and y Eaſe and Honour, ſhun ſuch Converſations; r they are neither credible to you, nor plea-ng to me: And believe me *(Damon)* a true over has no Curioſity, but what concerns his iſtreſs.

Five a Clock.

Dangerous Viſits.

I Foreſee, or fear, that theſe buſie, impert
nent Friends will oblige you to viſit ſo
Ladies of their Acquaintance, or yours: M
Watch does not forbid you. Yet I muſt t
you, I apprehend Danger in ſuch Viſits; and
fear, you will have need of all your Care a
Precaution, in theſe Encounters. That you m
give me no Cauſe to ſuſpect you, perhaps y
will argue, that Civility obliges you to't: I
were aſſur'd, there wou'd no other Deſign
carried on, I ſhou'd believe it were to advan
an amorous Prudence too far, to forbid yo
Only keep yourſelf upon your Guard; for t
Buſineſs of moſt part of the Fair Sex, is, to ſe
only the Conqueſt of Hearts: All their Civil
ties are but ſo many Intereſts; and they
nothing without Deſign. And in ſuch Conve
ſations, there is always a *Je ne ſcay quoy*; that
fear'd; eſpecially when Beauty is accompani
with Youth and Gaiety; and which they aſſu
upon all Occaſions that may ſerve their Tu
And I confeſs, 'tis not an eaſie matter to
juſt in theſe Hours and Converſations: T
moſt certain Way of being ſo, is to imagine
read all your Thoughts, obſerve all your Look
and hear all your Words.

T

The Caution.

My Damon, *if your Heart be kind,*
Do not too long with Beauty ſtay;
For there are certain Moments, when the Mind
Is hurry'd, by the Force of Charms, away.
In Fate, a Minute Critical there lies,
That waits on Love, and takes you by Surprize.

A Lover pleas'd with Conſtancy,
Lives ſtill as if the Maid he lov'd were by:
As if his Actions were in View;
As if his Steps ſhe did purſue:
Or that his very Soul ſhe knew.
Take heed; for tho' I am not preſent there,
My Love, my Genius, waits you every-where.

I am very much pleas'd with the Remedy, you ſay, you make uſe of to defend yourſelf from the Attacks that Beauty gives your Heart; which in one of your Billets, you ſaid was this, or to this purpoſe:

The Charm for Conſtancy.

This, to keep my Soul entire, and true,
It thinks, each Moment of the Day, on you.
And when a charming Face I ſee,
That does all other Eyes incline,
It has no influence on me:
I think it ev'n deform'd to thine.
My Eyes, my Soul, and Senſe, regardleſs move
To all, but the dear Object of my Love.

But (*Damon*) I know all Lovers are natural Flatterers, though they do not think ſo themſelves; becauſe every one makes a Senſe of Beauty according to his own Fancy. But perhaps you will ſay in your own Defence, That 'tis not Flattery to ſay, an unbeautiful Woman is it beautiful, if he that ſays ſo believes ſhe is ſo. I ſhou'd be content to acquit you of the firſt, provided you allow me the laſt: And if I appear charming in *Damon*'s Eyes, I am not fond of the Approbation of any other. 'Tis enough that World thinks me not altogether diſagreeable to juſtifie his Choice; but let your good Opinion give what Increaſe it pleaſes to my Beauty, though your Approbation give me a Pleaſure, it ſhall not a Vanity; and I am contented, that *Damon* ſhould think me a Beauty, without my believing I am one. 'Tis not to draw new Aſſurances, and new Vows from you, that I ſpeak this; though Tales of Love are the only ones we deſire to hear often told, and which never tire the Hearers, if addreſt to themſelves: But 'tis not to this End, I now ſeem to doubt what you ſay to my Advantage: No, my Heart knows no Diſguiſe, nor can diſſemble one Thought of it to *Damon*; 'tis all ſincere and honeſt as his Wiſh: 'Tis therefore it tells you, it does not credit every thing you ſay; though I believe you ſay abundance of Truths, in a great Part of my Character. But when you advance to that which my own Senſe, my Judgment, or my Glaſs cannot perſwade me to believe; you must give me leave either to believe you think me vain enough to credit you, or pleas'd that you

Sentiment

ntiments and mine are differing in this Point. nt I doubt, I may rather reply in ſome Verſes, Friend of yours and mine ſent to a Perſon, ſhe ought, had but indifferent Sentiments for her; t, who nevertheleſs flatter'd her, becauſe he agin'd ſhe had a very great Eſteem for him. e is a Woman that, you know, naturally hates attery: On the other ſide, ſhe was extreamly ſatisfy'd, and uneaſie at his Opinion, of his eing more in her Favour than ſhe deſir'd he ou'd believe. So that one Night, having left r full of Pride and Anger, ſhe next Morning nt him theſe Verſes, inſtead of a *Billet-doux*.

The Defiance.

y Heaven 'tis falſe; I am not vain;
And rather wou'd the Subject be
f your Indifference, or Diſdain,
Than Wit, or Raillery.

ake back the trifling Praiſe you give,
And paſs it on ſome eaſier Fool,
ho may th' injuring Wit believe,
That turns her into Ridicule.

ell her, ſhe's witty, fair, and gay;
With all the Charms that can ſubdue:
erhaps ſhe'll credit what you ſay:
But curſe me, if I do.

f your Diverſion you deſign,
On my good Nature you have preſt:
r if you do intend it mine.
You have miſtook the Jeſt.

Philander, *fly that guilty Art:*
Your charming, facil Wit will find,
It cannot play on a Heart,
That is ſincere and kind.

For Wit with Softneſs does reſide,
Good Nature is with Pity ſtor'd;
But Flatt'ry's the Reſult of Pride,
And fawns to be Ador'd.

Nay, even when you ſmile and bow,
'Tis to be render'd more compleat.
Your Wit, with ev'ry Grace you ſhew,
Is but a Popular Cheat.

Laugh on, and call me Coxcomb —— do;
And, your Opinion to improve,
Think, all you think of me, is true;
And to confirm it, ſwear I love.

Then, while you wreck my Soul with Pain,
And of a cruel Conqueſt boaſt,
'Tis you, Philander, *that are vain,*
And witty at my coſt.

Poſſibly, the angry *Aminta*, when ſhe writ theſe Verſes, was more offended, that he believ'd himſelf belov'd, than that he flatter'd; tho' ſhe wou'd ſeem to make that a great part of the Quarrel, and Cauſe of her Reſentment: For we are often in an Humour to ſeem more modeſt in that Point, than naturally we are; being too apt to have a favourable Opinion of

our

rſelves: And 'tis rather, the Effects of a Fear
at we are flatter'd, than our own ill Opinion
the Beauty flatter'd; and that the Praiſer
es not think ſo well of it, as we do our ſelves,
as at leaſt he wiſh ſhe ſhou'd. Not but there
e Grains of Allowance for the Temper of him
at ſpeaks: One Man's Humour is to talk much;
d he may be permitted to enlarge upon the
aiſe he gives the Perſon he pretends to, with-
t being accus'd of much Guilt. Another
tes to be Wordy; from ſuch an one, I have
own one ſoft Expreſſion, one tender Thing,
as far as whole Days everlaſting Proteſtati-
s, urg'd with Vows, and mighty Eloquence:
nd both the one, and the other, indeed, muſt
allow'd in good Manners, to ſtretch the
mplement beyond the Bounds of nice Truth;
d we muſt not wonder to hear a Man call a
oman a Beauty, when ſhe is not Ugly; or
other, a Great Wit, if ſhe have but common
nce above the Vulgar; well Bred, when well
reſt; and good Natur'd when Civil. And
I ſhou'd be very ridiculous, if I took all you
d for abſolute Truth; ſo I ſhould be very
juſt, not to allow you very ſincere, in almoſt
you ſaid beſides; and thoſe Things, the
oſt material to Love, Honour, and Friend-
ip. And for the reſt *(Damon)* be it true, or
lſe, this believe: You ſpeak with ſuch a Grace,
at I cannot chuſe but Credit you; and find an
finite Pleaſure in that Faith, becauſe I lovu
u: And if I cannot find the Cheat, I am con-
nted you ſhou'd deceive me on, becauſe yoe
it ſo agreeably.

Six a Clock.

Walk without Deſign.

YOU yet have Time to Walk; and m
Watch foreſaw you cou'd not refuſe yo
Friends. You muſt to the *Park*, or to the *Ma*
for the Seaſon is fair and inviting; and all t
young Beauties love thoſe Places too well, n
to be there. 'Tis there, that a Thouſand l
trigues are carried on, and as many more d
ſign'd. 'Tis there, that every one is ſet out f
Conqueſt; and who aim at nothing leſs tha
Hearts. Guard yours well, my *Damon*; a
be not always admiring what you ſee. Do no
in paſſing by, ſigh 'em ſilent Praiſes. Suffer n
ſo much as a guilty Wiſh to approach yo
Thoughts, nor a heedful Glance to ſteal fro
your fine Eyes: Thoſe are Regards, you oug
only to have for her you Love. But oh! a
bove all, have a Care of what you ſay. You a
not reproachable, if you ſhould remain ſilen
all the Time of your Walk; nor wou'd tho
that know you, believe it the Effects of Dulne
but Melancholy. And if any of your Friend
ask you, Why you are ſo? I will give you lea
to ſigh, and ſay ——

The Mall-Content.

Ah! Wonder not, if I appear
Regardleſs of the Pleaſures here;
Or that my Thoughts are thus confin'd
To the juſt Limits of my Mind.

My Eyes take no Delight to rove
O're all the ſmiling Charmers of the Grove,
Since ſhe is abſent, whom they love.

Ask me not, Why the flow'ry Spring,
Or the gay little Birds that ſing,
Or the young Streams, no more delight,
Or Shades, and Arbours can't invite?
Why the ſoft Murmurs of the Wind,
Within the thick grown Groves confin'd,
No more my Soul tranſport, or cheer?
Since all that's charming,——Iris *is not here;*
Nothing ſeems glorious, nothing fair.

Then ſuffer me to wander thus,
With down-caſt Eyes, and Arms a-croſs.
Let Beauty unregarded go;
The Trees and Flowers, unheeded ſtrow.
Let purling Streams neglected glide;
With all the Spring's adorning Pride.
'Tis Iris *only Soul can give*
To the dull Shades, and Plains, and make 'em thrive;
Nature, and my loſt Joys retrieve.

I do not, for all this, wholly confine your Eyes: You may look indifferently on all; but with a particular Regard on none. You may praiſe all the Beauties in general; but no ſingle one too much. I will not exact from you, neither an entire Silence: There are a thouſand Civilities you ought to pay to all your Friends and Acquaintance; and while I caution you of Actions, that may get you the Reputation of a Lover of ſome of the Fair that haunt thoſe Places; I wou'd not have you, by an unneceſſa-

ry,

ry, and uncomplaiſant Sullenneſs, gain that of a Perſon too negligent, or moroſe. I wou'd have you remiſs in no one Punctilio of Good Manners. I wou'd have you very juſt, and pay all you owe; but in theſe Affairs, be not over generous, and give away too much. In fine, You may Look, Speak, and Walk; but (*Damon*) do it all without Deſign: And while you do ſo, remember, that *Iris* ſent you this Advice.

The Warning.

Take heed, my Damon, *in the Grove,*
Where Beauties, with Deſign, do walk:
Take heed, my Damon, *how you look and talk;*
For there are Ambuſcades of Love.
The very Winds, that ſoftly blow,
Will help betray your eaſie Heart;
And all the Flowers that bluſhing grow;
The Shades above, and Rivulets below,
Will take the Victor's part.

Remember (Damon) *all my Safety lies*
In the juſt Conduct of your Eyes.
The Heart, by Nature, good and brave,
Is to thoſe treacherous Guards, a Slave.
If they let in the fair deſtructive Foe,
Scarce Honour can defend her Noble Seat:
Ev'n ſhe will be corrupted too,
Or driv'n to a Retreat.
The Soul is but the Cully to the Sight,
And muſt be pleas'd in what that takes delight.

Therefore, examine your ſelf well; and conduct your Eyes, during this Walk, like a Lover,

r, that ſeeks nothing: And do not ſtay too ng in theſe places.

Seven a Clock.

Voluntary Retreat.

TIS time to be weary; 'tis Night: Take Leave of your Friends, and retire Home. is in this Retreat, that you ought to recol- ct in your Thoughts, all the Actions of the ay; and all thoſe Things, that you ought to ve me an Account of, in your Letter: You nnot hide the leaſt Secret from me, without reaſon againſt Sacred Love. For all the orld agrees, that Confidence is one of the eateſt Proofs of the Paſſion of Love; and that over, who refuſes this Confidence to the Per- n he loves, is to be ſuſpected to love but very differently, and to think very poorly of the nce and Generoſity of his Miſtreſs. But, that u may acquit your ſelf like a Man, and a Lo- r of Honour, and leave me no doubt upon my ul; think of all you have done this Day, that may have all the Story of it in your next tter to me: But deal faithfully; and nei- er add, nor diminiſh, in your Relation; the ruth and Sincerity of your Confeſſion will at- ne, even for little Faults that you ſhall com- t againſt me, in ſome of thoſe Things you ll tell me: For if you have fail'd in any Point, Circumſtance of Love, I had much rather hear

hear it from you than another; For 'tis a ſort of Repentance to accuſe yourſelf; and wou'd be a Crime unpardonable, if you ſuffer me to hear it from any other: And be aſſur'd, while you confeſs it, I ſhall be indulgent enough to forgive you. The nobleſt Quality of Man, is Sincerity; and *(Damon)* one ought to have as much of it in Love, as in any other Buſineſs of one's Life, notwithſtanding the moſt part of Men make no Account of it there; but will believe, there ought to be double Dealing, and an Art, practis'd in Love, as well as in War. But Oh! beware of that Notion.

Sincerity.

Sincerity! Thou greateſt Good!
Thou Vertue, which ſo many boaſt!
And art ſo nicely underſtood!
And often, in the Searching, loſt.
For when we do approach thee near,
The fine Idea, fram'd of thee,
Appears not now ſo charming fair,
As the moſt uſeful Flattery.
Thou haſt no Glitt'ring to invite;
Nor tak'ſt the Lover at firſt Sight.

The modeſt Vertue ſhuns the Croud,
And lives, like Veſtals, in a Cell:
In Cities 'twill not be allow'd;
Nor takes Delight, in Courts to dwell.
'Tis Nonſence with the Man of Wit;
And ev'n a Scandal to the Great;
For all the Young, and Fair, unfit;
And ſcorn'd by wiſer Fops of State.

Vertue yet was never known
o the falſe Trader, or the falſer Gown.

nd (Damon) *tho' thy Noble Blood*
Be moſt Illuſtr'ous, and Refin'd;
ho' ev'ry Grace, and ev'ry Good
Adorn thy Perſon, and thy Mind;
et, if this Vertue ſhine not there;
(This God-like Vertue, which alone,
er't thou leſs Witty, Brave, or Fair,
Wou'd for all theſe, leſs priz'd, attone:)
y tender Folly I'd controul,
nd ſcorn the Conqueſt of thy Soul.

Eight a Clock.

Impatient Demands.

After you have ſufficiently recollected your ſelf of all the paſt Actions of the Day, all your Page into your Cabinet, or him whom ou truſted with your laſt Letter to me; where ou ought to enquire of him a thouſand things; nd all of me. Ask impatiently; and be angry, f he anſwers not your Curioſity ſoon enough: Think that he has a Dreaming in his Voice, in heſe Moments, more than at other times; and eproach him with Dulneſs. For 'tis moſt cer-ain, that when one loves tenderly, we wou'd now in a Minute, what cannot be related in an Hour. Ask him, How I did? How I receiv'd his

his Letter? And if he examin'd the Air of m
Face, when I took it? If I bluſh'd, or look
pale? If my Hand trembled, or I ſpoke to hi
with ſhort interrupting Sighs? If I ask'd hi
any Queſtions about you, while I was openi
the Seal? Or if I cou'd not well ſpeak, and w
ſilent? If I read it attentively, and with Jo
And all this, before you open the Anſwer I ha
ſent you by him: Which, becauſe you are i
patient to read, you, with the more Haſte a
Earneſtneſs, demand all you expect from hi
and that you may the better know, what H
mour I was in, when I writ that to you. Fo
Oh! A Lover has a thouſand little Fears, a
Dreads, he knows not why. In fine, make hi
recount to you all that paſt, while he was wi
me: And then you ought to read that which
have ſent, that you may inform your ſelf of a
that paſſes in my Heart; for you may aſſu
your ſelf, all that I ſay to you that way, pr
ceeds from thence.

The Aſſurance.

How ſhall a Lover come to know,
Whether he's belov'd, or no?
What dear Things muſt ſhe impart,
To aſſure him of her Heart?
Is it, when her Bluſhes riſe;
And ſhe languiſh in her Eyes:
Tremble, when he does approach:
Look pale, and faint, at every touch?

Is it, when a thouſand ways,
She does his Wit and Beauty praiſe?

she venture to explain,
less moving Words, a Pain;
o' so indiscreet she grows,
confirm it with her Vows.

These some short-liv'd Passion moves,
hile the Object's by, she loves;
hile the gay, and sudden Fire
indles by some fond Desire:
nd a Coldness will ensue,
hen the Lover's out of View.
en she reflects with Scandal, o'er
e easie Scene, that past before.
en, with Blushes, wou'd recal
e unconsid'ring Criminal;
which, a thousand Faults she'll find,
nd chide the Errors of her Mind.
ch fickle weight is found in words,
s no substantial Faith affords:
eceiv'd, and baffl'd all may be,
ho trust that frail Security.

But a well-digested Flame,
hat will always be the same;
nd that does, from Merit, grow
stablish'd by our Reason too;
y a better way, will prove,
'is th' unerring Fire of Love.
asting Records it will give:
nd, that all she says, may live,
acred and Authentick stand,
er Heart confirms it by her Hand.
f this, a Maid, well born, allow;
amon, believe her just and true.

Nine a Clock.

Melancholy Reflections.

YOU will not have much trouble to expla what my Watch deſigns here. There c be no Thought more afflicting, than that of t Abſence of a Miſtreſs; and which, the Sighin of the Heart will ſoon make you find. T Thouſand Fears oppreſs him; he is jealous every Body, and envies thoſe Eyes and E that are charm'd, by being near the Object dor'd. He grows impatient, and makes a tho ſand Reſolutions, and as ſoon abandons 'em He gives himſelf wholly up to the Torment Incertainty; and by degrees, from one cru Thought to another, winds himſelf up to inſu portable Chagrin. Take this Hour then, think on your Misfortunes; which cannot ſmall to a Soul that is wholly ſenſible of Lo And every one knows, that a Lover, depriv of the Object of his Heart, is depriv'd of all t World, and Inconſolable. For though o wiſhes, without ceaſing, for the dear Charm one loves, and though you ſpeak of her eve Minute; though you are writing to her eve Day, and though you are infinitely pleas'd wi the dear and tender Anſwers; yet, to ſpeak ſi cerely, it muſt be confeſs'd, that the Felicity a true Lover, is to be always near his Miſtre And you may tell me, O *Damon!* what yo pleaſe; and ſay, that Abſence inſpires the Flam

whi

ich perpetual Preſence would ſatiate; I love
well to be of that Mind; and when I am, I
ll believe my Paſſion is declining. I know
whether it advances your Love; but ſurely,
muſt ruine your Repoſe: And is it impoſſi-
to be, at once, an abſent Lover, and happy
? For my part, I can meet with nothing
t can pleaſe, in the abſence of *Damon*; but,
the contrary, I ſee all things with Diſguſt.
will flatter my ſelf, that 'tis ſo with you; and
t the leaſt Evils appear great Misfortunes;
d that all thoſe who ſpeak to you of any thing
t of what you love, increaſe your Pain, by
new remembrance of her Abſence. I will be-
ve, that theſe are your Sentiments, you are
ur'd not to ſee me in ſome Weeks; and, if
ur Heart do not betray your Words, all thoſe
ys will be tedious to you. I would not, how-
er, have your Melancholy too extream; and
leſſen it, you may perſwade yourſelf, that I
rtake it with you; for, I remember, in your
ſt you told me, you would wiſh we ſhould be
th griev'd at the ſame time, and both at the
me time pleas'd; and, I believe, I love too
ell, not to obey you.

Love Secur'd.

Love, of all Joys, the ſweeteſt is,
The moſt ſubſtantial Happineſs;
The ſofteſt Bleſſing Life can crave;
The nobleſt Paſſion Souls can have.
Yet, if no Interruptions were,
No Difficulties came between,
'Twou'd not be render'd half ſo dear.
he Skie is gayeſt when ſmall Clouds are ſeen.

The ſweeteſt Flower, the bluſhing Roſe,
Amidſt the Thorns ſecureſt grows.

If Love were one continu'd Joy,
How ſoon the Happineſs wou'd cloy!
The wiſer Gods did this foreſee;
And, to preſerve the Bliſs entire,
Mix'd it with Doubt and Jealouſie,
Thoſe neceſſary Fuels to the Fire,
Suſtain'd the fleeting Pleaſures with new Fears;
With little Quarrels, Sighs, and Tears;
With Abſence, that tormenting Smart,
That makes a Minute ſeem a Day,
A Day a Year, to the impatient Heart,
That languiſhes in the delay,
But cannot ſigh the tender Pain away;
That ſtill returns, and with a greater Force,
Through every Vein it takes its grateful Courſe.
But whatſoe'er the Lover does ſuſtain,
Tho' he ſtill ſigh, complain, and fear;
It cannot be a Mortal Pain,
When Two do the Affliction bear.

Ten a Clock.

Reflections.

AFter the afflicting Thoughts of my abſence, make ſome Reflections on your Happineſs. Think it a Bleſſing, to be permitted to love me: Think it ſo, becauſe I permit it to you alone; and never could be drawn to allow it any other.

The

e firſt thing you ought to conſider is, that at gth I have ſuffer'd my ſelf to be overcome, to t that Nicety that is natural to me, and re- ve your Addreſſes; nay, thought 'em agree- e; and that I have at laſt confeſt, the Preſent your Heart is very dear to me. 'Tis true, I not accept of it the firſt time it was offer'd , nor before you had told me a thouſand es, that you could not eſcape expiring, if I not give you leave to ſigh for me, and gaze on me; and that there was an abſolute neceſ- for me, either to give you leave to love, or . And all thoſe Rigors my Severity has made u ſuffer, ought now to be recounted to your emory, as Subjects of Pleaſure; and you ought eſteem and judge of the Price of my Affecti- s by the Difficulties you found in being able touch my Heart: Not but you have Charms at can conquer at firſt ſight; and you ought t to have valued me leſs, if I had been more ily gain'd: But 'tis enough to pleaſe you, to ink and know I am gain'd; no matter when how. When, after a thouſand Cares and quietudes, that which we wiſh for ſucceeds our Deſires, the Remembrance of thoſe Pains d Pleaſures we encounter'd, in arriving at it, ves us a new Joy.

Remember alſo (*Damon*) that I have prefer'd u before all thoſe that have been thought orthy of my Eſteem; and that I have ſhut y Eyes to all their pleading Merits, and cou'd rvey none but yours.

Conſider then, that you had not only the ppineſs to pleaſe me, but that you only

found out the way of doing it, and I had t Goodneſs at laſt to tell you ſo, contrary to the Delicacy and Niceneſs of my Soul; contr ry to my Prudence, and all thoſe Scruples, y know, are natural to my Humour.

My Tenderneſs proceeded further, and gave you innocent Marks of my new-born Pa ſion, on all Occaſions that preſented themſelve For, after that, from my Eyes and Tongue y knew the Sentiments of my Heart, I confirm that Truth to you by my Letters. Confeſ (*Damon*) that if you make theſe Reflection you will not paſs this Hour very diſagreeably.

Beginning Love.

As free as wanton Winds I liv'd,
That unconcern'd do play:
No broken Faith, no Fate I griev'd;
No Fortune gave me Joy.
A dull Content crown'd all my Hours,
My Heart no Sighs oppreſt;
I call'd in vain on no deaf Pow'rs,
To eaſe a tortur'd Breaſt.

The ſighing Swains regardleſs pin'd,
And ſtrove in vain to pleaſe:
With Pain I civilly was kind;
But could afford no Eaſe.
Tho' Wit and Beauty did abound,
The Charm was wanting ſtill,
That could inſpire the tender wound,
Or bend my careleſs will.

Till in my Heart a kindling Flame
Your ſofter Sighs had blown;

hich I, with ſtriving, Love and Shame,
Too ſenſibly did own.
hate'er the God before cou'd plead;
Whate'er the Youth's Deſert;
e feeble Siege in vain was laid
Againſt my ſtubborn Heart.

firſt my Sighs and Bluſhes ſpoke,
Juſt when your Sighs wou'd riſe;
nd when you gaz'd I wiſh'd to look,
But durſt not meet your Eyes.
rembled, when my Hand you preſs'd;
Nor cou'd my Guilt controul,
t Love prevail'd, and I confeſs'd
The Secrets of my Soul.

nd when, upon the giving part,
My Preſent to avow,
all the Ways confirm'd my Heart,
That Honour wou'd allow;
o mean was all that I cou'd ſay,
Too poorly underſtood:
gave my Soul the nobleſt way,
My Letters made it good.

You may believe I did not eaſily, nor ſud-enly, bring my Heart to this Condeſcenſion; t I lov'd, and all things in *Damon* were ca-able of making me reſolve ſo to do. I could ot think it a Crime, where every Grace, and very Vertue juſtified my Choice: And when nce one is aſſur'd of this, we find not much dif-culty in owning that Paſſion which will ſo well ommend ones Judgment; and there is no Ob-acle that Love does not ſurmount. I confeſs'd

my Weakneſs a thouſand ways, before I told you, and I remember all thoſe things with Pleaſure, but yet I remember 'em alſo with Shame.

Eleven a Clock.

Supper.

I Will believe (*Damon*) that you have been well entertain'd, during this Hour, and have found ſo much Sweetneſs in theſe Thoughts that if one did not tell you, that Supper waits you would loſe yourſelf in Reflections ſo pleaſing, many more Minutes. But you muſt go where you are expected; perhaps, among the Fair, the Young, the Gay; but do not abandon your Heart to too much Joy, tho' you have ſo much Reaſon to be contented; but the greateſt Pleaſures are alwaies imperfect, if the Object belov'd do not partake of it. For this Reaſon be cheerful and merry with Reſerve. Do not talk too much, I know you do not love it; and if you do it, 'twill be the effect of too much Complaiſance, or with ſome deſign of pleaſing too well; for you know your own charming Power, and how agreeable your Wit and Converſation is to all the World. Remember, I am covetous of every Word you ſpeak that is not addreſs'd to me, and envy the happy Liſtner, if I am not by: And I may reply to you as *Aminta* did to *Philander*, when he charg'd her of loving a Talker: And becauſe, perhaps,

you

u have not heard it, I will, to divert you, nd it you; and at the ſame time aſſure you, *amon*, that your more noble Quality, of ſpeak- g little, has reduc'd me to a perfect Abhor- nce of thoſe Wordy Sparks, that value them- lves upon their ready and much Talking upon ery trivial Subject, and who have ſo good an pinion of their Talent that way, they will let o body edge in a Word, or a Reply; but will ake all the Converſation themſelves, that they ay paſs for very Entertaining Perſons, and ire Company. But the Verſes ——

The Reformation.

Philander, *ſince you'll have it ſo,*
I grant, I was impertinent;
And, till this Moment, did not know,
Through all my Life, what 'twas I meant.
ur kind Opinion was the flattering Glaſs,
which my Mind found how deform'd it was.

In your clear Senſe, which knows no Art,
I ſaw the Errors of my Soul;
And all the Foibleſs of my Heart,
With one Reflection, you controul.
ind as a God, and gently you chaſtiſe:
y what you hate, you teach me to be wiſe.

Impertinence, my Sex's Shame,
That has ſo long my Life purſu'd,
You with ſuch Modeſty reclaim,
As all the Women has ſubdu'd.
o ſo Divine a Power what muſt I owe,
hat re[illegible]me ſo like the perfect You?

That Converſable thing I hate
Already, with a juſt Diſdain,
That prides himſelf upon his Prate,
And is, of Words, that Nonſence vain.
When in your ſew appears ſuch Excellence,
As have reproach'd, and charm'd me into Senſe.

For ever may I liſt'ning ſit,
Tho' but each Hour a Word be born;
I would attend the coming Wit,
And bleſs what can ſo well inform.
Let the dull World henceforth to Words be dam'd;
I'm into nobler Senſe than Talking ſham'd.

I believe you are ſo good a Lover, as to be of my Opinion; and that you will neither force yourſelf againſt Nature, nor find much occaſion to laviſh out thoſe excellent things that must proceed from you, whenever you ſpeak. If all Women were like me, I ſhould have more reaſon to fear your Silence than your Talk, for you have a thouſand waies to charm without ſpeaking; and thoſe which to me ſhew a great deal more Concern. But (*Damon*) you know, the greateſt part of my Sex judge the fine Gentleman by the Volubility of his Tongue, by his Dexterity in Repartee, and cry, — *Oh! he never wants fine things to ſay: He's eternally talking the moſt ſurprizing things.* But (*Damon*) you are well aſſur'd, I hope, that *Iris* is none of theſe *Coquets*; at leaſt, if ſhe had any ſpark of it once in her Nature, ſhe is, by the Excellency of your contrary Temper, taught to know, and ſcorn the Folly: And take heed your Conduct never give

give me cauſe to ſuſpect you have deceiv'd me in your Temper.

Twelve a Clock.

Complaiſance.

NEvertheleſs (*Damon*) Civility requires a little Complaiſance after Supper; and I am aſſur'd, you can never want that, though, I confeſs, you are not accus'd of too general a Complaiſance, and do not often make uſe of it to thoſe Perſons you have an Indifference for; though one is not the leſs eſteemable, for having more of this than one ought; and though an excеſs of it be a Fault, 'tis a very excuſable one: Have therefore ſome for thoſe with whom you are: You may laugh with 'em, drink with 'em, dance or ſing with 'em; yet think of me. You may diſcourſe of a thouſand indifferent things with 'em, and at the ſame time ſtill think of me. If the Subject be any beautiful Lady, whom they praiſe, either for her Perſon, Wit, or Virtue, you may apply it to me: And if you dare not ſay it aloud, at leaſt, let your Heart anſwer in this Language:

Yes, the fair Object, whom you praiſe,
Can give us Love a thouſand ways.
Her Wit and Beauty charming are;
But ſtill my Iris *is more fair.*

No

No Body ever ſpoke before me, of a faithful Lover, but I ſtill ſigh'd, and thought of *Damon*: And ever when they tell me Tales of Love, any ſoft pleaſing Intercourſes of an Amour; Oh! with what Pleaſure do I liſten! and with Pleaſure anſwer 'em, either with my Eyes, or Tongue ——

That Lover may his Silvia *warm,*
But cannot, like my Damon, *charm.*

If I have not all thoſe excellent Qualities you meet with in thoſe beautiful People, I am, however, very glad that Love prepoſſeſſes your Heart to my Advantage: And I need not tell you (*Damon*) that a true Lover ought to perſwade himſelf, that all other Objects ought to give place to her, for whom his Heart ſighs.—— But ſee, my *Cupid* tells you 'tis One a Clock, and that you ought not to be longer from your Apartment; where, while you are undreſſing, I will give you leave to ſay to yourſelf ——

The Regret.

Alas! and muſt the Sun decline
Before it have inform'd my Eyes
Of all that's glorious, all that's fine,
Of all I ſigh for, all I prize?
How joyful were thoſe happy Days,
When Iris *ſpread her charming Rays,*
Did my unwearied Heart inſpire
With never-ceaſing awful Fire!
And e'ery Minute gave me new Deſire.

But now, alas! all dead and pale,
Like Flow'rs that wither in the Shade;
Where no kind Sun-beams can prevail,
To raiſe its cold and fading Head,
I ſink into my uſeleſs Bed.
I graſp the ſenceleſs Pillow as I lie;
A thouſand times, in vain, I ſighing cry,
Ah! wou'd to Heaven my Iris *were as nigh.*

One a Clock.

Impoſſibility to Sleep.

YOU have been up long enough; and *Cupid*, who takes care of your Health, tells you, is time for you to go to Bed. Perhaps you may ot ſleep as ſoon as you are laid, and poſſibly ou may paſs an Hour in Bed, before you ſhut our Eyes. In this impoſſibility of ſleeping, I hink it very proper for you to imagine what I m doing, where I am. Let your Fancy take a ittle Journey then inviſible to obſerve my Acti- ns and my Conduct. You will find me ſitting lone in my Cabinet (for I am one that do not ove to go to Bed early) and will find me very neaſie and penſive; pleas'd with none of thoſe hings that ſo well entertain others. I ſhun all Converſation, as far as Civility will allow, and ind no Satisfaction like being alone, where my oul may, without interruption, converſe with *Damon*. I ſigh, and ſometimes you will ſee my Cheeks

Cheeks wet with Tears, that inſenſibly glide down at a thouſand Thoughts that preſent themſelves ſoft and afflicting. I partake of all your Inquietude. On other things I think with Indifference, if ever my Thoughts do ſtray from the more agreeable Object. I find, however, a little Sweetneſs in his Thought, that, during my Abſence, your Heart thinks of me, when mine ſighs for you. Perhaps I am miſtaken, and that at the ſame time that you are the Entertainment of all my Thoughts, I am no more in yours; and perhaps you are thinking of thoſe things that immortalize the Young and Brave: either by thoſe Glories the Muſes flatter you with, or that of *Bellona*, and the God of War: and ſerving now a Monarch whoſe glorious Acts in Arms has out-gone all the feign'd and real Heroes of any Age, who has, himſelf, out-done whatever Hiſtory can produce of Great and Brave, and ſet ſo illuſtrious an Example to the Under-World, that it is not impoſſible, as much a Lover as you are, but you are thinking now how to render yourſelf worthy the Glory of ſuch a God-like Maſter, by projecting a thouſand things of Gallantry and Danger. And tho', I confeſs, ſuch Thoughts are proper for your Youth, your Quality, and the Place you have the Honour to hold under our Sovereign, yet let me tell you (*Damon*) you will not be without Inquietude, if you think of either being a delicate Poet, or a brave Warriour; for *Love* will ſtill interrupt your Glory, however you may think to divert him, either by Writing or Fighting. And you ought to remember theſe Verſes:

Love

Love and Glory.

Beneath the kind protecting Lawrel's ſhade,
For ſighing Lovers, and for Warriours made,
The ſoft Adonis *and rough* Mars *were laid.*

Both were deſign'd to take their Reſt;
But Love, *the gentle Boy, oppreſt,*
And falſe Alarms ſhook the ſtern Hero's Breaſt.

This thinks to ſoften all his Toils of War,
In the dear Arms of the obliging Fair:
And That, by Hunting to divert his Care.

All Day, o'er Hills and Plains, wild Beaſts he chas'd,
Swift as the flying Winds, his eager haſte,
In vain! the God of Love purſues as faſt.

But, oh! no Sports, no Toils divertive prove,
The Evening ſtill returns him to the Grove,
To ſigh and languiſh for the Queen of Love.

There Elegies and Sonnets he does frame,
And to the liſt'ning Ecchoes ſighs her Name,
And on the Trees carves Records of his Flame.

The Warriour, in the duſty Camp all Day,
With ratling Drums and Trumpets does eſſay,
To fright the tender flatt'ring God away.

But ſtill, alas, in vain: whate'er Delight,
That Care he takes the wanton Boy to fright,
Love ſtill revenges it at Night.

'Tis

'Tis then he haunts the Royal Tent,
The ſleeping Hours in Sighs are ſpent,
And all his Reſolutions does prevent.

In all his Pains, Love mix'd his Smart;
In every Wound he feels a Dart;
And the ſoft God is trembling in his Heart.

Then he retires to ſhady Groves,
And there, in vain, he ſeeks Repoſe,
And ſtrives to fly from what he cannot loſe.

While thus he lay, Bellona came,
And with a generous fierce Diſdain
Upbraids him with his feeble Flame.

Ariſe, the World's great Terror, and their Care;
Behold the glitt'ring Hoſt from far,
That waits the Conduct of the God of War.

Beneath theſe glorious Lawrels, which were made
To Crown the Noble Victor's Head,
Why thus ſupinely art thou laid?

Why on that Face, where awful Terror grew,
Thy Sun-parc'd Cheeks, why do I view
The ſhining Tracks of falling Tears bedew?

What God has wrought theſe univerſal Harms?
What fatal Nymph, what fatal Charms
Has made the Hero deaf to War's Alarms?

Now let the Conqu'ring Enſigns up be furl'd:
Learn to be gay, be ſoft, and curl'd;
And idle, loſe the Empire of the World.

fond Effeminate Delights go on;
ose all the Glories you have won:
avely resolve to love, and be undone.

is thus the Martial Virgin pleads;
us she the Am'rous God perswades
fly from Venus, *and the flow'ry Meads.*

You see here that Poets and Warriours are tentimes in Affliction, even under the Shades their protecting Lawrels; and let the Nymphs d Virgins sing what they please to their Me-ory, under the Mirtles, and on Flow'ry Beds, uch better Days than in the Campaign. Nor the Crowns of Glory surpass those of Love: he first is but an empty Name, which is won, pt, and lost with Hazard; but Love more bly employs a brave Soul, and all his Pleasures solid and lasting; and when one has a wor-y Object of one's Flame, Glory accompanies ve too. But go to sleep, the Hour is come; d 'tis now that your Soul ought to be enter-n'd in Dreams.

Two a Clock.

Conversation in Dreams.

Doubt not but you will think it very bold and arbitrary, that my *Watch* should pretend rule even your Sleeping Hours, and that my *id* should govern your very Dreams; which are

are but Thoughts diſorder'd, in which Reaſo has no part; Chimera's of the Imagination, an no more: But tho' my Watch does not preten to Counſel unreaſonable, yet you muſt allow i here; if not to paſs the Bounds, at leaſt, to ad vance to the utmoſt limits of it. I am aſſur'd that after having thought ſo much of me in th Day, you will think of me alſo in the Night. An the firſt Dream my *Watch* permits you to make is to think you are in Converſation with me.

Imagine (*Damon*) that you are talking t me of your Paſſion, with all the Tranſport of Lover, and that I hear you with Satisfaction That all my Looks and Bluſhes, while you ar ſpeaking, gives you new Hopes and Aſſurance that you are not indifferent to me, and that give you a thouſand Teſtimonies of my Ten derneſs, all Innocent and Obliging.

While you are ſaying all that Love can dictat all that Wit and good Manners can invent, an all that I wiſh to hear from *Damon*, believe i this Dream, all flattering and dear; that afte having ſhew'd me the Ardour of your Flam that I confeſs to you the Bottom of my Hear and all the loving Secrets there; that I give yo Sigh for Sigh, Tenderneſs for Tenderne Heart for Heart, and Pleaſure for Pleaſur And I would have your Senſe of this Dream perfect, and your Joy ſo entire, that if it hap pen you ſhould awake with the Satisfaction fro this Dream, you ſhould find your Heart ſtill pa ting with the ſoft Pleaſure of the dear deceivin Tranſport, and you ſhould be ready to c out, ------

Ah! how ſweet it is to dream,
When Charming Iris *is the Theme!*

r ſuch, I wiſh, my *Damon*, your ſleeping and
ur waking Thoughts ſhould render me to
ur Heart.

Three a Clock.

Capricious Suffering in Dreams.

T is but juſt to mix a little Chagrin with
theſe Pleaſures, a little Bitter with your
eet; you may be cloy'd with too long an
agination of my Favours: And I will have
ur Fancy in Dreams repreſent me to it, as the
ſt capricious Maid in the World. I know,
e you will accuſe my Watch, and blame me
h unneceſſary Cruelty, as you will call it;
t Lovers have their little Ends, their little
vantages, to purſue by Methods wholly un-
countable to all, but that Heart that contrives
n: And as good a Lover, as I believe you,
u will not enter into my Deſign at firſt ſight;
d though, on reaſonable Thoughts, you will
ſatisfied with this Conduct of n.ine, at its firſt
proach you will be ready to cry out, ——

The Requeſt.

Oh Iris! *let my ſleeping Hours be fraught*
With Joys, which you deny my waking Thought.
Is't not enough you abſent are?
Is't not enough I ſigh all Day,
And languiſh out my Life in Care,
To e'ery Paſſion made a Prey?
I burn with Love and ſoft Deſire;
I rave with Jealouſie and Fear:
All Day, for Eaſe, my Soul I tire;
In vain I ſearch it e'ery-where:
It dwells not with the Witty or the Fair.

It is not in the Camp or Court,
In Buſ'neſs, Muſick, or in Sport;
The Plays, the Park, and Mall afford
No more than the dull Baſſet-board.
The Beauties in the Drawing-room,
With all their Sweetneſs, all their Bloom,
No more my faithful Eyes invite,
Nor rob my Iris *of a Sigh or Glance,*
Unleſs ſoft Thoughts of her incite
A Smile, or trivial Complaiſance.
Then ſince my Days ſo anxious prove,
Ah, Cruel Tyrant! give
A little Looſe to Joys in Love,
And let your Damon *live.*
Let him in Dreams be happy made,
And let his Sleep ſome Bliß provide:
The niceſt Maid may yield, in Night's dark ſhade
What ſhe ſo long by Day-light had deny'd.
There let me think you preſent are,
And court my Pillow for my Fair.

re let me find you kind, and that you give
that a Man of Honour dares receive.
d may my Eyes Eternal Watches keep,
ther than want that Pleaſure, when I ſleep.

Some ſuch Complaint as this, I know you will ke; but (*Damon*) if the little Quarrels of vers render the reconciling Moments ſo infi-ely Charming, you muſt needs allow, that ſe little Chagrins in capricious Dreams muſt aken you to more Joy to find 'em but Dreams, n if you had met with no Diſorder there. s for this Reaſon that I wou'd have you ſuf- a little Pain, for a coming Pleaſure; nor, eed, is it poſſible for you to eſcape the eams my *Cupid* points you out. You ſhall am that I have a thouſand *Foibleſſes*, ſome-ng of the lightneſs of my Sex; that my Soul mploy'd in a thouſand Vanities; that (proud d fond of Lovers) I make Advances for the ory of a Slave, without any other Intereſt, or ſign, than that of being ador'd. I will give u leave to think my Heart fickle, and that, from reſigning it to any one, I lend it only a Day, or an Hour, and take it back at aſure, that I am a very *Coquet*, even to Im-rtinence.

All this I give you leave to think, and to of-d me; but 'tis in Sleep only that I permit it; I would never pardon you the leaſt Offence this nature, if in any other kind than in a eam. Nor is it enough Affliction to you, to agine me thus idly vain; but you are to paſs to an hundred more capricious Humours; as

that I exact of you a hundred unjuſt Thing that I pretend you ſhould break off with all yo Friends, and for the future, have none at a that I will, myſelf, do thoſe Things, which violently condemn in you; and that I will ha for others, as well as you, that tender Frien ſhip that reſembles Love, or rather that Lo which People call Friendſhip; and that I w not, after all, have you dare complain on me

In fine, be as ingenious as you pleaſe, to to ment yourſelf; and believe, that I am becor unjuſt, ungrateful, and inſenſible: But wer ſo indeed, O *Damon!* Conſider your awaki Heart, and tell me; Wou'd your Love ſta the Proof of all theſe Faults in me? But kno that I would have you believe, I have none theſe Weakneſſes, though I am not wholly wit out Faults, but thoſe will be excuſable to a L ver; and this Notion I have of a perfect one

Whate'er fantaſtick Humours rule the Fair,
She's ſtill the Lover's Dotage and his Care.

Four a Clock.

Jealouſie in Dreams.

DO not think (*Damon*) to wake yet; for deſign you ſhall yet ſuffer a little more Jealouſie muſt now poſſeſs you, that Tyrant ver the Heart, that compels your very Reaſo and ſeduces all your good Nature. And in th Dream, you muſt believe that in ſleeping whi yo

cou'd not do me the Injuſtice to do when
ake. And here you muſt explain all my Acti-
to the utmoſt Diſadvantage: Nay, I will
h, that the force of this Jealouſie may be ſo
ream, that it may make you languiſh in Grief
be overcome with Anger.

You ſhall now imagine, that one of your Ri-
s is with me, interrupting all you ſay, or hin-
ng all you wou'd ſay; that I have no atten-
n to what you ſay aloud to me, but that I in-
ne my Ear to hearken to all that he whiſpers
me. You ſhall repine, that he purſues me
ry-where, and is eternally at your Heels if
approach me; that I careſs him with Sweet-
s in my Eyes, and that Vanity in my Heart,
t poſſeſſes the Humors of almoſt all the Fair;
t is, to believe it greatly for my Glory to
e abundance of Rivals for my Lovers. I
w you love too well, not to be extreamly
aſie in the Company of a Rival, and to have
perpetually near me; for let him be belov'd
not by the Miſtreſs, it muſt be confeſs'd, a
al is a very troubleſome Perſon: But, to af-
you to the utmoſt, I will have you imagine
t my Eyes approve of all his Thoughts; that
y flatter him with Hopes, and that I have ta-
away my Heart from you, to make a Pre-
t of it to this more lucky Man. You ſhall
er, while poſſeſs'd with this Dream, all that a
el Jealouſie can make a tender Soul ſuffer.

The Torment.

Jealouſie! thou Paſſion moſt ingrate!
menting as Deſpair, envious as Hate!

Spightful as Witchcraft, which th' Invoker harms;
Worse than the Wretch that suffers by its Charms.
Thou subtil Poyson in the Fancy bred,
Diffus'd through every Vein, the Heart and Head,
And over all, like wild Contagion, spread.
Thou, whose sole Property is to destroy,
Thou Opposite to Good, Antipathy to Joy,
Whose Attributes are cruel, Rage, and Fire,
Reason debauch'd, false Sence, and mad Desire.

In fine, it is a Passion that ruffles all the Se
ses, and disorders the whole Frame of Natur
It makes one hear and see what was never spo
and what never was in view. 'Tis the Bane
Health and Beauty, an unmannerly Intrude
and an Evil of Life worse than Death. She is
very cruel Tyrant in the Heart; she possess
and pierces it with infinite Unquiets; and
may lay it down as a certain Maxim ——

She that wou'd wreck a Lover's Heart
To the Extent of Cruelty,
Must his Tranquility subvert
To tort'ring Jealousie.

I speak too sensibly of this Passion, not to ha
lov'd well enough, to have been touch'd with i
And you shall be this unhappy Lover (*Dam*
during this Dream, in which nothing shall pr
sent itself to your tumultuous Thoughts, th
shall not bring its Pain. You shall here pass a
re-pass a hundred Designs that shall confou
one another. In fine (*Damon*) Anger, Hatre
and Revenge shall surround your Heart.

Th

There they ſhall all together reign
With mighty Force, with mighty Pain;
Fight of Reaſon, in Contempt of Love:
Sometimes by turns, ſometimes united move.

Five a Clock.

Quarrels in Dreams.

I Perceive you are not able to ſuffer all this Injuſtice, nor can I permit it any longer; though you commit no Crime yourſelf, yet believe, in this Dream, that I complain of uries you do my Fame, and that I am ex-amly angry with a Jealouſie ſo prejudicial to Honour. Upon this Belief you accuſe me Weakneſs; you reſolve to ſee me no more, are making a thouſand feeble Vows againſt ve! You eſteem me as a falſe one, and re-ve to ceaſe loving the vain *Coquet*, and will to me as a certain Friend of yours ſaid to falſe Miſtreſs:

The Inconſtant.

Though, Sylvia, *you are very fair,*
Yet diſagreeable to me;
And ſince you ſo inconſtant are,
Your Beauty's damn'd with Levity.
Your Wit, your moſt offenſive Arms,
For want of Judgment, wants its Charms.

To every Lover that is new,
All new and charming you ſurprize;
But when your fickle Mind they view,
They ſhun the danger of your Eyes.
Shou'd you a Miracle of Beauty ſhow,
Yet you're inconſtant, and will ſtill be ſo.

'Tis thus you will think of me: And, in fin (*Damon*) during this Dream, we are in a pe petual State of War.

Thus both reſolve to break their Chain,
And think to do't without much Pain,
But, Oh! Alas! we ſtrive in vain.

For Lovers of themſelves can nothing do;
There muſt be the Conſent of Two:
You give it me, and I muſt give it you.

And if we ſhall never be free, till we acqu one another, this Tye between you and I (*D mon*) is likely to laſt as long as we live; ther fore in vain you endeavour, but can never a tain your End; and in concluſion you will fa in thinking of me:

Oh! how at Eaſe my Heart wou'd live,
Cou'd I renounce this Fugitive,
This dear (but falſe) attracting Maid,
That has her Vows and Faith betray'd!
Reaſon wou'd have it ſo, but Love
Dares not the dang'rous Tryal prove.

Do not be angry then, for this afflicting hour is drawing to an end, and you ought not to deſpair of coming into my abſolute Favour again.

Then do not let your murm'ring Heart,
Againſt my Int'reſt, take your Part.
The Feud was rais'd by Dreams, all falſe and vain,
And the next Sleep ſhall reconcile again.

Six a Clock.

Accommodation in Dreams.

THough the angry Lovers force themſelves, all they can, to chaſe away the troubleſome Tenderneſs of the Heart, in the height of their Quarrels, Love ſees all their Sufferings, pities and redreſſes 'em: And when we begin to cool, and a ſoft Repentance follows the Chagrin of the Love-Quarrel, 'tis then that Love takes the advantage of both Hearts, and renews the charming Friendſhip more forcibly than ever, puts a ſtop to all our Feuds, and renders the Peace-making Minutes the moſt dear and tender part of our Life. How pleaſing 'tis to ſee your Rage diſſolve! How ſweet, how ſoft is every Word that pleads for Pardon at my Feet! 'Tis there that, you tell me, your very Sufferings are over-paid, when I but aſſure you from my Eyes, that I will forget your Crime: And your Imagination ſhall here preſent me the moſt

moſt ſenſible of your paſt Pain, that you can wiſh; and that, all my Anger being vaniſh'd, I give you a thouſand Marks of my Faith and Gratitude; and laſtly, to crown all, that we again make new Vows to one another of inviolable Peace.

After theſe Debates of Love,
Lovers thouſand Pleaſures prove,
Which they ever think to taſte,
Tho' oftentimes they do not laſt.

Enjoy then all the Pleaſures that a Heart that is very amorous, and very tender, can enjoy. Think no more on thoſe Inquietudes that you have ſuffer'd, bleſs *Love* for his Favours, and thank me for my Graces; and reſolve to endure any thing, rather than enter upon any new Quarrels. And however dear the reconciling Moments are, there proceeds a great deal of Evil from theſe little frequent Quarrels; and I think, the beſt Counſel we can follow, is to avoid 'em as near as we can: And if we cannot, but that, in ſpight of Love and good Underſtanding, they ſhould break out, we ought to make as ſpeedy a Peace as poſſible, for 'tis not good to grate the Heart too long, leſt it grow harden'd inſenſibly, and loſe its native Temper. A few Quarrels there muſt be in Love; Love cannot ſupport itſelf without 'em; and, beſides the Joy of an Accommodation, Love becomes by it more ſtrongly united, and more charming. Therefore let the Lover receive this as a certain Receipt againſt declining Love:

Love

Love reconcil'd.

He that wou'd have the Paſſion be
Entire between the Am'rous Pair,
Let not the little Feuds of Jealouſie
Be carried on to a Deſpair:
That pauls the Pleaſure he would raiſe;
The Fire that he wou'd blow, allays.

When Underſtandings falſe ariſe,
When miſinterpreted your thought;
If falſe Conjectures of your Smiles and Eyes
Be up to Baneful Quarrel wrought;
Let Love *the kind Occaſion take,*
And ſtrait Accommodation make.

The ſullen Lover, long unkind,
Ill-natur'd, hard to reconcile,
Loſes the Heart he had inclin'd,
Love cannot undergo long Toil;
He's ſoft and ſweet, not born to bear
The rough Fatigues of painful War.

Seven a Clock.

Divers Dreams.

BEhold (*Damon*) the laſt Hour of your Sleep, and of my *Watch*. She leaves you at liberty now, and you may chuſe your Dreams: Truſt 'em to your Imaginations, give a Looſe to Fancy,

Fancy, and let it rove at Will, provided, *Damon*, it be always guided by a reſpectful *Love*. For thus far I pretend to give Bounds to your Imagination, and will not have it paſs beyond 'em: Take heed, in Sleeping, you give no Ear to a flatt'ring *Cupid*, that will favour your ſlumbring Minutes with Lies too pleaſing and vain: You are diſcreet enough when you are awake; Will you not be ſo in Dreams?

Damon, awake: My *Watch*'s Courſe is done; after this, you cannot be ignorant of what you ought to do during my abſence. I did not believe it neceſſary to caution you about Balls and Comedies; you know, a Lover depriv'd of his Miſtreſs, goes ſeldom there. But if you cannot handſomly avoid theſe Divertions, I am not ſo unjuſt a Miſtreſs, to be angry with you for it; go, if Civility, or other Duties, oblige you: I will only forbid you, in conſideration of me, not to be too much ſatisfied with thoſe Pleaſures, but ſee 'em ſo, as the World may have Reaſon to ſay, you do not ſeek 'em, you do not make a Buſineſs or a Pleaſure of 'em, and that 'tis Complaiſance, and not Inclination, that carries you thither. Seem rather negligent than concern'd at any thing there; and let every part of you ſay, Iris *is not here.* ——

I ſay nothing to you neither of your Duty elſewhere; I am ſatisfied you know it too well, and have too great a Veneration for your Glorious Maſter, to neglect any part of that for even Love itſelf: And I very well know how much you love to be eternally near his illuſtrious Perſon; and that you ſcarce prefer your Miſtreſs be-

before him, in point of Love: In all things elſe, I give him leave to take place of *Iris*, in the noble Heart of *Damon*.

I am ſatisfied you paſs your Time well now at *Windſor*, for you adore that place, and 'tis not, indeed, without great Reaſon; for 'tis moſt certainly now render'd the moſt glorious Palace in the Chriſtian World. And had our late Gracious Soveraign of bleſſed Memory had no other Miracles and Wonders of his Life and Reign, to have immortaliz'd his Fame, (of which there ſhall remain a Thouſand to Poſterity) this Noble Structure alone, this Building (almoſt Divine) would have eterniz'd the great Name of Glorious *Charles* the Second, till the World moulder again to its old Confuſion, its firſt *Chaos*. And the Paintings of the famous *Verio*, and Noble Carvings of the unimitable *Gibon*, ſhall never die, but remain, to tell ſucceeding Ages, that all Arts and Learning were not confin'd to ancient *Rome* and *Greece*, but that *England* too could boaſt its mightieſt ſhare. Nor is the In-ſide of this Magnificent Structure, immortaliz'd with ſo many eternal Images of the Illuſtrious *Charles* and *Katherine*, more to be admir'd than the wondrous Proſpects without. The ſtupendious Heighth, on which the famous Pile is built, renders the Fields and Flowery Meads below, the Woods, the Thickets, and the winding Streams, the moſt delightful Object that ever Nature produc'd. Beyond all theſe, and far below, in an inviting Vale, the venerable College, an Old, but Noble Building, raiſes itſelf, in the midſt of all the

Beau-

Beauties of Nature, high-grown Trees, fruitful Plains, purling Rivulets, and ſpacious Gardens, adorn'd with all Variety of Sweets that can delight the Senſes.

At farther diſtance yet, on an Aſcent almoſt as high as that to the Royal Structure, you may behold that famous and noble *Clifdon* Riſe, a Palace erected by the illuſtrious Duke of *Buckingham*: Who will leave this wondrous Piece of Architecture, to inform the future World of the Greatneſs and Delicacy of his Mind, it being, for its Situation, its Proſpects, and its marvellous Contrivances, one of the fineſt *Villa's* of the World; at leaſt, were it finiſh'd as begun; and would ſufficiently declare the magnifick Soul of the Hero that caus'd it to be built, and contriv'd all its Fineneſs. And this makes up not the leaſt part of the beautiful Proſpect from the Palace-Royal, while on the other ſide lies ſpread a fruitful and delightful Park and Foreſt, well ſtor'd with Deer, and all that make the Proſpect charming; fine Walks, Groves, diſtant Valleys, Downs and Hills, and all that Nature could invent, to furniſh out a quiet ſoft Retreat for the moſt Fair and moſt Charming of Queens, and the moſt Heroick, Good, and Juſt of Kings: And theſe Groves alone are fit and worthy to divert ſuch Earthly Gods.

Nor can Heaven, Nature, or Humane Art contrive an Addition to this Earthly Paradiſe, unleſs thoſe great Inventors of the Age, Sir *Samuel Morland*, or Sir *Robert Gorden*, cou'd, by the Power of Engines, convey the Water ſo into the Park and Caſtle, as to furniſh it with de-

lightful

lightful Fountains, both uſeful and beautiful. Theſe are only wanting, to render the Place all Perfection, without Exception.

This, *Damon*, is a long Digreſſion from the Buſineſs of my Heart; but, you know, I am ſo in Love with that charming Court, that when you gave me an Occaſion, by your being there now, but to name the Place, I could not forbear tranſgreſſing a little, in favour of its wondrous Beauty; and the rather, becauſe I won'd, in recounting it, give you to underſtand how many fine Objects there are, beſides the Ladies that adorn it, to employ your vacant Moments in; and hope you will, without my Inſtructions, paſs a great part of your idle Time in ſurveying theſe Proſpects, and give that Admiration you ſhou'd pay to living Beauty, to thoſe more venerable Monuments of everlaſting Fame.

Neither need I (*Damon*) aſſign you your waiting Times; your Honour, Duty, Love, and Obedience will inſtruct you when to be near the Perſon of the King; and, I believe, you will omit no part of that Devoir. You ought to eſtabliſh your Fortune aud your Glory: For I am not of the Mind of thoſe Critical Lovers, who believe it a very hard Matter to reconcile Love and Intereſt, to adore a Miſtreſs, and ſerve a Maſter at the ſame time. And I have heard thoſe, who, on this Subject, ſay, *Let a Man be never ſo careful in theſe double Duties, 'tis Ten to one but he loſes his Fortune or his Miſtreſs.* Theſe are Errors that I condemn: And I know, that Love and Ambition are not incompatible, but that a brave Man may preſerve all his Duties to his

his Soveraign, and his Paſſion and his Reſpect for his Miſtreſs. And this is my Notion of it.

Love and Ambition.

The Nobler Lover, who wou'd prove
Uncommon in Addreſs,
Let him Ambition joyn with Love;
With Glory, Tenderneſs:
But let the Vertues ſo be mixt,
That when to Love he goes,
Ambition may not come betwixt,
Nor Love his Power oppoſe.
The vacant Hours from ſofter Sport
Let him give up to Int'reſt and the Court.

'Tis Honour ſhall his Bus'neſs be,
And Love his Nobleſt Play:
Thoſe two ſhould never diſagree,
For both make either gay.
Love without Honour were too mean
For any gallant Heart;
And Honour ſingly, but a Dream,
Where Love muſt have no part.
A Flame like this you cannot fear,
Where Glory claims an equal Share.

Such a Paſſion (*Damon*) can never make you quit any part of your Duty to your Prince. And the Monarch you ſerve is ſo gallant a Maſter, that the Inclination you have to his Perſon obliges you to ſerve him, as much as your Duty; for *Damon*'s Loyal Soul loves the Man, and adores the Monarch; for he is certain

ly all that compels both, by a charming ce and Goodneſs from all Mankind:

The King:

Darling of Mars! Bellona's *Care!*
The ſecond Deity of War!
Delight of Heaven, and Joy of Earth!
Born for great and wondrous things!
Deſtin'd at his Auſpicious Birth
Outdo the num'rous Race of long-paſt Kings.

Beſt Repreſentative of Heaven,
Whom its chiefeſt Attributes are given!
Great, Pious, Stedfaſt, Juſt, and Brave!
To Vengeance ſlow, but ſwift to ſave!
Diſpencing Mercy all abroad!
Soft and Forgiving as a God!

Our Saving Angel, who preſerv'ſt the Land
From the Juſt Rage of the Avenging Hand;
Quit the dire Plague, that o'er the Earth was hurl'd,
And ſheathing thy Almighty Sword,
Calm'd the wild Fears of a diſtracted World,
(As Heaven firſt made it) with a ſacred Word!

But I will ſtop the low Flight of my humble Muſe, who, when ſhe is upon the Wing, on this glorious Subject, knows no Bounds. And all the World has agreed to ſay ſo much of the Vertues and Wonders of this great Monarch, that they have left me nothing new to ſay; though indeed he every day gives us new Themes of his growing Greatneſs, and we ſee nothing that

equals him in our Age. Oh, how happy are to obey his Laws, for he is the greateſt of Kin and the beſt of Men!

You will be very unjuſt (*Damon*) if you not confeſs, I have acquitted myſelf like a Ma of Honour, of all the Obligations I owe yo upon the account of the *Diſcretion* I loſt to yo If it be not valuable enough, I am generous nough to make it good: And ſince I am ſo wi ling to be juſt, you ought to eſteem me, and make it your chiefeſt Care to preſerve me you for I believe I ſhall deſerve it, and wiſh y ſhou'd believe ſo too. Remember me, write me, and obſerve punctually all the Motions my *Watch:* The more you regard it, the bet you will like it; and, whatever you think of at firſt ſight, 'tis no ill Preſent. The Inventi is ſoft and gallant; and *Germany*, ſo celebrat for rare *Watches*, can produce nothing to eq this.

Damon, *my Watch is juſt, and new;*
And all a Lover ought to do,
My Cupid *faithfully will ſhew.*
And every Hour he renders there,
Except L'heure du Bergere.

The End of the WATCH.

TH

THE CASE FOR THE WATCH.

DAMON *to* IRIS.

EXpect not, O charming *Iris!* that I ſhou'd chuſe Words to thank you in; (Words, that leaſt part of Love, and leaſt the Buſineſs of the Lover) but will ſay all, and every thing that a tender Heart can dictate, to make Acknowledgment for ſo dear and precious a preſent, as this of your charming *Watch*; while I can ſay will but too dully expreſs my ſenſe of Gratitude, my Joy, and the Pleaſure I receive in the mighty Favour. I confeſs the preſent too rich, too gay, and too magnificent for my Expectation; and though my Love and Faith deſerve it, yet my humbler Hope never durſt carry me to a Wiſh of ſo great a Bliſs, ſo great an Acknowledgment from the Maid I adore! The Materials are glorious, the Work

delicate, and the Movement juſt, and e
gives Rules to my Heart, who ſhall obſerve
ry exactly all that the *Cupid* remarks to
even to the Minutes, which I will point w
Sighs, though I am oblig'd to 'em there but e
ry Half-hour. ——

You tell me, fair *Iris*, that I ought to p
ſerve it tenderly, and yet you have ſent it
without a Caſe. But that I may obey you juſt
and keep it dear to me, as long as I live, I w
give it a Caſe of my Faſhion: It ſhall be delica
and ſuitable to the fine Preſent; of ſuch Ma
rials too. But becauſe I would have it perfe
I will conſult your admirable Wit and Inve
on in an Affair of ſo curious a conſequence.

The FIGURE *of the* CASE.

I Deſign to give it the Figure of a Hea
Does not your *Watch*, *Iris*, rule the Hear
It was your Heart that contriv'd it, and 'tw
your Heart you conſulted in all the manageme
of it; and 'twas your Heart that brought it
ſo fine a Concluſion. The Heart never a
without Reaſon, and all the Heart projects,
performs with Pleaſure.

Your *Watch*, my lovely Maid, has explain
to me a World of rich Secrets of Love: A
where ſhou'd Thoughts ſo ſacred be ſtor'd, b
in the Heart, where all the Secrets of the So
are treaſur'd up, and of which only *Love* alo
can take a View? 'Tis thence he takes his Sig
and Tears, and all his little Flatteries and A
to pleaſe. All his fine Thoughts, and all h
migh

ghty Raptures, nothing is so proper as the art to preserve it; nothing so worthy as the art to contain it; and it concerns my Interest too much, not to be infinitely careful of so ar a Treasure: And, believe me, charming , I will never part with it.

The Votary.

Fair Goddeß of my just Deſire,
Inſpirer of my ſoftest Fire!
Since you, from out the num'rous Throng,
That to your Altars do belong,
me the Sacred Myſt'ry have reveal'd,
om all my Rival-Worſhippers conceal'd;
And touch'd my Soul with heav'nly Fire:
Refin'd it from its groſſer Senſe,
d wrought it to a higher Excellence;
It can no more return to Earth,
Like things that thence receive their Birth:
But ſtill aſpiring, upward move,
d teach the World new Flights of Love.
New Arts of Secreſie ſhall learn,
d render Youth diſcreet in Love's Concern.

his ſoft Heart, to hide the charming things,
A Miſtreß whiſpers to his Ear;
And e'ery tender Sigh ſhe brings,
Mix with his Soul, and hide it there.
bear himſelf ſo well in Company,
That if his Miſtreß preſent be,
It may be thought by all the Fair,
Each in his Heart does claim a ſhare,
And all are more belov'd than ſhe.

But when with the dear Maid apart,
Then at her Feet the Lover lies;
Opens his Soul, ſhews all his Heart,
While Joy is dancing in his Eyes.
Then all that Honour may, or take, or give,
They both diſtribute, both receive.
A Looker on wou'd ſpoil a Lover's Joy;
For Love's a Game where only Two can play.
And 'tis the hardeſt of Love's Myſteries,
To feign Love where it is not, hide it where it is.

After having told you, my lovely *Iris*, that deſign to put your Watch into a Heart, ought to ſhew you the Ornaments of the Ca I do intend to have 'em Crown'd Cyphers. do not mean thoſe Crowns of Vanity, whi are put indifferently on all ſorts of Cypher No, I muſt have ſuch, as may diſtinguiſh mi from the reſt; and may be true Emblems what I wou'd repreſent. My four Cyphe therefore ſhall be Crown'd with theſe fo Wreaths of Olive, Laurel, Myrtle, and Roſe And the Letters that begin the Names of *I* and *Damon*, ſhall compoſe the Cyphers though I muſt intermix ſome other Lette that bear another Sence, and have anoth Signification.

The Firſt CYPHER.

THE firſt Cypher is compos'd of an *I*, a a *D*, which are joyn'd by an *L*, and *E*. Which ſignifies, Love extream. And but juſt, O adorable *Iris!* that Love ſhou'd mix

xt with our Cyphers, and that Love alone
on'd be the Union of 'em.

ve ought alone the Myſtick Knot to die;
Love, that great Maſter of all Arts:
nd this dear Cypher, *is to let you ſee,*
Love unites Names, as well as Hearts.

Without this charming Union, our Souls
uld not communicate thoſe inviſible Sweet-
ſſes, which compleat the Felicity of Lovers;
d which, the moſt tender and paſſionate Ex-
eſſions, are too feeble to make us compre-
nd. But, my adorable *Iris*, I am contented
th the vaſt Pleaſure I feel in loving well,
thout the Care of expreſſing it well; if you
ll imagine my Pleaſure, without expreſſing
For I confeſs, 'twou'd be no Joy to me to
lore you, if you did not perfectly believe I
d adore you. Nay, though you lov'd me, if
u had no Faith in me, I ſhou'd languiſh, and
ve in as much Pain, as if you ſcorn'd, and at
e ſame time believ'd I dy'd for you. For ſure-
Iris, 'tis a greater Pleaſure to pleaſe, than
be pleas'd; and the glorious Power of gi-
ng, is infinitely a greater Satisfaction, than
at of receiving; there is ſo great and God-
e a Quality in it. I wou'd have your Belief
erefore equal to my Paſſion, extream; as in-
ed, all Love ſhou'd be, or it cannot bear
at Divine Name: It can paſs but for an indif-
ent Affection. And theſe Cyphers ought to
ake the World find all the noble Force of
licate Paſſion. For, O my *Iris!* what wou'd

Love signifie, if we did not love fervently. S
sters and Brothers Love; Friends and Relat
ons have Affections; but where the Souls a
joyn'd, which are fill'd with eternal soft Wishe
Oh! there is some Excess of Pleasure, whic
cannot be expres't!

Your Looks, your dear obliging Words, a
your charming Letters have sufficiently pers
ded me of your Tenderness; and you mig
surely see the Excess of my Passion, by m
Cares, my Sighs, and entire Resignation
your Will. I never think of *Iris*, but m
Heart feels double Flames, and pants a
heaves with double Sighs; and whose For
makes its Ardors known, by a thousand Tra
sports: And they are very much to blame,
give the Name of Love to feeble easie Passion
Such transitory tranquil Inclinations are at b
but Well-wishers to Love; and a Heart th
has such Heats as those, ought not put itse
into the Rank of those nobler Victims that a
offer'd at the Shrine of Love. But our Sou
Iris, burn with a more glorious Flame, th
lights and conducts us beyond a Possibility
losing one another. 'Tis this that flatters
my Hopes: 'Tis this alone makes me belie
myself worthy of *Iris*: And let her jud
of its Violence, by the Greatness of its Splen
dour.

Does not a Passion of this Nature, so true,
ardent, deserve to be crown'd? And will y
wonder to see, over this Cypher, a Wreath
Myrtles, those Boughs, so sacred to the Que
of Love, and so worshipt by Lovers? 'Tis wi
the

these soft Wreaths, that those are crown'd, who understand how to love well and faithfully.

The Smiles, the Graces, and the Sports,
That in the sacred Groves maintain their Courts,
Are with these Myrtles crown'd.
Thither the Nymphs their Garlands bring;
Their Beauties, and their Praises sing,
While Ecchoe's do the Songs resound.

Love, tho' a God, with Myrtle Wreaths,
Does his soft Temples bind.
More valu'd are those consecrated Leaves,
Than the bright Wealth, in Eastern Rocks confin'd:
And Crowns of Glory less Ambition move,
Than those more sacred Diadems of Love.

The Second CYPHER.

IS crown'd with Olives; and I add to the two Letters of our Names, an *R*, and an *L*, for Reciprocal Love. Every time that I have given you, O lovely *Iris!* Testimonies of my Passion, I have been so blest, as to receive some from your Bounty; and you have been pleas'd to flatter me with a Belief, that I was not indifferent to you. I dare therefore say, that being honour'd with the Glory of your Tenderness and Care, I ought, as a Trophy of my illustrious Conquest, to adorn the Watch with a Cypher, that is so advantageous to me. Ought I not to esteem myself the most fortunate and happy of Mankind, to have exchang'd my Heart with so charming and admirable a Person

ſon as *Iris?* Ah! how ſweet, how precious is the Change; and how vaſt a Glory arrives to me from it! Oh! you muſt not wonder if my Soul abandon itſelf to a thouſand Extaſies! In the Merchandize of Hearts, Oh! how dear it is, to receive as much as one gives; and barter Heart for Heart! Oh! I wou'd not receive mine again, for all the Crowns the Univerſe contains! Nor ought you, my Adorable, make any Vows or Wiſhes, ever to retrieve yours; or ſhew the leaſt Repentance for the Bleſſing you have given me. The Exchange we made, was confirm'd by a noble Faith; and you ought to believe, you have beſtow'd it well, ſince you are paid for it, a Heart that is ſo conformable to yours, ſo true, ſo juſt, and ſo full of Adoration: And nothing can be the juſt Recompence of Love, but Love; and to enjoy the true Felicity of it, our Hearts ought to keep an equal Motion; and, like the Scales of Juſtice, always hang even.

'Tis the Property of Reciprocal Love, to make the Heart feel the Delicacy of Love, and to give the Lover all the Eaſe and Softneſs he can reaſonably hope. Such a Love renders all things advantageous and proſperous: Such a Love triumphs over all other Pleaſures. And I put a Crown of Olives over the Cypher of Reciprocal Love, to make known, that two Hearts, where Love is juſtly equal, enjoy a Peace, that nothing can diſturb.

Olives

Olives are never fading ſeen;
But always flouriſhing, and green.
The Emblem 'tis of Love and Peace;
For Love that's true, will never ceaſe:
And Peace does Pleaſure ſtill increaſe.
Joy to the World, the Peace of Kings imparts;
And Peace in Love diſtributes it to Hearts.

The Third CYPHER.

THE *C*, and the *L*, which are joyn'd to the Letters of our Names in this Cypher, crown'd with Laurel, explains a conſtant Love. It will not, my fair *Iris*, ſuffice, that my Love is extream, my Paſſion violent, and my Wiſhes fervent, or that our Loves are reciprocal: But it ought alſo to be conſtant; for in Love, the Imagination is oftner carried to thoſe things that may arrive, and which we wiſh for, than to things that Time has robb'd us of: And in thoſe agreeable Thoughts of Joys to come, the Heart takes more delight to wander, than in all thoſe that are paſt; though the Remembrance of 'em are very dear, and very charming. We ſhou'd be both unjuſt, if we were not perſwaded we are poſſeſt with a Vertue, the Uſe of which is ſo admirable, as that of Conſtancy. Our Loves are not of that ſort, that can finiſh, or have end; but ſuch a Paſſion, ſo perfect, and ſo conſtant, that it will be a Preſident for future Ages, to love perfectly; and when they wou'd expreſs an extream Paſſion, they will ſay, *They lov'd, as Damon did the charming* Iris. And he that knows

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the

the Glory of constant Love, will despise those fading Passions, those little Amusements, that serve for a Day. What Pleasure, or Dependance can one have in a Love of that sort? What Concern? What Raptures can such an Amour produce in a Soul? And what Satisfaction can one promise one's self, in playing with a false Gamester; who, though you are aware of him, in spight of all your Precaution, puts the false Dice upon you, and wins all?

Those Eyes, that can no better Conquest make,
Let 'em ne'r look abroad:
Such, but the empty Name of Lovers take,
And so prophane the God.
Better they never shou'd pretend,
Than e'er begun to make an End.

Of that fond Flame, what shall we say,
That's born and languish'd in a Day?
Such short-liv'd Blessings cannot bring
The Pleasure of an Envying.
Who is't will celebrate that Flame,
That's damn'd to such a scanty Fame?
While constant Love, the Nymphs and Swains
Still sacred make, in lasting Strains,
And chearful Lays throughout the Plains.

A constant Love knows no Decay;
But still advancing e'ery Day,
Will last as long as Life can stay,

With e'ery Look and Smile improves,
With the ſame Ardour always moves,
Vith ſuch, as Damon, *charming* Iris *loves!*

Conſtant Love finds it ſelf impoſſible to be aken; it reſiſts the Attacks of Envy, and a houſand Accidents that endeavour to change : Nothing can diſoblige it, but a known Falſe-eſs, or Contempt: Nothing can remove it, ough for a ſhort Moment it may lie ſullen and eſenting, it recovers, and returns with greater orce and Joy. I therefore, with very good eaſon, Crown this *Cypher* of *Conſtant Love* ith a Wreath of *Laurel*; ſince ſuch Love al-ays triumphs over Time and Fortune, though be not her Property to beſiege; for ſhe cannot vercome, but in defending herſelf; but the ictories ſhe gains, are never the leſs glorious.

For far leſs Conqueſt, we have known
The Victor wear the Laurel Crown.
he Triumph with more Pride let him receive;
Vhile thoſe of Love, at leaſt, more Pleaſures give.

The Fourth CYPHER.

PErhaps, my lovely Maid, you will not find out what I mean by the *S*, and the *L*, in is laſt Cypher, that is crown'd with Roſes. I ill therefore tell you, I mean *Secret Love.* here are very few People, who know the Na-re of that Pleaſure, which ſo Divine a Love reates: And let me ſay what I will of it, they uſt feel it themſelves, who wou'd rightly un-derſtand

derſtand it, and all its raviſhing Sweets. B
this there is a great deal of Reaſon to believ
the Secrecy in Love doubles the Pleaſures of
And I am ſo abſolutely perſwaded of this, th
I believe all thoſe Favours that are not kept
cret, are dull and paul'd, very inſipid and taſt
leſs Pleaſures: And let the Favours be never
innocent that a Lover receives from a Miſtre
ſhe ought to value 'em, ſet a Price upon 'e
and make the Lover pay dear; while he receiv
'em with Difficulty, and ſometimes with Hazar
A Lover that is not ſecret, but ſuffers eve
one to count his Sighs, has, at moſt, but a fe
ble Paſſion, ſuch as produces ſudden and tra
ſitory Deſires, which die as ſoon as born:
true Love has not this Character; for whenſ
ever 'tis made Publick, it ceaſes to be a Ple
ſure, and is only the Reſult of Vanity. N
that I expect our Loves ſhou'd always remain
Secret: No, I ſhou'd never, at that Rate, a
rive to a Bleſſing, which, above all the Glori
of the Earth, I aſpire to; but even then, the
are a thouſand Joys, a thouſand Pleaſures th
I ſhall be as careful to conceal from the fooli
World, as if the whole Preſervation of th
Pleaſure depended on my Silence; as indeed
does in a great Meaſure.

To this Cypher I put a Crown of Roſes, whic
are not Flowers of a very laſting Date. An
'tis to let you ſee, that 'tis impoſſible Love ca
be long hid. We ſee every Day, with what fin
Diſſimulation and Pains, People conceal a thou
ſand Hates and Malices, Diſguſts, Diſobligati
ons, and Reſentments, without being able t
con

nceal the leaſt part of their Love; but Repu-
tion has an Ardour, as well as Roſes; and a
over ought to eſteem that as the deareſt and
ndereſt Thing; not only that of his own,
hich is, indeed, the leaſt part; but that of his
iſtreſs, more valuable to him than Life. He
ght to endeavour to give People no occaſion
make falſe Judgments of his Actions, or to
ve their Cenſures; which, moſt certainly are
ver in the Favour of the fair Perſon; for
ely, thoſe falſe Cenſures are of the buſie Fe-
ale Sex, the Coquets of that number; whoſe
tle Spights and Railleries, joyn'd to that fan-
'd Wit they boaſt of, ſets 'em at Odds with
the Beautiful and Innocent: And how very
tle of that kind ſerves to give the World a
ith, when a thouſand Vertues, told of the
me Perſons, by more credible Witneſſes and
dges, ſhall paſs unregarded; ſo willing and
clin'd is all the World to credit the Ill, and
ndemn the Good. And yet, Oh! what pity
s, we are compell'd to live in Pain, to oblige
is fooliſh ſcandalous World! And tho' we
ow each others Vertue and Honour, we are
lig'd to obſerve that Caution (to humour the
alking Town) which takes away ſo great a
rt of the Pleaſure of Life! 'Tis therefore that
nong theſe Roſes, you will find ſome Thorns;
which you may imagine, that in Love, Pre-
ution is neceſſary to its Secrecy: And we muſt
ſtrain our ſelves, upon a thouſand Occaſions,
ith ſo much Care, that, O *Iris!* 'tis impoſſible
be Diſcreet, without Pain; but 'tis a Pain
at creates a thouſand Pleaſures.

Where

Where shou'd a Lover hide his Joys,
Free from Malice, free from Noise?
Where no Envy can intrude:
Where no busie Rival's Spy,
Made, by Disappotntment, rude,
May inform his Jealousie.
The Heart will their best Refuge prove;
Which Nature meant the Cabinet of Love.

What wou'd a Lover not endure,
His Mistress, Fame and Honour to secure?
Iris, the Care we take to be discreet,
Is the dear Toyl, that makes the Pleasure sweet.
The Thorn that does the We althincloſe,
That with leſs sawcy Freedom we may touch the Rose.

The CLASP *of the* WATCH.

AH, charming *Iris!* Ah, my lovely Maid! 'Tis now in a more peculiar Manner, that I require your Aid in the finishing of my Design, and compleating the whole Peice to the utmost Perfection; and without your Aid it cannot be perform'd. It is about the Clasp of the Watch; a Material, in all appearance, the most trivial of any part of it. But that it may be safe for ever, I design it the Image, or Figure of Two Hands; that fair One of the adorable *Iris*, joyn'd to mine; with this Motto *Inviolable Faith:* For this Case, this Heart ought to be shut up by this eternal Clasp. Oh, there is nothing so necessary as this! Nothing can secure Love, but Faith.

The

That Vertue ought to be a Guard to all the art thinks, and all the Mouth utters: Nor Love ſay he triumphs without it. And en that remains not in the Heart, all the reſt erves no Regard. Oh! I have not lov'd ſo to leave one Doubt upon your Soul. Why n, will you want that Faith? O unkind armer, that my Paſſion, and my Services ſo ly merit!

When two Hearts entirely love,
And in one Sphere of Honour move,
Each maintains the other's Fire,
With a Faith that is entire.
For what heedleſs Youth beſtows,
On a faithleſs Maid, his Vows.
Faith without Love, bears Vertue's Price;
Love, without her Mixture, is a Vice.

Love, like Religion, ſtill ſhou'd be,
In the Foundation, firm and true:
In Points of Faith, ſhou'd ſtill agree:
Tho' Innovations vain and new
(Love's little Quarrels) may ariſe;
Fundamentals ſtill they're juſt and wiſe.

Then, charming Maid, be ſure of this:
Allow me Faith as well as Love;
Since that alone affords no Bliſs,
Unleſs your Faith your Love improve,
Either reſolve to let me die
By fairer Play, your Cruelty;

Than not your Love, with Faith impart,
And with your Vows, to give your Heart.
In mad Despair I'd rather fall,
Than lose my glorious Hopes of conqu'ring all.

So certain it is, that Love without Faith, of no value.

In fine, my adorable *Iris*, this Case shall b as near as I can, like those delicate ones of *Filigrin* Work, which do not hinder the Sig from taking a View of all within: You m therefore see, through this Heart, all yo Watch. Nor is my Desire of preserving t inestimable Piece more, than to make it t whole Rule of my Life and Actions. And m chiefest Design in these Cyphers, is to compr hend in them, the principal Vertues that a most necessary to Love. Do not we kno that Reciprocal Love is Justice; Constant Lov Fortitude; Secret Love, Prudence? Thou 'tis true, that Extream Love, that is, Exce of Love, in one Sense, appears not to be Tem perance; yet you must know, my *Iris*, that Matters of Love, Excess is a Vertue, and th all other Degrees of Love are worthy Scor alone. 'Tis this alone, that can make goo the glorious Title: 'Tis this alone, that c bear the true Name of Love; and this alon that can bear the true Name of Love; an this alone, that renders the Lovers truly ha py, in spight of all the Storms of Fate, an Shocks of Fortune. This is an Antidote again all other Griefs: This bears up the Soul in a Calamity; and is the very Heaven of Life, th

t Refuge of all Worldly Pain and Care, and
y well bear the Title of Divine.

The Art of Loving well.

at Love may all Perfection be;
eet, Charming to the last Degree,
e Heart, where the bright Flame does dwell,
Faith and Softneſs ſhou'd excel:
ceſs of Love ſhou'd fill each Vein,
d all its ſacred Rites maintain.

e tend'reſt Thoughts Heav'n can inſpire,
ou'd be the Fuel to its Fire:
d that, like Incenſe, burn as pure;
that, in Urns, ſhou'd ſtill endure.
o fond Deſire ſhou'd fill the Soul,
t ſuch as Honour may controul.

alouſie I will allow:
ot the amorous Winds that blow
ou'd wanton in my Iris *Hair,*
raviſh Kiſſes from my Fair.
ot the Flowers that grow beneath,
ou'd borrow Sweetneſs of her Breath.

her Bird ſhe do careſs,
ow I grudge its Happineſs,
hen upon her Snowy Hand,
e Wanton does triumphing ſtand!
upon her Breſt ſke skips,
nd lays her Beak to Iris *Lips!*

Fainting at my raviſht Joy,
I cou'd the Innocent deſtroy.

If I can no Bliſs afford,
To a little harmleſs Bird,
Tell me, O thou dear lov'd Maid!
What Reaſon cou'd my Rage perſwade,
If a Rival ſhou'd invade?

If thy charming Eyes ſhou'd dart
Looks, that ſally from the Heart;
If you ſent a Smile, or Glance
To another, tho' by Chance;
Still thou giv'ſt what's not thy own:
They belong to me alone.

All Submiſſion I wou'd pay.
Man was born, the Fair t'obey.
Your very Look I'd underſtand,
And thence receive your leaſt Command:
Never your Juſtice will diſpute;
But, like a Lover, execute.

I wou'd no Uſurper be,
But in claiming ſacred thee.
I wou'd have all, and every part:
No Thought ſhou'd hide within thy Heart.
Mine a Cabinet was made,
Where Iris *Secrets ſhou'd be laid.*

In the reſt, without Controul,
She ſhou'd triumph o're the Soul:

ostrate at her feet I'd lie,
espising Power and Liberty;
orying more by Love to fall,
an rule the Universal Ball.

ear me, O you sawcy Youth!
d from my Maxims, learn this Truth.
u'd you great and powerful prove?
an humble Slave to Love.
is nobler far, a Joy to give,
an any Blessing to receive.


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THE LADY'S Looking-Glass, TO DRESS Herſelf by: OR, THE Whole ART OF CHARMING.

By Mrs. *BEHN.*

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THE Lady's Looking-Glaſs, TO DRESS Herſelf by: OR, THE ART of Charming.

HOW long, O charming *Iris!* ſhall I ſpeak in vain of your adorable Beauty? You have been juſt, and believe I love you with a Paſſion perfectly tender and extream; and yet you will not allow your Charms to be infinite. You muſt either accuſe my Flames to be unreaſonable, and that my Eyes and Heart are falſe Judges of Wit and Beauty; or allow, that you are the moſt perfect of your Sex. But inſtead of that, you always accuſe of me Flattery, when I ſpeak of your infinite Merit; and when I refer you to your Glaſs, you tell me, that flatters, as well as *Damon*; though one wou'd

wou'd imagine, that ſhou'd be a good Witneſs for the Truth of what I ſay, and undeceive you of the Opinion of my Injuſtice. Look---- and confirm yourſelf, that nothing can equal your Perfections. All the World ſays it, and you muſt doubt it no longer. O *Iris!* Will you diſpute againſt the whole World?

But ſince you have ſo long diſtruſted your own Glaſs, I have here preſented you with one, which I know is very true; and having been made for you only, can ſerve only you. All other Glaſſes preſent all Objects, but this reflects only *Iris*; whenever you conſult it, it will convince you; and tell you, how much Right I have done you, when I told you, you were the faireſt Perſon that ever Nature made. When other Beauties look into it, it will ſpeak to all the fair Ones; but let 'em do what they will, 'twill ſay nothing to their Advantage.

Iris, *to ſpare what you call flattery,*
Conſult your Glaſs each Hour of the Day:
'Twill tell you where your Charms and Beauties lie,
And where your little wanton Graces play:
Where Love does revel in your Face and Eyes;
What Look invites your Slaves, and what denies.

Where all the Loves adorn you with ſuch Care,
Where dreſs your Smiles, where arm your lovely Eyes;
Where deck the flowing Treſſes of your Hair:
How cauſe your Snowy Breaſts to fall and riſe:
How this ſevere Glance makes the Lover die;
How that, more ſoft, gives Immortality.

Where you shall see, what 'tis enslaves the Soul;
Where e'ry Feature, e'ry Look combines:
When the adorning Air, o're all the whole,
To so much Wit, and so nice Vertue joyns.
Where the Belle Taille *and Motion still afford*
Graces to be eternally ador'd.

But I will be silent now, and let your Glass speak.

THE

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THE

Lady's Looking-Glaſs.

Damon, (O charming *Iris!*) has given me to you, that you may ſometimes give your ſelf the Trouble, and me the Honour of Conſulting me in the great and weighty Affairs of Beauty. I am, my adorable Miſtreſs! a faithful Glaſs; and you ought to believe all I ſay to you.

The Shape of IRIS.

I Muſt begin with your Shape, and tell you, without Flattery, 'tis the fineſt in the World, and gives Love and Admiration to all that ſee you. Pray obſerve how free and eaſie it is, without Conſtraint, Stiffneſs, or Affectation; thoſe miſtaken Graces of the Fantaſtick, and the Formal; who give themſelves Pain to ſhew their Will to pleaſe; and whoſe Dreſſing makes the greateſt part of its Fineneſs, when they are more oblig'd to the Taylor, than to Nature; who add, or diminiſh, as occaſion ſerves, to form a Grace, where Heaven never gave it: And while they remain on this

Wreck

Wreck of Pride, they are eternally uneaſie, without pleaſing any Body. *Iris*, I have ſeen a Woman of your Acquaintance, who, having a greater Opinion of her own Perſon, than any Body elſe, has ſcrew'd her Body into ſo fine a Form (as ſhe calls it) that ſhe dares no more ſtir a Hand, lift up an Arm, or turn her Head aſide, than if, for the Sin of ſuch a Diſorder, ſhe were to be turn'd into a Pillar of Salt; the leſs ſtiff and fix'd Statue of the two. Nay, ſhe dares not ſpeak or ſmile, leſt ſhe ſhou'd put her Face out of that order ſhe had ſet it in her Glaſs, when ſhe laſt look'd on herſelf: And is all over ſuch a Lady Nice (excepting in her Converſation) that ever made a ridiculous Figure. And there are many Ladies more, but too much tainted with that nauſeous Formality, that old-faſhion'd Vice: But *Iris*, the charming, the all-perfect *Iris*, has nothing in her whole Form, that is not free, natural, and eaſie; and whoſe every Motion cannot pleaſe extreamly. and which has not given *Damon* a thouſand Rivals.

Damon. *the Young, the Am'rous, and the True;*
Who ſighs inceſſantly for you:
Whoſe whole Delight, now you are gone,
Is to retire to Shades alone,
And to the Eccho's make his Moan.
By purling Streams the wiſhing Youth is laid,
Still ſighing Iris! *lovely charming Maid!*
See, in thy Abſence, how thy Lover dies;
While to his Sighs, the Eccho ſtill replies.

Then

Then with the Stream he holds Discourse:
O thou that bend'st thy liquid force
To lovely Tames! *upon whose Shore*
The Maid resides, whom I adore!
My Tears of Love upon thy Surface bear:
And if upon thy Banks thou seest my Fair,
In all thy softest Murmurs sing,
From *Damon* I this Present bring;
My e'ery Curl contains a Tear!
Then at her Feet thy Tribute pay:
But haste, O happy Stream! away;
Lest charm'd too much, thou shoud'st for ever stay.

And thou, O gentle, murm'ring Breeze!
That plays in Air, and wantons with the Trees;
On thy young Wings, where gilded Sun-beams play,
To Iris *my soft Sighs convey,*
Still as they rise, each Minute of the Day:
But whisper gently in her Ear;
Let not the ruder Winds thy Message hear,
Nor ruffle one dear Curl of her bright Hair.
Oh! touch her Cheeks with sacred Reverence,
And stay not gazing on her lovely Eye!
But if thou bear'st her Rosie Breath from thence,
'Tis Incense of that Excellence,
That as thou mount'st, 'twill perfume all the Skies.

IRIS's *Complexion.*

SAY what you will, I am confident, if you will confeſs your Heart, you are, every time you view yourſelf in me, ſurpriz'd at the Beauty of your Complexion; and will ſecretly own, you never ſaw any thing ſo fair. I am not the firſt Glaſs, by a thouſand, that has aſſur'd you of this. If you will not believe me, ask *Damon*; he tells it you every Day, but that Truth from him offends you; and becauſe he loves too much, you think his Judgment too little; and ſince this is ſo perfect, that muſt be defective. But 'tis moſt certain, your Complexion is infinitely fine, your Skin ſoft and ſmooth, as poliſht Wax, or Ivory, extreamly white and clear; though if any Body ſpeaks but of your Beauty, an agreeable Bluſh caſts itſelf all over your Face, and gives you a thouſand new Graces.

And then two Flowers, newly born,
Shine in your Heav'nly Face:
The Roſe, that bluſhes in the Morn,
Uſurps the Lilly's place:
Sometimes the Lilly does prevail,
And makes the gen'rous Crimſon pale.

IRIS's *Hair.*

OH, the beautiful Hair of *Iris!* It ſeems, as if Nature had crown'd you with a great Quan-

Quantity of lovely fair brown Hair, to mak
us know, that you were born to Rule; and t
repair the Faults of Fortune, that has not give
you a Diadem: And do not bewail the Want
that (ſo much your Merit's due) ſince Heave
has ſo glorioufly recompens'd you with wha
gains more admiring Slaves.

Heav'n for Sovereignty, has made your form:
And you were more than for dull Empire born.
O'er Hearts your Kingdom ſhall extend,
Your vaſt Dominion know no end.
Thither the Loves *and* Graces *ſhall reſort;*
To Iris *make their Homage, and their Court.*
No envious Star, no common Fate,
Did on my Iris *Birth-day wait;*
But all was happy, all was delicate.
Here Fortune wou'd inconſtant be in vain:
Iris, *and* Love, *eternally ſhall reign,*

Love does not make leſs uſe of your Hair f
new Conqueſts, than of all the reſt of your Bea
ties that adorn you. If he takes our Hear
with your fine Eyes, it ties 'em faſt with yo
Hair; and if it weaves a Chain, not eaſily br
ken. It is not of thoſe ſorts of Hair, who
harſhneſs diſcovers ill Nature; nor of thoſ
whoſe Softneſs ſhews us the Weakneſs of t
Mind: Not that either of theſe are Argumen
without Exception; but 'tis ſuch as bears t
Character of a perfect Mind, and a delica
Wit; and for its Colour, the moſt faithful, d
ſcreet, and beautiful in the World; ſuch
ſhews a Complexion and Conſtitution, neith

cold, to be insensible; nor so hot, to have o much Fire; that is, neither too white, nor o black; but such a mixture of the two Co-rs, as makes it the most agreeable in the orld.

'Tis that which leads those captivated Hearts,
That bleeding at your Feet do lie.
'Tis that the Obstinate converts,
That dare the Power of Love deny.
'Tis that which Damon *so admires;*
Damon, *who often tells you so.*
If from your Eyes Love takes his Fires,
'Tis with your Hair he strings his Bow:
Which touching but the feather'd Dart,
It never miss the destin'd Heart.

IRIS's *Eyes.*

I Believe, my fair Mistress, I shall dazle you with the Lustre of your own Eyes. They the finest Blue in the World: They have all Sweetness, that ever charm'd the Heart; th a certain Languishment that's irresistable; d never any look'd on 'em, that did not sigh er 'em. Believe me, *Iris*, they carry una-idable Darts and Fires; and whoever expose mselves to their Dangers, pay for their Im-udence.

Cold as my solid Chrystal is,
Hard and impenetrable too;
Yet I am sensible of Bliss,
When your charming Eyes I view:

Even by me, their Flames are felt;
And at each Glance, I fear to melt.

Ah, how pleasant are my Days!
How my glorious Fate I bless!
Mortals never knew my Joys,
Nor Monarchs guest my Happiness.
Every Look that's soft and gay,
Iris *gives me every Day.*

Spight of her Vertue, and her Pride,
Every Morning I am blest
With what to Damon *is deny'd;*
To view her when she is undrest.
All her Heaven of Beauty's shown
To triumphing Me——alone.

Scarce the prying Beams of Light,
Or th' impatient God of Day,
Are allow'd so dear a Sight,
Or dare prophane her with a Ray;
When she has appear'd to me,
Like Venus *rising from the Sea.*

But Oh! I must those Charms conceal,
All too Divine for vulgar Eyes:
Shou'd I my secret Joys reveal,
Of sacred Trust I break the Tyes;
And Damon *wou'd with Envy die,*
Who hopes, one Day, to be as blest as I.

Extravagant with my Joys, I have stray'd b
yond my Limits; for I was telling you of t
wondrous Fineness of your Eyes; which
Mort

Mortal can reſiſt, nor any Heart ſtand the force of their Charms; and the moſt difficult Conqueſts they gain, ſcarce coſt 'em the Expence of a Look. They are modeſt and tender, chaſte and languiſhing. There you may take a View of the whole Soul, and ſee Wit and Good Nature (thoſe two inſeparable Vertues of the Mind) in an extraordinary Meaſure. In fine, you ſee all that fair Eyes can produce, to make themſelves ador'd. And when they are angry, they ſtrike an unreſiſtable Awe upon the Soul: And thoſe Severities, *Damon* wiſhes, may perpetually accompany them, during their Abſence from him; for 'tis with ſuch Eyes, he wou'd have you receive all his Rivals.

Keep, lovely Maid, the Softneſs in your Eyes,
To flatter Damon *with another Day:*
When at your Feet the raviſh'd Lover lies,
Then put on all that's tender, all that's gay:
And for the Griefs your Abſence makes him prove,
Give him the ſofteſt, deareſt Looks of Love.

His trembling Heart with ſweeteſt Smiles careſs,
And in your Eyes, ſoft Wiſhes let him find;
That your Regret of Abſence may confeſs,
In which, no Senſe of Pleaſure you cou'd find:
And to reſtore him, let your faithful Eyes
Declare, that all his Rivals you deſpiſe.

The Mouth of Iris.

I Perceive your Modeſty wou'd impoſe Silence on me: But, O fair *Iris!* Do not think to preſent yourſelf before a Glaſs, if you wou'd not have it tell you all your Beauties: Content yourſelf, that I only ſpeak of 'em, *En Paſſant*; for ſhou'd I ſpeak what I wou'd, I ſhou'd dwell all Day upon each particular, and ſtill ſay ſomething new. Give me Liberty then to ſpeak of your fine Mouth: You need only open it a little, and you will ſee the moſt delicate Teeth, that ever you beheld; the whiteſt, and the beſt ſet. Your Lips are the fineſt in the World; ſo round, ſo ſoft, ſo plump, ſo dimpled, and of the loveliest Colour. And when you ſmile, Oh! What Imagination can conceive how ſweet it is, that has not ſeen you Smiling? I cannot deſcribe what I ſo admire; and 'tis in vain to thoſe, who have not ſeen *Iris*.

O Iris! *boaſt that one peculiar Charm,*
That has ſo many Conqueſts made;
So innocent, yet capable of harm;
So juſt itſelf, yet has ſo oft betray'd
Where a thouſand Graces dwell,
And wanton round in e'ery Smile.

A thouſand Loves do liſten when you ſpeak,
And catch each Accent as it flies:
Rich flowing Wit, when e're you Silence break,
Flows from your Tongue, and ſparkles in your Eyes.
Whether you talk, or ſilent are;
Your Lips immortal Beauties were.

The

The Neck of IRIS.

ALL your Modeſty, all your nice Care, cannot hide the raviſhing Beauties of your Neck; we muſt ſee it, Coy as you are; and ſee it the whiteſt, and fineſt ſhap'd, that ever was form'd. Oh! Why will you cover it? You know, all handſome things wou'd be ſeen. And Oh! how often have you made your Lovers envy your Scarf, or any thing that hides ſo fine an Object from their ſight. *Damon* himſelf complains of your too nice Severity. Pray do not hide it ſo carefully. See how perfectly turn'd it is; with ſmall blue Veins, wandring and ranging here and there, like little Rivulets, that wanton o'er the flowry Meads. See how the round white riſing Breaſts heave with every Breath, as if they diſdain'd to be confin'd to a Covering; and repel the malicious Cloud, that wou'd obſcure their Brightneſs.

Fain I wou'd have leave to tell
The Charms that on your Boſom dwell;
Deſcribe it like ſome flow'ry Field,
That does ten thouſand Pleaſures yield;
A thouſand gliding Springs and Groves;
All Receptacles for Loves.
But Oh! what Iris *hides, muſt be*
Ever ſacred kept by me.

The Arms and Hands of IRIS.

I Shall not be put to much trouble to ſhew yo your Hands and Arms, becauſe you may viev them without my help; and you are very un juſt, if you have not admir'd 'em a Thouſan times. The beautiful Colour and Proportio of your Arm is unimitable, and your Hand i dazling, fine, ſmall, and plump; long-pointe Fingers, delicately turn'd; dimpl'd on th Snowy out-ſide, but adorn'd within with Roſe all over the ſoft Palm. O *Iris!* Nothing equal your fair Hand; that Hand, of which Love ſ often makes ſuch uſe to draw his Bow, when h wou'd ſend the Arrow home with more ſucceſs and which irreſiſtibly wounds thoſe, who poſſi bly, have not yet ſeen your Eyes: And whe you have been veil'd, that lovely Hand has gain' you a thouſand Adorers. And I have heard *Da mon* ſay, *Without the Aid of more Beauties, that a lone had been ſufficient to have made an abſolute Con queſt o'er his Soul.* And he has often vow'd, *never touch'd him, but it made his Blood run wit little irregular Motions in his Veins; his Breat beat ſhort and double; his Bluſhes riſe, and his ve ry Soul dance.*

Oh! how the Hand the Lover ought to prize,
'Bove any one peculiar Grace,
While he is dying for the Eyes,
And doting on the lovely Face.
The Unconſid'ring little knows,
How much he to this Beauty owes.

Th

That when the Lover abſent is,
Informs him of his Miſtreſs Heart.
'Tis that, which gives him all his Bliſs,
When dear Love-Secrets 'twill impart.
That plights the Faith the Maid beſtows:
And that confirms the tim'rous Vows.

'Tis that betrays the Tenderneſs,
Which the too baſhful Tongue denies.
'Tis that, that does the Heart confeſs,
And ſpares the Language of the Eyes.
'Tis that, which Treaſures gives ſo vaſt:
Ev'n Iris *'twill to* Damon *give at laſt.*

The Grace and Air of IRIS.

'TIS I alone, O charming Maid! that can ſhew you that noble part of your Beauty: That generous Air, that adorns all your lovely Perſon, and renders every Motion and Action perfectly adorable. With what a Grace you walk! ——How free, how eaſie, and how unaffected! See how you move; ——for only here you can ſee it. *Damon* has told you a thouſand times, that never any Mortal had ſo glorious an Air; but he cou'd not half deſcribe it, nor wou'd you credit even what he ſaid; but with a careleſs Smile, paſs it off for the Flattery of a Lover. But here behold, and be convinc'd; and know, no part of your Beauty can charm more than this. O *Iris*, confeſs, Love has adorn'd you with all his Art and Care. Your Beauties are the Themes of all the Muſes; who tell you in daily Songs, that the Graces themſelves have

not more than *Iris*, And one may truly ſa
that you alone know how to joyn the Orn
ments and Dreſs, with Beauty; and you a
ſtill adorn'd, as if that Shape and Air had a p
culiar Art to make all things appear gay a
fine. Oh, how well dreſt you are! How eve
thing becomes you! Never ſingular, nev
gawdy; but always ſuiting with your Quality.

Oh, how that Negligence becomes your Air!
That careleſs flowing of your Hair,
That plays about with wanton Grace,
With every Motion of your Face:
Diſdaining all that dull Formality,
That dares not move the Lip, or Eye;
But at ſome fancy'd Grace's coſt;
And think, with it, at leaſt, a Lover loſt.
But the unlucky Minute to reclaim,
And eaſe the Coquet of her Pain,
The Pocket-Glaſs adjuſts the Face again:
Re-ſets the Mouth, and languiſhes the Eyes;
And thinks, the Spark that ogles that way——dies.

Of Iris *learn, O ye miſtaken Fair!*
To dreſs your Face, your Smiles, your Air.
Let eaſie Nature all the Buſ'neſs do;
She can the ſofter Graces ſhew;
Which Art but turns to Ridicule;
And where there's none, ſerves but to ſhew the Fool.
In Iris *you all Graces find;*
Charms without Art, a Motion unconfin'd;
Without Conſtraint, ſhe ſmiles, ſhe looks, ſhe talks;
And without Affectation, moves and walks.
Beauties ſo perfect ne'er were ſeen:
O ye miſtaken Fair! Dreſs ye by Iris *Mien.*

The

The Discretion of Iris.

BUT O *Iris!* The Beauties of the Body are imperfect, if the Beauties of the Soul do not advance themselves to an equal height. But, O *Iris!* What Mortal is there so damned to Malice, that does not, with Adoration, confess, that you (O charming Maid!) have an equal Portion of all the Braveries and Vertues of the Mind? And, who is it, that confesses your Beauty, that does not, at the same time acknowledge and bow to your Wisdom? The whole World admires both in you; and all, with impatience, ask, Which of the two is most surprising, your Beauty, or your Discretion? But we dispute in vain on that excellent Subject; for after all, 'tis determin'd, that the two Charms are equal. 'Tis none of those idle Discretions that consists in Words alone, and ever takes the Shadow of Reason for the Substance; and that makes use of all the little Artifices of Subtilty, and florid Talking, to make the outside of the Argument appear fine, and leave the inside wholly mis-understood: Who runs away with Words, and never thinks of Sence. But you, O lovely Maid! never make use of these affected Arts; but without being too brisk, or too severe; too silent, or too talkative; you aspire in all your Hearers, Joy, and a Respect. Your Soul is an Enemy to that usual Vice of your Sex, of using little Arguments against the Fair; or by a Word, or

or Jeſt, make your ſelf and Hearers pleaſant, at the Expence of the Fame of others.

Your Heart is an Enemy to all Paſſions, but that of Love. And this is one of your noble Maxims: *That every one ought to love, in ſome part of his Life: And that, in a Heart truly brave, Love is without Folly: That Wiſdom is a Friend to Love, and Love to perfect Wiſdom.* Since theſe Maxims are your own, do not, O charming *Iris!* reſiſt that noble Paſſion: And ſince *Damon* is the moſt tender of all your Lovers, anſwer his Paſſion with a noble Ardour: Your Prudence never fails in the Choice of your Friends; and in chuſing ſo well your Lover you will ſtand an eternal Preſident to all unreaſonable fair Ones.

O thou that doſt excel in Wit and Youth!
Be ſtill a Preſident for Love and Truth.
Let the dull World ſay what it will,
A noble Flame's unblameable.
Where a fine Sent'ment, and ſoft Paſſion rules,
They ſcorn the Cenſure of the Fools.
Yield, Iris, *then; Oh, yield to Love!*
Redeem your dying Slave from pain:
The World your Conduct muſt approve:
Your Prudence never acts in vain.

The Goodneſs and Complaiſance of Iris.

WHO but your Lovers (fair *Iris!*) doubts, but you are the moſt complaiſant Perſon in the World: And that with ſo much Sweetneſs you oblige all, that you com-

man

mand in yielding; and as you gain the Heart of both Sexes, with the Affability of your noble Temper; ſo all are proud and vain of obliging you. And *Iris*, you may live aſſur'd, that your Empire is eternally eſtabliſh'd, by your Beauty, and your Goodneſs: Your Power is confirm'd, and you grow in Strength every Minute: Your Goodneſs gets you Friends, and your Beauty Lovers.

This Goodneſs is not one of thoſe, whoſe Folly renders it eaſie to every Deſirer; but a pure Effect of the Generoſity of your Soul; ſuch as Prudence alone manages, according to the Merit of the Perſon, to whom it is extended; and thoſe whom you eſteem, receive the ſweet Marks of it; and only your Lovers complain: Yet even then you charm. And though ſometimes you can be a little diſturb'd, yet through your Anger, your Goodneſs ſhines; and you are but too much afraid, that that may bear a falſe Interpretation: For oftentimes Scandal makes that paſs for an Effect of Love, which is purely that of Complaiſance.

Never had any Body more Tenderneſs for their Friends, than *Iris*: Their Preſence gives her Joy; their Abſence, Trouble; and when ſhe cannot ſee them, ſhe finds no Pleaſure, like ſpeaking of them obligingly. Friendſhip reigns in your Heart, and Sincerity on your Tongue. Your Friendſhip is ſo ſtrong, ſo conſtant, and ſo tender, that it charms, pleaſes, and ſatisfies all, that are not your Adorers. 'Tis therefore, *Damon* is excuſable, if he be not contented with your noble Friendſhip

ſhip alone; for he is the moſt tender of th Number.

No! Give me all, th' impatient Lover cries;
Without your Soul, I cannot live:
Dull Friendſhip cannot mine ſuffice,
That dies for all you have to give.
The Smiles, the Vows, the Heart muſt all be mine,
I cannot ſpare one Thought, or Wiſh of thine.

I ſigh, I languiſh all the Day;
Each Minute uſhers in my Groans;
To e'ry God in vain I pray;
In e'ry Grove repeat my Moans.
Still Iris *Charms are all my Sorrows Themes!*
They pain me Waking, and they wreck in Dreams.

Return, fair Iris! *Oh, return!*
Leſt ſighing long, your Slave deſtroys.
I wiſh, I rave, I faint, I burn;
Reſtore me quickly all my Joys:
Your Mercy elſe, will come too late.
Diſtance in Love more cruel is, than Hate.

The Wit of Iris.

YOU are deceiv'd in me, fair *Iris*, if yo take me for one of thoſe ordinary Glaſſes that repreſent the Beauty only of the Body; remark to you alſo the Beauties of the Soul And all about you declares yours the fineſt tha ever was formed; that you have a Wit tha ſurprizes, and is always new: 'Tis none o thoſe that loſes its Luſtre, when one conſider it

; the more we examine yours, the more ado-
ble we find it. You ſay nothing, that is not
once agreeable and ſolid; 'tis always quick
d ready, without Impertinence, that little
anity of the Fair; who, when they know
ey have Wit, rarely manage it ſo, as not to
ound in Talking; and think, that all they
y muſt pleaſe, becauſe luckily, they ſome-
mes chance to do ſo. But *Iris* never ſpeaks,
t 'tis of uſe; and gives a Pleaſure to all that
ars her. She has the perfect Art of pene-
ating, even the moſt ſecret Thoughts. How
ten have you known, without being told, all
at has paſt in *Damon*'s Heart? For all great
its are Prophets too:

ll me; Oh, tell me! Charming Propheteſs;
you alone can tell my Love's Succeſs.
The Lines in my dejected Face,
ear, will lead you to no kind Reſult:
It is your own, that you muſt trace;
oſe of your Heart you muſt conſult.
'Tis there, my Fortune I muſt learn,
And all that Damon *does concern.*

ell you, that I love a Maid,
As bright as Heav'n, of Angel-hue:
e ſoftest, Nature ever made:
Whom I, with Sighs and Vows, purſue.
, tell me, charming Propheteſs!
ll I this lovely Maid poſſeſs?

A thou-

A thouſand Rivals do obſtruct my Way;
A thouſand Fears they do create:
They throng about her all the Day,
Whilſt I at awful Diſtance wait.
Say, will the lovely Maid ſo fickle prove,
To give my Rivals Hope, as well as Love?

She has a thouſand Charms of Wit,
With all the Beauty Heav'n e're gave:
Oh! Let her not make uſe of it,
To flatter me into the Slave.
Oh! Tell me Truth, to eaſe my Pain:
Say rather, I ſhall die by her Diſdain.

The Modeſty of Iris.

I Perceive, fair *Iris*, you have a Mind to t
me, I have entertain'd you too long, wit
Diſcourſe on yourſelf. I know, your Mode
makes this Declaration an offence, and y
ſuffer me, with Pain, to unveil thoſe Treaſu
you wou'd hide. Your Modeſty, that ſo co
mendable a Vertue in the Fair, and ſo peculi
to you, is here a little too ſevere: Did I flatt
you, you ſhou'd bluſh: Did I ſeek, by praiſi
you, to ſhew an Art of Speaking finely, y
might chide. But, O *Iris!* I ſay nothing, b
ſuch plain Truths, as all the World can witn
are ſo. And ſo far I am from Flattery, that
ſeek no Ornament of Words. Why do you ta
ſuch Care to conceal your Vertues? They ha
too much Luſtre, not to be ſeen, in ſpight of
your Modeſty: Your Wit, your Youth, a

Reaſ

Reaſon oppoſe themſelves, againſt this dull Obſtructer of our Happineſs. Abate, O *Iris*, a little of this Vertue, ſince you have ſo many other, to defend yourſelf againſt the Attacks of your Adorers.

You yourſelf have the leaſt Opinion of your own Charms: And being the only Perſon in the World, that is not in love with 'em, you hate to paſs whole Hours before your *Looking-Glaſs*; and to paſs your time, like moſt of the idle Fair, in dreſſing, and ſetting off thoſe Beauties, which need ſo little Art. You, more wiſe, diſdain to give thoſe Hours to the Fatigue of Dreſſing, which you know ſo well how to employ a thouſand Ways. The Muſes have bleſt you, above your Sex; and you know how to gain a Conqueſt with your Pen, more abſolutely, than all the induſtrious Fair, who truſt to Dreſs and Equipage.

I have a thouſand things to tell you more, but willingly reſign my place to *Damon*, that faithful Lover; he will ſpeak more ardently than I: for, let a Glaſs uſe all its Force, yet, when it ſpeaks its beſt, it ſpeaks but coldly.

If my Glaſs, O charming *Iris!* have the good fortune (which I cou'd never entirely boaſt) to be believ'd, 'twill ſerve, at leaſt, to convince you, I have not been ſo guilty of Flattery, as I have a thouſand times been charg'd. Since then my Paſſion is equal to your Beauty (without Compariſon, or End) believe, O lovely Maid! how I ſigh in your Abſence: And be perſwaded to leſſen my pain, and reſtore me to my Joys; for

for there is no Torment ſo great, as the Abſence of a Lover from his Miſtreſs; of which this is the Idea.

The Effects of Abſence from what we love

Thou one continu'd Sigh! all over Pain!
Eternal Wiſh! but wiſh, alas, in vain!
Thou languiſhing, impatient Hoper on;
A buſie Toiler, and yet ſtill undone!
A breaking Glimpſe of diſtant Day,
Inticing on, and leading more aſtray.
Thou Joy in Proſpect, future Bliſs extream;
But ne're to be poſſeſt, but in a Dream.
Thou fab'lous Goddeſs, which the raviſh'd Boy,
In happy Slumbers proudly did enjoy:
But waking found an Airy Cloud he preſt;
His Arms came empty to his panting Breaſt.
Thou Shade, that only haunts the Soul by Night;
And when thou ſhou'dſt inform, thou fly'ſt the Sight
Thou falſe Idea of the thinking Brain,
That labours for the charming Form in vain;
Which if by Chance it catch, thou'rt loſt again.

The End of the Looking-Glaſs.

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 61 NOV

THE
Lucky Miſtake.
A NEW
NOVEL.

By Mrs. *BEHN.*

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THE
Lucky Miſtake:
A NEW
NOVEL.

THe River *Loyre* has on its delightful Banks abundance of handſome, beautiful and rich Towns and Villages, to which the noble Stream adds no ſmall Graces and Advantages, bleſſing their Fields with Plenty, and their Eyes with a thouſand Diverſions: In one of theſe happily ſituated Towns, called *Orleance*, where abundance of People of the beſt Quality and Condition reſide, there was a rich Nobleman, now retir'd from the buſie Court, where, in his Youth he had been bred, wearied with the Toyls of Ceremony and Noiſe, to enjoy that perfect Tranquility of Life, which is no where to be found, but in Retreat, a faithful Friend, and a good Library; and, as the Admirable *Horace* ſays, in a little Houſe and large Gardens, Count *Bellyaurd*, for ſo was this Nobleman call'd, was of this Opinion: And the rather, becauſe he had one only Son, call'd *Rinaldo*, now grown to the Age of Fifteen, who having all the excellent Qualities and Graces of Youth, by Nature, he would bring him up in all Vertues and Noble Sciences, which he believ'd the Gaiety and Lutre of the Court might divert: He therefore in his Retirement ſpar'd no Coſt, to thoſe that could inſtruct and accompliſh him; and he had the beſt Tu-

tors and Maſters that could be purchaſed at Court *Bellyaurd* making far leſs account of Riches than o fine Parts. He found his Son capable of all Impreſ ſions, having a Wit ſuitable to his delicate Perſon, ſ that he was the ſole Joy of his Life, and the Darlin of his Eyes.

In the very next Houſe, which joyn'd cloſe to tha of *Bellyaurd*'s, there liv'd another Count, who had i his Youth been baniſh'd the Court of *France* for ſom Miſunderſtandings, in ſome high Affairs wherein h was concern'd; his name was *De Pais*, a Man of grea Birth, but no Fortune; or at leaſt one not ſuitable t the Grandeur of his Original: And as it is moſt na tural for great Souls to be moſt proud (if I may ca a handſome Diſdain by that vulgar Name,) when the are moſt depreſs'd; ſo *De Pais* was more retir'd, mor eſtrang'd from his Neighbours, and kept a greater Di ſtance, than if he had enjoy'd all he had loſt at Cour and took more Solemnity and State upon him, becau he would not be ſubject to the Reproaches of th World, by making himſelf familiar with it. So tha he rarely viſited, and was as rarely viſited; and, con trary to the Cuſtom of thoſe in *France*, who are eaſ of Exceſs, and free of Converſation, he kept his Fa mily retir'd ſo cloſe, that 'twas rare to ſee any of 'em but when they went abroad, which was but ſeldom they wanted nothing as to outward appearance, tha was fit for his Quality, and was much above his Con dition.

This old Count had two only Daughters, of e ceeding Beauty, who gave the generous Father Te thouſand Torments, as often as he beheld them, whe he conſider'd their extream Beauty, their fine Wi their Innocence, Modeſty, and above all, their Birth and that he had not the Fortune to marry them a cording to their Quality; and below it, he had rath ſee them laid in their ſilent Graves, than conſent to for he ſcorn'd the World ſhould ſee him forced by h Poverty, to commit an Action below his Dignity.

The

There lived in a Neighbouring Town, a certain Nobleman, Friend to *De Pais*, call'd Count *Vernole*, a Man of about Forty Years of Age, of low Stature, Complexion very black and ſwarthy, lean, lame, extream proud and haughty; extracted of a Deſcent from the Blood-Royal; not extreamly brave, but very glorious: He had no very great Eſtate, but was in Election of a greater, and of an Addition of Honour from the King, his Father having done moſt worthy Services againſt the *Hugonots*, and by the high Favour of Cardinal *Mazarine*, was repreſented to his Majeſty, as a Man related to the Crown, of great Name, but ſmall Eſtate; ſo that there was now nothing but great Expectations and Preparations in the Family of Count *Vernole* to go to Court, to which he daily hop'd an Invitation or Command.

Vernole's Fortune being hitherto ſomething a-kin to that of *De Pais*, there was a greater Correſpondency between theſe two Gentlemen, than they had with any other Perſons; they accounting themſelves above the reſt of the World, believ'd none ſo proper and fit for their Converſation, as that of each other; ſo that there was a very particular Intimacy between them: Whenever they went abroad, they clubb'd their Train, to make one great Show, and were always together, bemoaning each other's Fortune, that from ſo high a Deſcent, as one from Monarchs by the Mother's ſide, and the other from Dukes of his ſide, they were reduc'd by Fate, to the degree of private Gentlemen. They would often conſult how to manage Affairs moſt to advantage, and often *De Pais* would ask Counſel of *Vernole*, how beſt he ſhould diſpoſe of his Daughters, which now were about their ninth Year the eldeſt, and eight the youngeſt. *Vernole* had often ſeen theſe two Buds of Beauty, and already ſaw opening in *Atlante*'s Face and Mind (for that was the Name of the eldeſt, and *Charlot* the youngeſt) a Glory of Wit and Beauty, which could not but one day diſplay itſelf, with dazling Luſtre, to the wondring World.

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This old Count had two only Daughters, of exceeding Beauty, who gave the generous Father Ten thouſand Torments, as often as he beheld them, when he conſider'd their extream Beauty, their fine Wit, their Innocence, Modeſty, and above all, their Birth; and that he had not the Fortune to marry them according to their Quality; and below it, he had rather ſee them laid in their ſilent Graves, than conſent to; for he ſcorn'd the World ſhould ſee him forced by his Poverty, to commit an Action below his Dignity.

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Vernole was a great Virtuoſo, of a Humour, Nice, Delicate, Critical and Opinionative: He had nothing of the *French* Mien in him, but all the Gravity of the Don. His ill-favour'd Perſon, and his low Eſtate, put him out of Humour with the World; and becauſe that ſhould not upbraid or reproach his Follies and Defects, he was ſure to be before-hand with that, and to be always Satyrick upon it, and lov'd to live and act contrary to the Cuſtom and Uſage of all Mankind beſides.

He was infinitely delighted to find a Man of his own Humour in *De Pais*, or at leaſt a Man that would be perſwaded to like his ſo well, to live up to it; and it was no little Joy and Satisfaction to him to find, that he kept his Daughters in that ſeverity, which was wholly agreeable to him, and ſo contrary to the Manner and Faſhion of the *French* of Quality; who allow all Freedoms, which to *Vernole*'s rigid Nature, ſeem'd as ſo many Steps to Vice, and in his Opinion, the Ruiner of all Vertue and Honour in Woman-kind. *De Pais* was extreamly glad his Conduct was ſo well interpreted, which was no other in him, than a proud Frugality; who, becauſe they could not appear, in ſo much Gallantry, as their Quality requir'd, kept 'em retir'd, and unſeen to all, but his particular Friends, of which *Vernole* was chief.

Vernole never appear'd before *Atlante* (which was ſeldom,) but he aſſum'd a Gravity and Reſpect, fit to have entertain'd a Maid of Twenty, or rather a Matron, of much greater Years and Judgment. His Diſcourſes were always of Matters of State or Philoſophy; and ſometimes when *De Pais* would Laughing, ſay, *He might as well entertain* Atlante *with* Greek *and* Hebrew, would reply gravely; *You are miſtaken Sir, I find the Seeds of great and profound Matter in the Soul of this young Maid, which ought to be nouriſh'd, now while ſhe was young, and they will grow up to very great Perfection; I find* Atlante *capable of all the Noble Vertues of the Mind, and am infinitely miſtaken in my Obſervations, and Art of Phiſiognomy, if* Atlante *be not born for greater*

Things

ings than her Fortune does now promiſe: She will be ve- Conſiderable in the World, believe me, and this will ive to her perfectly from the Force of her Charms. De was extreamly overjoy'd to hear ſuch Good pro- eſied to *Atlante*, and from that time, ſet a ſort of Eſteem upon her, which he did not on *Charlot* his unger; who, by the Perſwaſions of *Vernole*, he re- lv'd to put in a Monaſtery, that what he had might fcend to *Atlante*; not but he confeſs'd *Charlot* had eauty, extreamly attractive, and a Wit that promi- d much, when it ſhould be cultivated by Years and xperience; and would ſhew itſelf with great Advan- ge, and Luſtre in a Monaſtery: All this pleaſed *De* very well, who was eaſily perſwaded, ſince he d not a Fortune to marry her well in the World.

As yet *Vernole* had never ſpoke to *Atlante* of Love; r did his Gravity think it Prudence to diſcover his eart to ſo young a Maid, he waited her more ſenſi- e Years, when he could hope to have ſome return. nd all he expected from this her tender Age, was by s daily Converſe with her, and the Preſents, he made r ſuitable to her Years, to ingratiate himſelf inſen- bly into her Friendſhip and Eſteem: Since ſhe was ot yet capable of Love, but even in that he miſtook is Aim, for every day he grew more and more diſ- greeable to *Atlante*, and would have been her abſo- ute Averſion, had ſhe known, ſhe had every day en- rtained a Lover; but as ſhe grew in Years and Senſe, e ſeemed the more deſpicable in her Eyes as to his erſon; but as ſhe had reſpect to his Parts, and Qua- ities, ſhe paid him all the Complaiſance ſhe could, nd which was due to him; and ſo muſt be confeſs'd, ho' he had a ſtiff Formality in all he ſaid and did, et he had Wit and Learning, and was a great Phi- oſopher; as much of his Learning, as *Atlante* was apable of attaining to, he made her Miſtreſs of, and hat was no ſmall Portion, for all his Diſcourſe was ine and eaſily comprehended, his Notions of Philoſo- phy fit for Ladies; and he took greater Pains with *Atlante*, than any Maſter would have done with a

Scholar; ſo that it was moſt certain, he added v
great Accompliſhment to her Natural Wit, and
more becauſe ſhe took a very great Delight in Phi
ſophy; which very often made her impatient of
coming; eſpecially when ſhe had many Queſtions
ask him concerning it, and ſhe wou'd often rece
him with a Pleaſure in her Face; which he did
fail to interpret to his own Advantage, being very
to flatter himſelf. Her Siſter *Charlot* would often
her, *How ſhe could give whole Afternoons to ſo diſagr
able a Man: What is it*, ſaid ſhe, *that charms you
his tawny Leather Face, his extraordinary high Noſe,
wide Mouth and Eye-brows, that hang lowring over
Eyes, his lean Carcaſe, and his lame and haulting Hip*
But *Atlante* wou'd diſcreetly reply, *If I muſt grant
you ſay of Count* Vernole *to be true, yet he has a Wit a
Learning, that will attone ſufficiently for all thoſe Fau
you mention: A fine Soul is infinitely to be preferr'd t
fine Body; this decays, but that's eternal; and Age th
ruins one, refines the other.* Though poſſibly *Atlan*
thought as ill of the Count, as her Siſter; yet in R
ſpect to him, ſhe would not own it.

Atlante was now arriv'd to her thirteenth Ye
when her Beauty, which every day increas'd, becam
the Diſcourſe of the whole Town; which had alread
gain'd her as many Lovers as had beheld her, for no
ſaw her without languiſhing for her, or at leaſt, b
what were in very great Admiration of her. Eve
body talk'd of the young *Atlante*, and all the Nobl
men, who had Sons (knowing the Smallneſs of h
Fortune, and the Luſtre of her Beauty) would ſen
them for fear of their being Charm'd with her, eith
to ſome other part of the World, or exhorted then
by way of Precaution, to keep out of her ſight. Ol
Bellyuard was one of thoſe wiſe Parents, and by a time
ly Prevention, as he thought of *Rinaldo*'s falling
Love with *Atlante*, perhaps was the Occaſion of h
being ſo; he had before heard of *Atlante*, and of he
Beauty, but it had made no Impreſſions on his Heart
but his Father no ſooner forbid him Loving, then h
fel

felt a new Deſire tormenting him, of ſeeing this lovely and dangerous young Perſon; he wonders at his unaccountable Pain, which daily ſolicits him within, to go where he may behold this Beauty; of whom he frames a thouſand Idea's, all ſuch as were moſt agreeable to him; but then upbraids his Fancy, for not forming her half ſo delicate as ſhe was; and longs yet more to ſee her, to know how near ſhe approaches to the Picture he has drawn of her in his Mind; and tho' he knew ſhe liv'd the next Houſe to him, yet he knew alſo ſhe was kept within like a Vow'd *Nun*, or with the Severity of a *Spaniard*: And tho' he had a Chamber, which had a jetting Window, that look'd juſt upon the Door of Monſieur *De Pais*, and that he would watch many Hours at a time, in hope to ſee them go out, yet he could never get a glimps of her; yet he heard ſhe often frequented the Church of our *Lady*: Thither then young *Rinaldo* reſolv'd to go, and did ſo two or three Mornings, in which time, to his unſpeakable Grief, he ſaw no Beauty appear that charm'd him; and yet he fancy'd that *Atlante* was there, and that he had ſeen her, that ſome one of thoſe young Ladies, that he ſaw in the Church was ſhe, tho' he had no body to enquire of, and that ſhe was not ſo fair as the World reported; for which he would often ſigh, as if he had loſt ſome very great Expectation; however he ceaſed not to frequent this Church, and one day ſaw a young Beauty, who at firſt glimps made his Heart leap to his Mouth, and fell trembling again into its wanted place, for it immediately told him, that that young Maid was *Atlante*; ſhe was with her Siſter *Charlot*, who was very handſome, but not comparable to *Atlante*: He fix'd his Eyes upon her, as ſhe kneel'd at the Altar, he never remov'd from that charming Face as long as ſhe remain'd there; he forgot all Devotion, but what he paid to her, he ador'd her, he burnt and languiſh'd already for her, and found he muſt poſſeſs *Atlante*, or die: Often as he gaz'd upon her, he ſaw her fair Eyes lifted up towards his, where they often met; which ſhe perceiving

ving, would caſt hers down into her Boſom, or on her Book, and bluſh as if ſhe had done a Fault: *Charlot* perceiv'd all the Motions of *Rinaldo*, how he folded his Arms, how he ſigh'd, and how he gaz'd on her Siſter; ſhe took notice of his Cloaths, his Garniture, and every particular of his Dreſs, as young Girls uſe to do, and ſeeing him ſo very handſome, and ſo much better dreſs'd than all the young Cavaliers that were in the Church, ſhe was very much pleas'd with him; and could not forbear ſaying, in a low Voice, to *Atlante*, *Look, look, my Siſter, what a pretty Monſieur yonder is, ſee how fine his Face is, how delicate his Hair, how gallant his Dreſs; and do but look how he gazes on you*: This would make *Atlante* bluſh anew, who durſt not raiſe her Eyes for fear ſhe ſhould encounter his. While he had the Pleaſure to imagine they were talking of him, and he ſaw in the pretty Face of *Charlot*, that what he ſaid, was not to his diſadvantage, and by the Bluſhes of *Atlante*, that ſhe was not diſpleas'd with what was ſpoken to her; he perceiv'd the young one importunate with her, and *Atlante* jogging her with her Elbow, as much as to ſay, Hold your peace; all this, he made a very kind Interpretation of, and was tranſported with Joy, at the good Omens. He was willing to flatter his new Flame, and to Complement his young Deſire with a little Hope; but the Divine Ceremony ceaſing, *Atlante* left the Church, and it being very fair Weather, ſhe walk'd home, *Rinaldo* who ſaw her going, felt all the Agonies of a Lover who parts with all that can make him happy, and ſeeing only *Atlante* attended with her Siſter, and a Footman, following with their Books, he was a thouſand times about to ſpeak to 'em, but he no ſooner advanc'd a ſtep or two towards 'em, to that Purpoſe (for he followed them) but his Heart fail'd, and a certain Awe and Reverence, or rather the Fears and Tremblings of a Lover prevented him; but when he conſider'd, that poſſibly he might never have ſo favourable an Opportunity again, he reſolv'd a new, and call'd up ſo much Courage to his Heart, as to ſpeak to *Atlante*; but before he did

d ſo, *Charlot* looking behind her, ſaw *Rinaldo* very ear to 'em, and cry'd out, with a Voice of Joy, Oh! ſter, Siſter, look where the handſome Monſieur is, ſt behind us; ſure he is Some-body of Quality, for e he has two Foot-men that follow him, in juſt ſuch iveries, and ſo rich as thoſe of our Neighbour, Mon-eur *Bellyaurd*. At this, *Atlante* could not forbear, but fore ſhe was aware of it, turn'd her Head, and look'd *Rinaldo*; which encourag'd him to advance, and tting off his Hat, which he clapt under his Arm, th a low Bow, ſaid, *Ladies, you are ſtenderly attend-, and ſo many Accidents arrive to the Fair in the rude reets, that I humbly implore, you will permit me, whoſe ty it is, as a Neighbour, to wait on you to your Door.* r, ſaid *Atlante*, bluſhing, *we fear no Inſolence, and need Protector; or if we did, we ſhould not be ſo rude, to e you out of your Way, to ſerve us.* *Madam*, ſaid he, *Way lies yours, I live at the next Door, and am Son* Bellyaurd, *your Neighbour.* *But, Madam*, added *if I were to go all my Life out of the Way, to do you rvice, I ſhould take it for the greateſt Happineſs, that ld arrive to me; but, Madam, ſure a Man can never out of his Way, who has the Honour of ſo charming mpany.* *Atlante* made no Reply to this, but bluſh'd d bow'd: But *Charlot* ſaid, *Nay, Sir, if you are our eighbour, we will give you leave to Conduct us home; t pray, Sir, how came you to know we are your Neigh-urs; for we never ſaw you before, to our knowledge.* *y pretty Mis*, reply'd *Rinaldo*, *I knew it from the tran-endent Beauty appear'd in your Faces, and fine Shapes; I have heard, there was no Beauty in the World, like at of* Atlante's; *and I no ſooner ſaw her, but my Heart ld me, it was ſhe.* *Heart*, ſaid *Charlot* laughing, *Why, es Hearts uſe to ſpeak? The moſt intelligibly of any ing*, *Rinaldo* reply'd, *when 'tis tenderly touch'd, when charm'd and tranſported.* At theſe Words he ſigh'd, d *Atlante*, to his extream Satisfaction, bluſhed. *uch, charm'd, and tranſported, ſaid* Charlot, *what's at? And how do you do to have it be all theſe Things? I would give any thing in the World to have my Heart*

ſpeak.

ſpeak. Oh! ſaid *Rinaldo*, your Heart is too young, not yet arrived to the Years of ſpeaking; about thir or fourteen, it may poſſibly be ſaying a thouſand Things to you; but it muſt be firſt inſpir'd by ſome ble Object, whoſe Idea it muſt retain. What, rep this pretty Pratler, I'll warrant I muſt be in love? ſaid *Rinaldo*, moſt paſſionately, or you will have but li Converſation with your Heart. Oh! reply'd ſhe, I afraid the Pleaſure of ſuch a Converſation, will not m me Amends for the Pain that Love will give me. T ſaid *Rinaldo*, is according as the Object is kind; an you Hope, if he Love, and you Hope, you will have a ble Pleaſure: And in this, how great an Advantage h you, fair Ladies, above us Men? 'Tis almoſt impoſ for you to love in vain, you have your Choice of a thouſ Hearts, which you have ſubdu'd, and may not only c your Slaves, but be aſſur'd of 'em; without ſpeaking are belov'd, it needs not coſt you a Sigh or a Tear: unhappy Man, is often deſir'd to give his Heart, w it is not regarded, to ſigh, to weep, and languiſh, w out any hope of Pity. You ſpeak ſo feelingly, Sir, Charlot, that I am afraid this is your Caſe? Yes, dam, reply'd *Rinaldo*, ſighing, I am that unhappy M Indeed, 'tis pity, ſaid ſhe, Pray how long have you ſo? Ever ſince I heard of the charming Atlante, rep he, ſighing again; I ador'd her Character, but n have ſeen her, I die for her. For me, Sir, ſaid *Atla* (who had not yet ſpoke) this is the common Complem of all the young Men, who pretend to be Lovers; an one ſhould pity all thoſe Sighers, we ſhould have but little left for ourſelves. I believe, ſaith *Rinaldo*, t are none that tell you ſo, who do not mean as they ſ yet among all thoſe Adorers, and thoſe that ſay they die for you, you will find none will be ſo good as their W as Rinaldo. Perhaps, ſaid *Atlante*, of all thoſe who me of dying, there are none that tell it with ſo little ſon as Rinaldo, if that be your Name, Sir. Mada is, ſaid he, and who am tranſported with an unſpeak Joy, to hear thoſe laſt Words from your fair Mouth; let me, O lovely Atlante, aſſure you, that what I

are not Words of Courſe, but proceed from a Heart has vow'd itſelf eternally yours, even before I had the pineſs to behold this Divine Perſon; but now that Eyes have made good all my Heart before imagin'd, did but hope: I ſwear, I will die a thouſand ths, rather than violate what I have ſaid to you; That ure you, that my Soul, and all my Faculties are charm'd your Beauty and Innocence, and that my Life and une, not inconſiderable, ſhall be laid at your Feet. She ſpoke with a Fervency of Paſſion, that left her doubt of what he had ſaid; yet ſhe bluſh'd for ne, and a little angry at herſelf, for ſuffering him ay ſo much to her, the very firſt time ſhe ſaw him, accuſed herſelf for giving him any Encourage-nt: And in this Confuſion ſhe replied, *Sir, you have too much to be believed; and I cannot imagine ſo an Acquaintance can make ſo conſiderable an Im-ſion; of which Confeſſion I accuſe myſelf much more you, in that I did not only hearken to what you ſaid, bout forbidding you to entertain me at that rate, but unheedily ſpeaking ſomething, that has encourag'd this dneſs; for ſo muſt I call it, in a Man ſo great a anger to me.* Madam, ſaid he, *if I have offended by ſuddenneſs of my preſumptuous Diſcovery, I beſeech to conſider my Reaſons for it, the few Opportunities I like to have, and the impoſſibility of waiting on you, h from the Severity of your Father and mine; who e'r I you, warn'd me of my Fate, as if he foreſaw I ſhould in Love, as ſoon as I ſhould chance to ſee you; and that Reaſon has kept me cloſer to my Studies, than hi-ro I have been: And from that time I began to feel lame, which was kindled by Report alone, and the De-iption my Father gave of your wondrous, and dangerous auty: Therefore, Madam, I have not ſuddenly told of my Paſſion, I have been long your Lover, and have g languiſh'd without telling of my Pain, and you ought pardon it now, ſince it is done with all the Reſpect and ligious Awe, that 'tis poſſible for a Heart to deliver d unload itſelf in; therefore, Madam, if you have by ance uttered any thing, that I have taken advantage*

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or hope from, I aſſure you, 'tis ſo ſmall, that you have Reaſon to repent it; but rather, if you would have live, ſend me not from you, without a Confirmation that little hope. See, Madam, ſaid he, more earne and trembling, *ſee we are almoſt arriv'd at our Hou ſend me not to mine in a Deſpair, that I cannot ſupp with Life; but tell me, I ſhall be bleſs'd with your Sig ſometimes in your Balcony, which is very near to a jett Window in our Houſe, from whence I have ſent many longing Look towards yours, in hope to have ſeen my Sou Tormenter. I ſhall be very unwilling,* ſaid ſhe, *to en into an Intreigue of Love, or Friendſhip, with a M whoſe Parents will be averſe to my Happineſs, and pe bly mine as refractory, tho' he cannot but know ſuch Alliance would be very conſiderable, my Fortune be not ſuitable to yours: I tell you this, that you may wi draw in time from an Engagement, in which I find th will be a great many Obſtacles. Oh! Madam,* repli *Rinaldo,* ſighing, *if my Perſon be not diſagreeable to y you will have no occaſion to fear the reſt, 'tis that I dre and that which is all my fear.* He, ſighing, beheld h with a languiſhing Look, that told her, he expect her Anſwer; when ſhe reply'd, *Sir, if that will be ſ tisfaction enough for you at this time, I do aſſure you have no Averſion for your Perſon, in which I find more be valu'd, than in any I have yet ſeen; and if what ſay be real, and proceed from a Heart truly affected find, in ſpight of me, you will oblige me to give hope.*

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on the other ſide, that little State and Pride *Atlante* aſſum'd, made her appear the more charming to him; ſo that if *Atlante* had no Mind to begin a new Leſſon of Philoſophy, while ſhe fancied her Thoughts were much better employ'd, the Count every Moment expreſſing his Tenderneſs and Paſſion, had as little an Inclination to inſtruct her, as ſhe was to be inſtructed; Love had taught her a new Leſſon, and he would fain teach her a new Leſſon of Love, but fears it will be a diminiſhing of his Gravity and Grandeur, to open the Secrets of his Heart to ſo young a Maid; he therefore thinks it more agreeable to his Quality and Years being about Forty, to uſe her Father's Authority in this Affair, and that it was ſufficient for him to declare himſelf to Monſieur *De Pais*, who he knew would be proud of the Honour he did him ſome time paſt before he could perſwade himſelf, even to declare himſelf, to her Father; he fancies, the little Coldneſs and Pride he ſaw in *Atlante*'s Face, which was not uſual proceeded from ſome Diſcovery of Paſſion, which his Eyes had made, or now and then a Sigh, that unawares broke forth, and accuſes himſelf of a Levity below his Quality, and the Dignity of his Wit and Gravity; and therefore, aſſumes a more rigid and formal Behaviour than he was wont, which rendred him yet more diſagreeable than before; and 'twas with greater Pain than ever, ſhe gave him that Reſpect which was due to his Quality.

Rinaldo, after a reſtleſs Night, was up very early in the Morning; and tho' he was not certain of ſeeing his adorable *Atlante*, he dreſs'd himſelf with all that care, as if he had been to have waited on her, and got himſelf into the Window, that overlook'd Monſieur *De Pais* his Balcony, where he had not remain'd long, before he ſaw the pretty *Charlot* come into it, not with any deſign of ſeeing *Rinaldo*, but to look and gaze about her a little: *Rinaldo* ſaw her, and made her a very low Reverence, and found ſome diſordered Joy on the ſight of even *Charlot*, ſince ſhe was Siſter to *Atlante*. He call'd to her (for the Win-

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ow was ſo near her, he could eaſily be heard by her) d told her, *He was infinitely indebted to her Bounty, giving him an opportunity yeſterday of falling on that diſcourſe, which had made him the happieſt Man in the World:* He ſaid, *if ſhe had not by her agreeable Converſation encourag'd him, and drawn him from one Word another, ſhe ſhould never have had the Confidence to have told* Atlante, *how much he ador'd her. I am very glad,* replied *Charlot, that I was the Occaſion of the Beginning of an Amour, which was diſpleaſing to neither he nor to the other; for I aſſure you, for your Comfort, my Siſter nothing but thinks on you: We lie together, and you have taught her already to ſigh ſo, that I could not ſleep for her.* At this, his Face was covered over with riſing Joy, which his Heart could not contain: And after ſome Diſcourſe, in which this innocent Girl diſcovered more than *Atlante* wiſh'd ſhe ſhould, he beſought her to become his Advocate; and ſince ſhe had no Brother, to give him leave to aſſume that Honour, and call her Siſter. Thus, by degrees, he flatter'd her to a Conſent, of carrying a Letter from him to *Atlante*; which ſhe, who believ'd all as innocent as her ſelf, and being not forbid to do ſo, immediately conſented to, when he took his Pen and Ink, that ſtood by the Window, with Paper, wrote *Atlante* this following Letter:

Rinaldo *to* Atlante.

If my Suit be ſo ſevere, as to deny me the Happineſs of ſighing out my Pain and Paſſion daily at your Feet, if there be any Faith in the Hope you were pleaſed to give me (as 'twere a Sin to doubt) O charming Atlante! *ſuffer me to languiſh, both without beholding you, and without the Bleſſing of now and then a Billet, in anſwer to thoſe that ſhall daily aſſure you of my eternal Faith and Vows; 'tis all I ask, till Fortune and our Affairs ſhall allow me the unſpeakable Satisfaction of claiming you; yet, if your Charity can ſometimes afford me a ſight of you, either from your Balcony in the Evening, or at a Church*

in the Morning, it would ſave me from that Deſp and Torment, which muſt poſſeſs a Heart ſo unaſſur'd, that of

Your Eternal Adorer,

RIN. BELLYUARD

He having writ and ſeal'd this, toſs'd it into t Balcony, to *Charlot*, having firſt look'd about to ſ if none perceiv'd them: She put it in her Boſom, a ran into her Siſter, whom by chance ſhe found alon *Vernole* having taken *De Pais* into the Garden, to d courſe him concerning the ſending *Charlot* to the M naſtery; which Work he deſir'd to ſee perform'd, b fore he declar'd his Intentions to *Atlante*; for amo all his other good Qualities, he was very avaritiou and as fair as *Atlante* was, he thought ſhe would much fairer with the Addition of *Charlot*'s Portio This Affair of his, with Monſieur *De Pays*, gave *Ch lot* an Opportunity of delivering her Letter to her S ſter; who no ſooner drew it from her Boſom, but *A lante*'s Face was cover'd over with Bluſhes: F ſhe imagin'd from whence it came, and had a cret Joy in that Imagination, tho' ſhe thought ſhe m put on the Severity and Niceneſs of a Virgin, w would not be thought to have ſurrendred her He with ſo ſmall an Aſſault, and the firſt too: So ſhe d manded from whence *Charlot* had that Letter? W replied with Joy, *From the fine young Gentleman, Neighbour.* At which *Atlante* aſſum'd all the Gravi ſhe could, to chide her Siſter; who replied, *Well, S ſter, had you this Day ſeen him, you would not have be angry to have receiv'd a Letter from him; he look'd handſome, and was ſo richly dreſs'd, ten times finer th he was yeſterday; and I promis'd him, you ſhould read i therefore pray let me keep my Word with him; and n only ſo, but carry him an Anſwer. Well,* ſaid *Atlan to ſave your Credit with Monſieur* Rinaldo, *I will read* Which ſhe did, and finiſhed with a Sigh. While ſ was reading, *Charlot* ran into the Garden, to ſee if th

we

e not likely to be ſurprized; and finding the Count her Father ſet in an Arbor, in deep Diſcourſe, ſhe ught Pen, Ink, and Paper, to her Siſter, and told ſhe might write without the fear of being diſturbed; ..ged her ſo long to what was enough her Inclina-, ſhe at laſt obtained this Anſwer:

ATLANTE *to* RINALDO.

Harlot, *your little importunate Advocate, has, at laſt ſubdued me to a Conſent of returning you this. She ut me on an Affair which I am wholly unacquainted ; and you ought to take this very kindly from me, ſince the very firſt time I ever writ to one of your Sex, tho' ps I might with leſs Danger have done it to any other . I tremble while I write, ſince I dread a Correſpon- e of this Nature, which may inſenſibly draw us into an venience, and engage me beyond the Limits of that y I ought to preſerve: For this way we venture to ſay uſand little kind Things, which in Converſation we not do; for now none can ſee us bluſh. I am ſenſible l this way put myſelf too ſoon into your Power; and you have abundance of Merit, I ought to be aſhamed nfeſſing, I am but too ſenſible of them: ——But hold ſhall diſcover for your Repoſe (which I would preſerve) uch of the Heart of*

ATLANTE.

e gave this Letter to *Charlot*; who immediately nto the Balcony with it, where ſhe ſtill found *Ri-* in a Melancholy Poſture, leaning his Head on his d: She ſhewed him the Letter, but was afraid to to him, for fear it might fall to the Ground; ſo n and fetched a long Cane, which he cleft at one and holding it where ſhe put the Letter into the , and ſtaid not to hear what he ſaid to it: But ne- as Man ſo tranſported with Joy, as he was, at the ng of this Letter; it gives him new Wounds; for Generous, nothing obliges Love ſo much as Love:

Tho' it is now too much the Nature of that inconſt
Sex, to ceaſe too Love as ſoon as they are ſure of
Conqueſt. But it was far different with our Caval
he was the more inflamed, by imagining he had m
ſome Impreſſions on the Heart of *Atlante*, and kin
ſome Sparks there, that in time might increaſe to ſ
thing more; ſo that he now reſolves to die hers;
conſidering all the Obſtacles that may poſſibly hi
his Happineſs, he found none but his Father's C
nacy, perhaps occaſioned by the Meanneſs of *Atla*
Fortune: To this he urged again, that he was hi
ly Son, and a Son whom he loved equal to his
Life; and that certainly, as ſoon as he ſhould be
him dying for *Atlante*, which if forc'd to quit he
be, that then he believed the Tenderneſs of ſo ſo
Parent, would break forth into Pity and Compa
and plead within for his Conſent. Theſe were
Thoughts that flattered this young Lover all the
and whether he were riding the great Horſe, or
Study of Philoſophy, or Mathematicks, Singing, Dan
or whatſoever other Exerciſe his Tutors ordered
Thoughts were continually on *Atlante*, and now h
fited no more; whatever he ſeem'd to do, every
he fail'd not to write to her by the Hand of the kind
lot; who young as ſhe was, had conceiv'd a very
Friendſhip for *Rinaldo*, and fail'd not to ſetch he
ters, and bring him Anſwers, ſuch as he wiſh'd
ceive. But all this did not ſatisfie our impatient L
Abſence kill'd, and he was no longer able to ſuppor
ſelf, without a ſight of this adorable Maid; he
fore implores, ſhe will give him that Satisfaction
ſhe at laſt grants it, with a better Will than he im
The next Day was the appointed time, when ſhe
under pretence of going to Church, give him an
nation: And becauſe all Publick Places were dan
and might make a great Noiſe, and they had
vate Place to truſt to, *Rinaldo*, under pretence o
up the River in his Pleaſure-Boat, which he oft
ſent to have it made ready againſt the next Day
of the Clock. This was accordingly done, and h

Atlante Notice of his Deſign, of going an Hour or two
n the River, in his Boat; which lay near to ſuch a
ace, not far from the Church. She, and *Charlot*,
me thither; and becauſe they durſt not come out,
ithout a Foot man, or two; they taking one, ſent him
ith a *How de ye?* to ſome young Ladies; and told
m, he ſhould find them at Church. So getting rid of
eir Spy, they haſtned to the River-ſide, and found a
oat, and *Rinaldo*, waiting to carry them on Board his
tle Veſſel; which was richly adorn'd, and a very
ndſome Collation ready for them, of Cold Meats, Sal-
ds, and Sweetmeats. As ſoon as they were come in-
o the Pleaſure-Boat, unſeen of any, he kneel'd at the
eet of *Atlante*; and there utter'd ſo many paſſionate
d tender Things to her, with a Voice ſo trembling,
nd ſoft; with Eyes ſo languiſhing; and a Fervency,
nd Fire, ſo ſincere; that her young Heart, wholly un-
apable of Artifice, could no longer reſiſt ſuch Language,
nd ſuch Looks of Love, ſhe grows tender, and he per-
eives it in her fine Eyes, who could not diſſemble; he
eads her Heart in her Looks, and found it yielding a-
ace; and therefore aſſaults it anew, with freſh Forces
f Sighs and Tears: He implores, ſhe would aſſure him
f her Heart; which ſhe could no other way do, then
y yielding to marry him: He would carry her to the
ext Village, there conſummate that Happineſs, without
hich he was able to live no longer; for he had a thou-
nd Fears, that ſome other Lover was, or would ſud-
enly be provided for her; and therefore he would
ake ſure of her, while he had this Opportunity; and
o that end, he anſwered all the Objections ſhe could
ake to the contrary: But ever, when he nam'd Mar-
iage, ſhe trembled, with fear of doing ſomething that
e fancy'd ſhe ought not to do, without the Conſent of
er Father: She was ſenſible of the Advantage, but had
een ſo us'd to a ſtrict Obedience, that ſhe could not,
ithout Horrour, think of violating it; and therefore
eſought him, as he valu'd her Repoſe, not to urge her
o that. And told him further, That if he fear'd any
ival, ſhe would give him what other Aſſurance, and

Satisfaction he pleas'd, but that of Marriage; which could not conſent to, 'till ſhe knew ſuch an Alli would not be fatal to him; for ſhe fear'd as paſſion ly as he lov'd her, when he ſhould find ſhe had oc on'd him the loſs of his Fortune, or his Father's Affect he would grow to hate her; tho' he anſwer'd to all that a fond Lover could urge, yet ſhe was reſol and he was forc'd to content himſelf with obliging by his Prayers and Proteſtations, his Sighs, and Showers of Tears, to a Contract, which they ſolem made each other, vowing on either ſide, that they wo never marry any other. This being ſolemnly conc ded, he aſſum'd a Look more gay, and contented t before: He preſented her a very rich Ring; which durſt not put on her Finger, but hid it in her Boſo And beholding each other now, as Man and Wife, ſuffer'd him all the decent Freedoms he could wiſ take; ſo that the Hours of this Voyage, ſeem'd the m ſoft and charming of his Life: And doubtleſs they w ſo; every Touch of *Atlante* tranſported him, ev Look pierced his Soul, and he was all Raptures of J when he conſider'd this charming lovely Maid was own.

Charlot all this while was gazing above Deck, adm ring the Motion of the little Veſſel, and how eaſily Wind and Tide bore her up the River. She had ne been in any thing of this kind before, and was very w pleaſed and entertain'd, when *Rinaldo* call'd her do to eat; where they enjoy'd themſelves as well as poſſible; and *Charlot* was wondering to ſee ſuch a C tent in their Eyes.

But now they thought it was high time for them return; they fancy the Foot-man miſſing them Church, would go home, and alarm their Father, a the Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance, as *Cha* call'd Count *Vernole*; whoſe Severity put their Fat on a greater Reſtriction of them, than naturally he wou do of himſelf. At the Name of this Count, *Rina* chang'd Colour, fearing he might be ſome Rival; a ask'd *Atlante*, if this *Vernole* was a-kin to her? She a ſwer

wered, No: But was a very great Friend to her Fa-ther; and on who, from their Infancy, had had a par-ticular Concern for their Breeding, and was her Ma-ter for Philoſophy. *Ah!* replied *Rinaldo*, ſighing, *This Man's Concern muſt proceed from ſomething more than Friendſhip for her Father*; and therefore conjured her to ell him, whether he was not a Lover? *A Lover*, re-plied *Atlante*; *I aſſure you, he is a perfect Antidote a-ainſt that Paſſion*; and tho' ſhe ſuffered his ugly Pre-ence now, ſhe ſhould loath and hate him, ſhould he ame but Love to her.

She ſaid, ſhe believ'd ſhe need not fear any ſuch Per-ecution, ſince he was a Man, who was not at all A-morous; that he had too much of the Satyr in his Hu-mour to harbour any ſoftneſs there: And Nature had form'd his Body to his Mind, wholly unfit for Love; and that he might ſet his Heart abſolutely at reſt: She aſſur'd him her Father had never yet propos'd any Mar-riage to her, tho' many advantagious ones are offer'd him every day.

The Sails being turn'd to carry them back from whence they came; after having diſcours'd of a thou-ſand things, and all of Love and Contrivance, to carry on their Mutual Deſign, they with Sighs parted, *Ri-naldo* ſtaying behind in the Pleaſure-Boat, and they go-ing a Shoar in the Wherry, that attended; after which, he caſt many an amorous and ſad Look, and perhaps was anſwer'd by thoſe of *Atlante*.

It was paſt Church time two or three Hours; when they arriv'd at home, wholly unprepared with an Ex-cuſe, ſo abſolutely was *Atlante*'s Soul poſſeſt with ſoft-er Buſineſs. The firſt Perſon they met withal, was the Footman, who open'd the Door, and began to cry out, how long he had waited in the Church, and how in vain; without giving them time to reply. *De Pan* came towards 'em; and with a frowning Look, de-manded where they had been? *Atlante*, who was not accuſtomed to Excuſes, and Untruth, was a while at a ſtand; when *Charlot* with a Voice of Joy cried out; *Oh, Sir, we have been a Board of a fine little Ship*: At

this *Atlante* bluſh'd, fearing ſhe would tell the Tru
But ſhe proceeded on, and ſaid, that they had n
been above a Quarter of an Hour at Church, wh
the Lady ——, with ſome other Ladies and Cavalie
were going out of the Church, and that ſpying the
they wou'd needs have them go with 'em: My Siſte
Sir, continued ſhe, was very loath to go, for fear yo
ſhould be angry; but my Lady —— was ſo import
nate with her on one ſide, and I on the other; becau
I never ſaw a little Ship in my Life, that at laſt we pr
vailed with her; therefore, good Sir, be not angry. H
promiſed them, he was not: And when they came i
they found Count *Vernole*, who had been inſpiring *L*
Pan with Severity, and counſell'd him to chide the youn
Ladies, for being too long abſent, under pretence of go
ing to their Devotion. Nor was it enough for him t
ſet the Father on, but himſelf, with a Gravity, whe
Concern and Malice were both apparent, reproach'
Atlante with Levity; and told her, He believ'd ſhe ha
ſome other Motive, than the Invitation of a Lady, t
go on Ship-board; and that ſhe had too many Lover
not to make them doubt that this was a deſign'd thing
and that ſhe had heard Love from ſome one, for whom
it was deſign'd. To this ſhe made him but a ſhort Re
ply, That if it was ſo, ſhe had no Reaſon to conceal i
ſince ſhe had Sence enough to look after herſelf; and
any Body had made Love to her, he might be aſſur'd
it was ſome one, whoſe Quality and Merit deſerv'd t
be heard: And with a Look of Scorn, ſhe paſt on t
another Room, and left him ſilently raging within wit
Jealouſie: Which, if before ſhe tormented him, thi
Declaration increas'd it to a Pitch not to be conceal'd
And this Day he ſaid ſo much to the Father, that he re
ſolv'd forthwith to ſend *Charlot* to a Nunnery: And
accordingly, the next Day, he bid her prepare to go
Charlot, who was not yet arrived to the Years of Diſtin
ction, did not much regret it; and having no Trouble
but leaving her Siſter, ſhe prepared to go to a Nunnery
not many Streets from that where ſhe dwelt. The Lad
Abbeſs was her Father's Kinſwoman, and had treated
her

er very well, as often as ſhe came to viſit her; ſo that ith Satisfaction enough, ſhe was condemned to a Moaſtick Life, and was now going for her Probation-ear. *Atlante* was troubled at her Departure, becauſe e had no Body to bring, and to carry Letters between *inaldo* and ſhe: However ſhe took her leave of her, nd promis'd to come and ſee her, as often as ſhe ſhould e permitted to go abroad; for ſhe fear'd now ſome onſtraint extraordinary would be put upon her; and o it happen'd.

Atlante's Chamber was that to which the Balcony elong'd, and though ſhe durſt not appear there in the Day-time, ſhe could in the Night, and that way give er Lover as many Hours of Converſation, as ſhe plea-d, without being perceived: But how to give *Rinaldo* otice of this, ſhe could not tell, who not knowing *harlot* was gone to a Monaſtery, waited many Days t his Window to ſee her; at laſt they neither of them nowing who to truſt with any Meſſage, one Day hen he was, as uſual, upon his watch, he ſaw *Atlante* ep into the Balcony, who having a Letter, in which e had put a Piece of Lead, ſhe toſt it into his Window, hoſe Caſement was open, and run in again unper-eived by any but himſelf, the Paper contain'd only his:

My Chamber is that which looks into the Balcony, from hence, tho' I cannot converſe with you in the Day, I can t Night, when I am retired to go to Bed; therefore be at ur Window. Farewel.

There needed no more to make him a diligent Watch-r, and accordingly ſhe was no ſooner retired to her hamber, but ſhe would come into the Balcony, where e fail'd not to ſee him attending at his Window. This appy Contrivance was thus carry'd on for many ights, where they entertain'd one another, with all e Indearment that two Hearts could dictate, who ere perfectly united and aſſured of each other, and is pleaſing Converſation would often laſt till Day ap-eared, and forced them to part.

But

But old *Belyuard* perceiving his Son frequent th Chamber more than uſual, fancy'd ſomething extrao dinary muſt be the Cauſe of it; and one Night askin for his Son, his Vallet told him, he was gone into the gre Chamber; ſo this was called: *Belyuard* asked the Va let, what he did there; he told him, he could not tel for often he had lighted him thither; and, that his M ſter would take the Candle from him, at the Chamb Door, and ſuffer him to go no further: Tho' the o Gentleman could not imagine, what Affairs he cou have alone every Night in that Chamber, he had Curioſity to ſee; and one unlucky Night, putting o his Shooes, he came to the Door of the Chambe which was open, he entered ſoftly, and ſaw the Cand ſet in the Chimney, and his Son at a great open B Window; he ſtopt a while to wait when he wou turn, but finding him immovable, he advanced ſom thing further, and at laſt heard the ſoft Dialogue Love, between him and *Atlante*; whom he knew be ſhe, by his often calling her by her Name in the Diſcourſe: He heard enough to confirm him how Ma ters went; and unſeen as he came, he returned, fu of Indignation, and thought how to prevent ſo gre an Evil, as this Paſſion of his Son might produce; firſt he thought to round him ſeverely in the Ear abo it, and upbraid him for doing the only thing he ha thought fit to forbid him; but then he thought th would but terrifie him for a while, and he would r turn again, where he had ſo great an Inclination, if were near her: He therefore reſolves to ſend him *Paris*, that by abſence he might forget the young Bea ty, that had charmed his Youth: Therefore, witho letting *Rinaldo* know the Reaſon, and without taki notice that he knew any thing of his Amour, he cam to him one Day, and told him all the Maſters he ha for the improving him in noble Sciences were very du or very remiſs; and that he reſolved he ſhould go for Year or two, to the Academy at *Paris*. To this, t Son made a thouſand Evaſions; but the Father w poſitive, and not to be perſwaded by all his Reaſon

and finding he ſhould abſolutely diſpleaſe him, if he refuſed to go, and not daring to tell him the dear Cauſe of his Deſire to remain at *Orleance*. He therefore, with a breaking Heart, conſents to go, nay, reſolves it, though it ſhould be his Death: But, alas! he conſiders, that this parting will not only prove the greateſt Torment upon Earth to him, but that *Atlante* will ſhare in his Misfortunes alſo: This Thought gives him a double Torment, and yet finds no way to evade it.

The Night that finiſhed this fatal Day, he goes again to his wonted Station, the Window; where he had not ſig'hd very long, but he ſaw *Atlante* enter the Balcony: He was not able a great while to ſpeak to her, or to utter one Word. The Night was light enough to ſee him at the wonted place; and ſhe admires at his Silence, and demands the Reaſon in ſuch obliging Terms, as adds to his Grief; and he, with a deep Sigh, replied, *Urge me not, my fair* Atlante, *to ſpeak, leſt by obeying you, I give you more cauſe of Grief, than my Silence is capable of doing:* And then ſighing again, he held his Peace, and gave her leave to ask the Cauſe of theſe laſt Words. But when he made no Reply, but by ſighing, ſhe imagin'd it much worſe, than indeed it was; and with a trembling and fainting Voice, ſhe cried, *Oh!* Rinaldo, *give me leave to divine that cruel News you are ſo unwilling to tell me: It is ſo,* added ſhe, *you are deſtined to ſome more fortunate Maid than* Atlante: At this, Tears ſtopp'd her Speech, and ſhe could utter no more. *No, my deareſt Charmer,* replyed *Rinaldo* (elevating his Voice) *if that were all, you ſhould ſee with what Fortitude I would die, rather than obey any ſuch Commands: I am vowed yours to the laſt Moment of my Life; and will be yours in ſpight of all the Oppoſition in the World; that Cruelty I could evade, but cannot this that threatens me. Ah!* cried *Atlante, let Fate do her worſt, ſo ſhe ſtill continue* Rinaldo *mine, and keep that Faith he hath ſworn to me entire: What can ſhe do beſide that can afflict me? She can ſeparate me,* cried he, *for ſome time from* Atlante. *Oh!* replied ſhe, *all Misfortunes fall ſo below that which I firſt imagined, that*

me-

methinks I do not reſ nt this, as I ſhould otherwiſe have done; but I know, when I have a little more conſidered it, I ſhall even die with the Grief of it. Abſence being ſo great an Enemy to Love, and makes us ſoon forget the Object beloved: This, though I never experienced, I have heard, and fear it may be my Fate. He then convinced her Fear with a thouſand new Vows, and a thouſand Imprecations of Conſtancy. She then asked him, *If their Loves were diſcovered, that he was with ſuch haſte to depart?* He told her, *Nothing of that was the Cauſe; and he could almoſt wiſh it were diſcovered, ſince he could re-ſolutely then refuſe to go: But it was only to cultivate his Mind, more effectually than he could do here; 'twas the Care of his Father to accompliſh him the more; and therefore he could not contradict it. But,* ſaid he, *I am not ſent where Seas ſhall part us, nor vaſt diſtances of Earth but to* Paris; *from whence he might come in two Days to ſee her again, and that he would expect from that Balcony, that had gave him ſo many happy Moments, many more when he ſhould come to ſee her.* He beſought her to ſend him away with all the Satisfaction ſhe could, which ſhe could no otherwiſe do, than by giving him new Aſſurances, that ſhe would never give away that Right he had in her, to any other Lover: She vows this with innumerable Tears; and is almoſt angry with him for queſtioning her Faith. He tells her then he has but one Night more to ſtay, and his Grief would be unſpeakable, if he ſhould not be able to take a better Leave of her, than at a Window; and that, if ſhe would give him leave, he would by a Rope or two tied together, ſo as it may ſerve for Steps, aſcend her Balcony; he not having time to provide a Ladder of Ropes. She tells him, ſhe has ſo great a Confidence in his Vertue and Love, that ſhe will refuſe him nothing though it would be a very bold venture for a Maid, to truſt herſelf with a paſſionate young Man, in ſilence of Night; and though ſhe did not exert a Vow from him to ſecure her, ſhe expected he would have a Care of her Honour. He ſwore to her, his Love was too Religious for ſo baſe an Attempt. There needed not ma-

ny

y Vows to confirm her Faith; and it was agreed on etween them that he ſhould come the next Night in- o her Chamber.

It happened that Night, as it often did, that Count *Vernole*, lay with Monſieur *De Pays*, which was in a Ground-Room, juſt under that of *Atlante*'s: And as ſoon as ſhe knew all were in Bed, ſhe gave the Word to *Rinaldo*, who was attending with the Impatience of a paſſionate Lover below, under the Window; and, who ſooner heard the Balcony open, but he aſcended with ſome difficulty, and entered the Chamber, where he found *Atlante* tremble with Joy and Fear: He throws himſelf at her Feet, as unable to ſpeak as ſhe; who nothing but bluſhed and bent down her Eyes, hardly daring to glance them towards the dear Object of her Deſires, the Lord of all her Vows: She was was aſhamed to ſee a Man in her Chamber, where yet none had ever been alone, and by Night too. He ſaw her Fear, and felt her Trembling; and after a thouſand Sighs of Love had made way for Speech, he beſought her to fear nothing from him; for his Flame was too ſacred, and his Paſſion too holy to offer any thing, but what Honour with Love might afford him. At laſt he brought her to ſome Courage, and the Roſes of her fair Cheeks aſſumed their wonted Colour, not bluſhing too Red, nor languiſhing too Pale. But when the Converſation began between them, it was the ſofteſt in the World: They ſaid all that parting Lovers could ſay, all that Wit and Tenderneſs could expreſs: They exchanged their Vows a-new, and to confirm his, he tied a Bracelet of Diamonds about her Arm; and ſhe returned him one of her Hair, which he had long begged, and ſhe had on purpoſe made, which claſped together with Diamonds; this ſhe put about his Arm, and he ſwore to carry it to his Grave. The Night was very far ſpent in tender Vows, ſoft Sighs and Tears on both ſides; and it was high time to part: But as if Death had been to have arrived to them in that Minute, they both linger'd away the time, like Lovers who had forgot themſelves; and Day was near approaching, when

when he bid farewel; which he repeated very often, for ſtill he was interrupted by ſome commanding Softneſs from *Atlante*, and then loſt all his Power of going; till ſhe, more couragious and careful of his Intereſt, and her own Fame, forc'd him from her; and it was happy ſhe did ſo; for he was no ſooner got over the Balcony, and ſhe had flung him down his Rope, and ſhut the Door, but *Vernole*, whom Love and Contrivance kept waking, fancied ſeveral times he heard a Noiſe in *Atlante*'s Chamber. And whether in paſſing over the Balcony, *Rinaldo* made any noiſe or not, or whether it were ſtill his jealous Fancy, he came up in his Night-Gown, with a Piſtol in his Hand. *Atlante* was not ſo much loſt in Grief, though ſhe were all in Tears, but ſhe heard a Man come up, and imagined it had been her Father, ſhe not knowing of Count *Vernole*'s lying in the Houſe that Night; if ſhe had, ſhe poſſibly had taken more care to have been ſilent: But whoever it was, ſhe could not get to Bed ſoon enough; and therefore turn'd herſelf to her Dreſſing-table, where Candle ſtood, and where lay a Book open of the Story of *Ariadne* and *Theſias*. The Count turning the Latch, entred halting into her Chamber, in his Night-Gown clapped cloſe about him, which betrayed an ill-favoured Shape, his Night-Cap on, without a Perriwig, which diſcovered all his lean withered Jaws, his pale Face, and his Eyes ſtaring; and making altogether ſo dreadful a Figure, that *Atlante*, who no more dreamt of him than of a Devil, had poſſibly have rather ſeen the laſt. She gave a great Shriek, which frighted *Vernole*; ſo both ſtood for a while ſtaring on each other, till both were recollected: He told her, the Care of her Honour had brought him thither; and then rolling his ſmall Eyes round the Chamber, to ſee if he could diſcover any Body; he proceed and cried, *Madam, if I had no other Motive than your being up at this time of Night, or rather of Day, I could eaſily gueſs how you have been entertained.* *What Inſolence is this*, ſaid ſhe, all in a Rage, *when to cover your Boldneſs of approaching my Chamber at this Hour, you would queſtion how I have been entertained*; either

ther explain yourſelf, or quit my Chamber; for I do not e to ſee ſuch terrible Objects here. Poſſibly thoſe you do
, ſaid the Count, *are indeed more agreeable, but I am aid have not that regard to your Honour as I have.* And that Word he ſtepped to the Balcony, opened it, d looked out, but ſeeing no Body, he ſhut it too a-in. This enraged *Atlante* beyond all Patience; and atching the Piſtol out of his Hand, ſhe told him, *He ſerved to have it aimed at his Head, for having the Im-dence to queſtion her Honour, or her Conduct; and com-ended him to avoid her Chamber as he loved his Life*; hich ſhe believed he was fonder of than of her Ho-ur: She ſpeaking this in a Tone wholly tranſported ith Rage; and at the ſame time holding the Piſtol to-ards him, made him tremble with Fear; and he now nd whether ſhe were guilty or not, it was his turn beg pardon: For you muſt know, however it came paſs, that his Jealouſie made him come up in that rce Poſture; at other times *Vernole* was the moſt me and paſſive Man in the World, and one who was aid of his own Shadow in the Night: He had a tural Averſion for Danger, and thought it below a an of Wit, or common Senſe, to be guilty of that tal Thing, called Courage or Fighting: His Phi-ſophy told him, *It was ſafe ſleeping in a whole Skin*; d poſſibly he apprehended as much Danger from this *ago*, as ever he did from his own Sex; he therefore l on his Knees, and beſought her to hold her fair nd; and not to ſuffer that, which was the greateſt ark of his Reſpect, to be the Cauſe of her Hate or dignation. The pitiful Faces he made, and the Signs mortal Fear in him, had almoſt made her laugh, at ſt it allayed her Anger; and ſhe bid him riſe and the Fool hereafter ſome-where-elſe, and not in her ſence: Yet for once, ſhe would deign to give him s Satisfaction; that ſhe was got into a Book, which d many moving Stories very well writ; and that found herſelf ſo well entertained, ſhe had forgot w the Night paſſed. He moſt humbly thanked her

for

for this Satisfaction, and retired, perhaps not ſo
ſatisfied as he pretended.

After this, he appeared more ſubmiſſive and reſp
ful towards *Atlante*; and ſhe carried herſelf more re
ved and haughty towards him; which was one Rea
he would not yet diſcover his Paſſion.

Thus the Time ran on at *Orleance*, while *Rin*
found himſelf daily languiſhing at *Paris*. He was
deed in the beſt Academy in the City, amongſt a nu
ber of brave and noble Youths; where all things t
could accompliſh them, was to be learn'd by thoſe t
had any Genius; but *Rinaldo* had other Thoughts,
other Buſineſs; his time was wholly paſt in the m
ſolitary Parts of the Garden, by the melancholy Fo
tains, and in the moſt gloomy Shades; where he co
with moſt Liberty breath out his Paſſion and his Gri
He was paſt the Tutorage of a Boy; and his Maſ
could not upbraid him, but found he had ſome ſe
Cauſe of Grief, which made him not mind theſe Ex
ciſes, which were the Delight of the reſt; ſo that
thing being able to divert his Melancholy, which da
increaſed upon him: He fear'd it would bring h
into a Fever, if he did not give himſelf the Satis
ction of ſeeing *Atlante*. He had no ſooner thought
this, but he was impatient to put it into Executio
he reſolves to go (having very good Horſes) with
acquainting any of his Servants with it. He got a
handſome and light Ladder of Ropes made, which
carried under his Coat, and away he rid for *Orlea*
ſtay'd at a little Village, till the Darkneſs of the Ni
might favour his Deſign: And then walking about
lante's Lodgings, till he ſaw a Light in her Chambe
and then making that Noiſe on his Sword, as was
greed between them. He was heard by his adora
Atlante, and ſuffered to mount her Chamber; wh
he would ſtay till almoſt break of Day, and then
turn to the Village, and take Horſe and away for P
again. This, once in a Month, was his Exerciſe, wi
out which he could not live; ſo that his whole Y

s paſt in riding between *Orleance* and *Paris*, between
ſels of Grief and excels of Joy by turns.

It was now that *Atlante* arrived to her fifteenth
ar, ſhone out with a Luſtre of Beauty greater than
r; and in this Year of the Abſence of *Rinaldo*, had
ned herſelf with that Severity of Life, without the
ithful Deſire of going abroad, or deſiring any Di-
ion, but what ſhe found in her own retired
ughts: That *Vernole*, wholly unable longer to con-
l his Paſſion, reſolved to make a Publication of it,
to the Father, and then to the lovely Daughter,
whom he had ſome hope, becauſe ſhe had carried
ſelf very well towards him for this Year paſt;
ich ſhe would never have done, if ſhe had imagi-
he would ever have been her Lover: She had ſeen
Signs of any ſuch Misfortune towards her in theſe
ny Years he had converſed with her, and ſhe had
cauſe to fear him. When one Day her Father ta-
g her into the Garden, told her what Honour and
ppineſs was in ſtore for her; and that now the Glo-
of his fallen Family would riſe again, ſince ſhe had
Lover of an illuſtrious Blood, allied to Monarchs;
d one whoſe Fortune was newly encreas'd to a very
ſiderable Degree, anſwerable to his Birth. She
nged Colour at this Diſcourſe, imagining but too
ll, who this illuſtrious Lover was: When *De Pais*
ceeded, and told her, *Indeed his Perſon was not the*
t *agreeable that ever was ſeen; but he married her to*
and Fortune, not the Man: And a Woman, ſays he,
to look no farther.

She needed not any more to inform her, who this
ended Husband was; and, therefore burſting forth
Tears, ſhe throws herſelf at his Feet, imploring
not to uſe the Authority of a Father, to force her
thing ſo contrary to her Inclinations; aſſuring, ſhe
ld not conſent to any ſuch thing; and that ſhe
uld rather die than yield: She urged many Argu-
nts for this her Diſobedience. But none would paſs
current with the old Gentleman, whoſe Pride had

flattered him with hopes of so considerable a Son-
Law: He was very much surprized at *Atlante's* re-
sing what he believed she would receive with Jo
and finding that no Arguments on his side could d
bers to an obedient Consent, he grew to such a R
as very rarely possest him; vowing, if she did not c
form her Will to his, he would abandon her to all
Cruelty of Contempt and Poverty; so that at last
was forced to return him this Answer, *That she*
strive all she could with her heart; but she verily be-
wed she should never bring it to consent to a Marr
with Monsieur the Count. The Father continued thr
ning her, and gave her some Days to consider of
So leaving her in Tears, he returned to his Cham
to consider what Answer he should give Count *Ver*
whom he knew would be impatient to learn what
cess he had, and what himself was to hope: *De*
after some Consideration, resolved to tell him, she
ceived the Offer very well; but, that he must ex
a little Maiden Nicety in the Case; and accordin
did tell him so, and he was not at all doubtful of
good Fortune.

But *Atlante*, who resolved to die a thousand De
rather than break her solemn Vows to *Rinaldo*, o
marry the Count, cast about how she should avoi
with the least Hazard of her Father's Rage. She fo
Rinaldo the better and more advantageous Match of
two, could they but get his Father's Consent: He
beautiful and young; his Title was equal to tha
Vernole, when his Father should die; and his Es
exceeded his; yet she dares not make a Discovery,
fear she should injure her Lover; who at this t
though she knew it not, lay sick of a Fever, while
was wondering that he came not as he used to
However, she resolves to send him a Letter, and
quaint him with the Misfortune; which she did
these Terms:

Atla

ATLANTE to RINALDO.

MY Father's Authority would force me to violate my ſacred Vows to you, and give them the Count Vernole, *whom I mortally hate, could wiſh him the greateſt Monarch in the World, that I might ſhow you I could even then deſpiſe him for your ſake. My Father is already ſo much inraged by my denial, to hear Reaſon from me, if I ſhould confeſs to him my Vows to you: that I ſee nothing but a Proſpect of Death before me; for aſſure yourſelf, my* Rinaldo, *I will die rather than conſent to marry any other: Therefore come, my* Rinaldo, *and come quickly, to ſee my Funerals, inſtead of thoſe Nuptials they vainly expect from*

Your Faithful

ATLANTE.

This Letter *Rinaldo* received; and there needed more to make him fly to *Orleance*: This raiſed ſoon from his Bed of Sickneſs, and getting immedi ly to hers, he arrived at his Father's Houſe; who not ſo much admire to ſee him, becauſe he heard was ſick of a Fever, and gave him leave to retur he pleas'd: He went directly to his Father's Ho becauſe he knew ſomewhat of the Buſineſs; he reſolv'd to make his Paſſion known, as ſoon as he ſeen *Atlante*; from whom he was to take all his M ſures: He therefore fail'd not, when all were in to riſe and go from his Chamber, into the Str where finding a Light in *Atlante*'s Chamber, for every Night expected him, he made the uſual S and ſhe went into the Balcony; and he having Conveniency of mounting up into it, they diſcou and ſaid all they had to ſay: From thence, ſhe him of the Count's Paſſions, of her Father's Reſolu and her own, which was rather to die his than any body's elſe: And at laſt, as their laſt Refuge, reſolv'd to diſcover the whole Matter; ſhe to her ther, and he to his, to ſee what Accommodation could make; if not, to die together. They part this Reſolve, for ſhe would permit him no longer to the Street, after ſuch a Sickneſs; ſo he went hom Bed, but not to ſleep.

The next Day, at Dinner, *Monſigniore Bellyuar* lieving his Son abſolutely cur'd by Abſence of his ſion; and ſpeaking of all the News of the Town mong the reſt, told him, he was come in good ti Dance at the Wedding of Count *Vernole* with *At* the Match being agreed on: *No, Sir*, reply'd *Ri I ſhall never Dance at the Marriage of Count Ve with* Atlante; *and you will ſee in Monſieur* De Pais's *a Funeral ſooner than a Wedding*: And thereupo told his Father all his Paſſion, for that lovely M and aſſur'd him, if he would not ſee him laid Grave, he muſt conſent to this Match: *Bellyuar* in a Fury, and told him, *He had rather ſee him*

G

ave, than in the Arms of Atlante: *Not*, continued he, *much for any diſlike I have to the young Lady, or the allneſs of her Fortune; but, becauſe I have ſo long warn'd from ſuch a Paſſion, and have with ſuch Care endea-r'd by your Abſence to prevent it.* He traverſs'd the oom very faſt, ſtill proteſting againſt this Alliance; d was deaf to all *Rinaldo* could ſay: On the other e, the Day being come, wherein *Atlante* was to ve her final Anſwer to her Father, concerning her arriage with Count *Vernole*: She aſſum'd all the ourage and Reſolution ſhe could to withſtand the orm, that threaten'd a Denial. And her Father came her, and demanding her Anſwer; ſhe told him, *She ld not be the Wife of* Vernole, *ſince ſhe was Wife to* naldo, *only Son to* Bellyuard. If her Father ſtorm'd fore, he grew like a Man diſtracted at her Confeſſi-; and *Vernole* hearing them loud, ran to the Cham-, to learn the Cauſe; where, juſt as he entered, he nd *De Pais*'s Sword drawn, and ready to kill his aughter, who lay all in Tears at his Feet, he with-ld his Hand; and asking the Cauſe of this Rage, he s told all that *Atlante* had confeſs'd; which put rnole quite beſide all his Gravity, and made him ſcover the Infirmity of Anger; which he us'd to ſay, ght to be diſſembled by all wiſe Men: So that *De* s forgot his own to appeaſe his; but 'twas in vain, r he went out of the Houſe, vowing Revenge on *Ri-ldo*: And to that end, being not very well aſſur'd of s own Courage, as I ſaid before, and being of the pinion, that no Man ought to expoſe his Life to him, ho has injur'd him: He hir'd *Swiſs* and *Spaniſh* Sol-ers to attend him in the Nature of Footmen; and atch'd ſeveral Nights about *Bellyuard*'s Door: And at of *De Pais*, believing he ſhould ſometime or other e him under the Window of *Atlante*, or perhaps ounting in it; for now he no longer doubted, but s happy Lover was he, whom he fancy'd he heard from the Balcony that Night, he came up with his tol; and being more a *Spaniard* than a *French* Man

in his Nature, he reſolv'd to take him any way guarded or unarmed, if he came in his way.

Atlante, who heard his Threatnings, when he w from her in a Rage, fear'd his Cowardize might him on ſome baſe Action, to deprive *Rinaldo* of Life; and therefore thought it not ſafe to ſuffer to come to her by Night, as he had before done; ſent him word in a Note, that he ſhould forbear Window, for *Vernole* had ſworn his Death: This N came unſeen by his Father to his Hands; but this co not hinder him from coming to her Window, wh he did as ſoon as it was dark, he came thither, attended with his Vallet and two Footmen; for n he cared not who knew the Secret: He had no ſoo made the Sign, but he found himſelf incompaſs'd *Vernole*'s Bravoes; and himſelf ſtanding at a diſta cry'd out, *That he is*: With that, they all drew on b ſides, and *Rinaldo* receiv'd a Wound in the Arm. *lante* heard this, and ran crying out, *That* Rina preſt by Numbers, *would be kill'd*. *De Pais*, who reading in his Cloſet, took his Sword, and ran o and contrary to all expectation, ſeeing *Rinaldo* fig ing with his back to the Door, pull'd him into Houſe, and fought himſelf with the Bravoes. being very much wounded by *Rinaldo*, gave gro and ſheer'd off; and *De Pais* putting up old *Billo* the Scabbard, went into his Houſe, where he fo *Rinaldo* almoſt fainting with loſs of Blood, and *Atl* with her Maids binding up his Wound; to whom *Pais* ſaid, *This Charity* Atlante *very well becomes you, is what I can allow you; and I could wiſh you had no Motive for this Action.* *Rinaldo* by degrees recov of his Fainting, and as well as his Weakneſs wo permit him, he got up and made a low Reverenc *De Pais*; telling him, *He had now a double Obliga to pay him all the Reſpect in the World; firſt, for hi ing the Father of* Atlante; *and ſecondly, for being Preſerver of his Life; two Tyes that ſhould eternally ob him to Love and Honour him, as his own Parent*: De

reply

ply'd, *He had done nothing but what common Humani-*
compelled him to: But if he would make good that Re-
he profeſs'd towards him, it muſt be in quitting all
hopes of Atlante, *whom he had deſtin'd to another, or to*
eternal Incloſure in a Monaſtery: He had another
ughter, whom if he would think worthy of his regard,
ſhould take his Alliance as a very great Honour; but
s Word and Reputation, nay, his Vows were paſt, to give
lante *to Count* Vernole. *Rinaldo,* who before he ſpoke,
ok meaſure from *Atlante*'s Eyes; which told him,
r Heart was his; return'd this Anſwer to *De Pais*;
at he was infinitely glad to find by the Generoſity of his
ffer, that he had no Averſion to his being his Son-in-
w; and that next to Atlante, *the greateſt Happineſs he*
uld wiſh would be, his receiving Charlot *from his Hands,*
t that he could not think of quitting Atlante, *how ne-*
ſſary ſoever it would be for Glory, and his —— (the fur-
er) Repoſe. De Pais would not let him at this time,
gue the Matter further, ſeeing he was ill, and had
ed of looking after; he therefore begg'd he would
r his Health's ſake retire to his own Houſe, whither
himſelf conducted him; and left him to the Care of
s Men, who were eſcap'd the Fray; and return'd to
s own Chamber, he found *Atlante* retir'd, and ſo he
ent to Bed full of Thoughts; this Night had increa-
d his Eſteem for *Rinaldo*, and leſſen'd it for Count
rnole; but his Word and Honour being paſt, he
uld not break it, neither with Safety nor Honour;
r he knew the haughty reſenting Nature of the Count,
d he fear'd ſome Danger might arrive to the brave
naldo, which troubled him very much: At laſt he re-
v'd, that neither might take any thing ill at his
ands, to looſe *Atlante*, and ſend her to the Mona-
ry, where her Siſter was, and compel her to be a
un. This he thought would prevent Miſchiefs on
th ſides; and accordingly, the next day (having in
e Morning ſent word to the Lady *Abbeſs* what he
uld have done; he carries *Atlante* under pretence
viſiting her Siſter, which they often did) to the Mo-

naſtery, where ſhe was no ſooner come, but ſhe w led into the Incloſure: Her Father he had rather crifice her than ſhe ſhould be the Cauſe of Murther of two ſuch Noble Men as *Vernole* and *naldo.*

The Noiſe of *Atlante*'s being inclos'd, was ſoon ſpr all over the buſie Town, and *Rinaldo* was not the to whom the News arriv'd: He was for a few D confin'd to his Chamber; where, when alone, he ra like a Man diſtracted. But his Wounds had ſo inc ſed his Father againſt *Atlante*, that he ſwore he wo ſee his Son die of them, rather than ſuffer him to ma *Atlante*; and was extreamly over-joyed, to find ſhe w condemned for ever to the Monaſtery; ſo that the S thought it the wiſeſt Courſe, and the moſt for the A vantage of his Love, to ſay nothing to contradict Father; but being almoſt aſſured *Atlante* would n ther conſent to be ſhut up in a Cloyſter, and aband him, he flatter'd himſelf with hope, that he ſhould ſt her from thence, and marry her in ſpight of all Opp ſition. This he was impatient to put in Practice: believed, if he were not permitted to ſee *Atlante*, had ſtill a kind Advocate in *Charlot*, who was now riv'd to her Thirteenth Year, and infinitely advanc'd Wit and Beauty. *Rinaldo* therefore often goes to t Monaſtery, ſurrounding it, to ſee what poſſibility th was of accompliſhing his Deſign; if he could get Conſent, he finds it not impoſſible, and goes to v *Charlot*; who had Command not to ſee him, or ſp to him. This was a Cruelty he look'd not for, a which gave him an unſpeakable Trouble, and witho her Aid it was wholly impoſſible to give *Atlante* a Account of his Deſign. In this Perplexity he remai many Days, in which he languiſh'd almoſt to Deat he was diſtracted with Thought, and continually h vering about the Nunnery-Walls, in hope, at ſo time or other, to ſee or hear from the lovely Ma who alone could make his Happineſs. In theſe T verſes he often met *Vernole*, who had liberty to ſee h

when he pleas'd: If it happen'd that they chanc'd to meet in the Day-time, tho' *Vernole* were attended with an Equipage of Ruffians, and *Rinaldo* but only with a couple of Footmen, he could perceive *Vernole* ſhun him, grow pale, and almoſt tremble with Fear ſometimes, and get to the other ſide of the Street; and if he did not, *Rinaldo* having a mortal hate to him, would often bear up cloſe to him, that he would joſtle him againſt the Wall; which *Vernole* would patiently put up, and paſs on; ſo that he could never be provok'd to fight by Day-light, how ſolitary ſoever the place was where they met: but if they chanc'd to meet at Night, they were certain of a Skirmiſh, in which he would have no part himſelf; ſo that *Rinaldo* was often like to be aſſaſſinated, but ſtill came off with ſome ſlight Wound. This continued ſo long, and made ſo great a Noiſe in the Town, that the two Old Gentlemen were mightily alarm'd by it; and Count *Bellyuard* came to *De Pays*, one Day, to diſcourſe with him of this Affair; and *Bellyuard*, for the Preſervation of his Son, was almoſt conſenting, ſince there was no Remedy, that he ſhould marry *Atlante*. *De Pays* confeſs'd the Honour he proffer'd him, and how troubled he was, that his Word was already paſt to his Friend, the Count *Vernole*, whom he ſaid ſhe ſhould marry, or remain for ever a Nun; but if *Rinaldo* could diſplace his Love from *Atlante*, and place it on *Charlot*, ſhe ſhould gladly conſent to the Match. *Bellyuard*, who would now do any thing for the Repoſe of his Son, tho' he believ'd this Exchange would not paſs, yet reſolv'd to propoſe it, ſince by Marrying him, he took him out of the Danger of *Vernole*'s Aſſaſſinates, who would never leave him, 'till they had diſpatch'd him, ſhould he marry *Atlante*.

While *Rinaldo* was contriving a thouſand Ways to come to ſpeak to, or ſend Billets to *Atlante*, none of which would ſucceed without the Aid of *Charlot*, his Father came and propoſed this Agreement between *De Pays*, and himſelf, to his Son. At firſt *Rinaldo* receiv'd it with chang'd Countenance, and a breaking Heart; but

but ſwiftly turning from Thought to Thought, he co
ceiv'd this the only way to come at *Charlot*, and
conſequently at *Atlante*; he therefore, after ſome di
ſembled Regret, conſents, with a ſad put-on-Look
And *Charlot* had Notice given her, to ſee and entertai
Rinaldo. As yet they had not told her the Reaſon
which her Father would tell her, when he came to v
ſit her, he ſaid. *Rinaldo* over-joy'd at this Contrivanc
and his own Diſſimulation, goes to the Monaſtery, v
ſits *Charlot*; where he ought to have ſaid ſomething
this Propoſition; but wholly bent upon other Thought
he ſolicits her to convey ſome Letters, and Preſents
Atlante; which ſhe readily did, to the unſpeakable Jo
of the poor Diſtreſt. Sometimes he would talk
Charlot of her own Affairs; asking her, If ſhe reſolv
to become a Nun? To which ſhe would ſigh, and ſay
If ſhe muſt, it would be extreamly againſt her Inclina
tions; and, if it pleaſed her Father, ſhe had rather be
gin the World with any tolerable Match.

Things paſt thus for ſome Days, in which our Lo
vers were happy, and *Vernole* aſſured he ſhould hav
Atlante. But at laſt *De Pays* came to viſit *Charlot*, wh
asked her, if ſhe had ſeen *Rinaldo?* ſhe anſwered, Sh
had. *And how does he entertain you?* reply'd *De Pays*
*Have you received him as a Husband? and has he behave
himſelf like one?* At this a ſudden Joy ſeized the Hear
of *Charlot*; and loth to confeſs what ſhe had done fo
him to her Siſter, ſhe hung down her bluſhing Face, t
ſtudy for an Anſwer. *De Pays* continued, and told he
the Agreement between *Bellyuard* and him, for the ſa
ving of Bloodſhed.

She, who bleſt the Cauſe, whatever it was, havin
always a great Friendſhip and Tenderneſs for *Rinaldo*
gave her Father a thouſand Thanks for his Care; an
aſſured him, ſince ſhe was commanded by him, ſh
would receive him as her Husband.

And the next Day, when *Rinaldo* came to viſit her
as he uſed to do, and bringing a Letter with him
wherein he propoſed the ſight of *Atlante*: He found

Coldneſ

Coldneſs in *Charlot*, as ſoon as he told her his Deſign, and deſired her to carry the Letter. He asked the reaſon of this Change: She tells him, ſhe was informed of the Agreement between their two Fathers, and that ſhe look'd upon herſelf as his Wife, and would act no more as a Confident, that ſhe had ever a violent Inclination of Friendſhip for him, which ſhe would ſoon improve into ſomething more ſoft.

He could not deny the Agreement, nor his Promiſe; but it was in vain to tell her, he did it only to get a Correſpondence with *Atlante*: She is obſtinate, and he as preſſing, with all the Tenderneſs of Perſwaſion: He vows he can never be any but *Atlante*'s; and ſhe may ſee him die, but never break his Vows. She urges her Claim in vain, ſo that at laſt ſhe was overcome, and promiſed ſhe would carry the Letter; which was to have her make her eſcape that Night. He waits at the Grate for her Anſwer, and *Charlot* returns with one that pleaſed him very well; that was, that Night her Siſter would make her eſcape, and that he muſt ſtand in ſuch a place of the Nunnery-Wall, and ſhe would come out to him.

After this ſhe upbraids him with his falſe Promiſe to her, and of her Goodneſs to ſerve him after ſuch a Diſappointment. He receives her Reproaches with a thouſand Sighs, and bemoans his Misfortune in not being capable of more than Friendſhip for her; and vows, that next *Atlante*, he eſteems her of all Womenkind. She ſeems to be obliged by this, and aſſured him, ſhe would haſten the Flight of *Atlante*; and taking leave, he went home to order a Coach, and ſome Servants to aſſiſt him.

In the mean time, Count *Vernole* came to viſit *Atlante*; but ſhe refuſed to be ſeen by him: And all he could do there that Afternoon, was entertaining *Charlot* at the Grate; to whom he ſpoke a great many fine Things, both of her improved Beauty and Wit; and how happy *Rinaldo* would be in ſo fair a Bride. She received this with all the Civility that was due to his Quality;

Quality; and their Diſcourſe being at an end, he took his leave, it being towards the Evening.

Rinaldo, wholly impatient, came betimes to the Corner of the dead Wall, where he was appointed to ſtand; having ordered his Footmen and Coach to come to him as ſoon as it was dark: While he was there walking up and down, *Vernole* came by the end of the Wall to go home, and looking about, he ſaw at the other end *Rinaldo* walking, whoſe Back was towards him; but he knew him well; and tho' he feared and dreaded his Buſineſs there, he durſt not encounter him, they being both attended but by one Footman a piece. But *Vernole*'s Jealouſie and Indignation was ſo high, that he reſolv'd to fetch his Bravoes to his Aid, and come and aſſault him; for he knew he waited there for ſome Meſſage from *Atlante*.

In the mean time it grew dark, and *Rinaldo*'s Coach came with another Footman; which were hardly arrived, when *Vernole*, with his aſſiſtance, came to the Corner of the Wall, and ſcreening themſelves a little behind it, near to the place where *Rinaldo* ſtood, who waited now cloſe to a little Door, out of which the Gardeners uſed to throw the Weeds and Dirt. *Vernole* could perceive anon, the Door to open, and a Woman come out of it, calling *Rinaldo* by his Name; who ſtept up to her, and caught her in his Arms, with Signs of infinite Joy. *Vernole* being now all Rage, cried to his Aſſaſſinate, *Fall on, and kill the Raviſher*: And immediately they all fell on. *Rinaldo*, who had only his two Footmen on his ſide, was forced to let go the Lady; who would have run into the Garden again, but the Door fell too, and lock'd; ſo that while *Rinaldo* was fighting, and beaten back by the Bravoes, one of which he laid dead at his Feet, *Vernole* came up to the frighted Lady, and taking her by the Hand, cried, *Come, my fair Fugitive, you muſt along with me.* She wholly ſcared out of her Senſes, was willing to go any where out of the Terror ſhe heard ſo near her, and without Reply, gave herſelf into his Hand; who car-

ried

ed her directly to her Father's Houſe; where ſhe was ſooner come, but he told her Father all that had paſt, and how ſhe was running away with *Rinaldo*, but that his good Fortune brought him juſt in the lucky Mi-nute. Her Father turning to reproach her, found by the Light of a Candle, that this was *Charlot*, and not *Atlante*, whom *Vernole* had brought home: At which *Vernole* was extreamly aſtoniſh'd. Her Father demanded of her, Why ſhe was running away with a Man, who was deſigned her by Conſent. *Yes*, ſaid *Charlot*, *you had his Conſent, Sir, and that of his Father; but I was far from getting it: I found he reſolved to die, rather than quit* Atlante: *And promiſing him my aſſiſtance in his Amour, ſince he could never be mine, he got me to carry a Letter to* Atlante; *which was, to deſire her to fly away with him. Inſtead of carrying her this Letter, I told her, he was deſigned for me, and had cancelled all his Vows to her: She ſwooned at this News; and being recovered a little, I left her in the Hands of the Nuns, to perſwade her to live; which ſhe reſolves not to do without* Rinaldo. *Though they preſs'd me, yet I reſolved to purſue my Deſign, which was to tell* Rinaldo, *ſhe would obey his kind Summons. He waited for her; but I put myſelf into his Hands in lieu of* Atlante; *and had not the Count received me, we had been married by this time, by ſome falſe Light that could not have diſcovered me: But I am ſatisfied, if I had, he would never have lived with me longer than the Cheat had been undiſcovered; for I find them both reſolved to die, rather than change: And for my part, Sir, I was not ſo much in Love with* Rinaldo, *as I was out of Love with a Nunnery; and took any Opportunity to quit a Life abſolutely contrary to my Humour.* She ſpoke this with a Gaiety ſo brisk, and an Air ſo agreeable, that *Vernole* found it touch'd his Heart; and the rather, becauſe he found *Atlante* would never be his; or if ſhe were, he ſhould be ſtill in Danger from the Reſentment of *Rinaldo*; he therefore bowing to *Charlot*, and taking her by the Hand, cryed, *Madam, ſince Fortune has diſpos'd you thus luckily for me, in my*

Poſſeſ-

Poſſeſſion, I humbly implore you would conſent ſhe ſhou make me entirely happy, and give me the Prize for wh I fought, and have conquered with my Sword. My Lo replied *Charlot*, with a modeſt Air, *I am ſuperſtitious nough to believe, that ſince Fortune, ſo contrary to all o Deſigns, has given me into your Hands, that ſhe from t beginning deſtined me to the Honour; which, with my F ther's Conſent, I ſhall receive as becomes me. De Pais* tra ſported with Joy, to find all things would be ſo we brought about; it being all one to him, whether *Cha lot*, or *Atlante* gave him Count *Vernole* for his Son-i Law, readily conſented; and immediately a Prieſt w ſent for; and they were that Night married. An it being now not above Seven a Clock, many of the Friends were invited, the Muſick ſent for, and good a Supper as ſo ſhort a time would provide, w made ready.

All this was performed in as ſhort a time as *Rinal* was fighting; and having killed one, and wounde the reſt, they all fled before his conquering Sword which was never drawn with ſo good a Will. Wh he came where his Coach ſtood, juſt againſt the Back Garden-Door, he looked for his Miſtreſs: But th Coachman told him, He was no ſooner engaged, but Man came, and with a thouſand Reproaches on h Levity, bore her off.

This made our young Lover rave; and he is ſatis fied ſhe is in the Hands of his Rival; and that he ha been fighting, and ſhedding his Blood, only to ſecur her Flight with him. He loſt all Patience; and it wa with much ado his Servants perſwaded him to return telling him, in their Opinion, ſhe was more likely to g out of the Hands of his Rival, and come to him, tha when ſhe was in the Monaſtery.

He ſuffers himſelf to go into his Coach, and be ca ry'd home; but he was no ſooner alighted, but he hear Muſick, and a Noiſe of Feſtival at *De Pays*'s Houſe He ſaw Coaches ſurround his Door, and Pages an Footmen, with Flambeaus. This Sight and Noiſe o

Joy

Joy made him ready to ſink at the Door; and ſending his Footman to learn the Cauſe of this Triumph; the Pages that waited there, told him, That Count *Vernole* was, this Night, married to Monſieur *De Pais*'s Daughter. He needed no more to deprive him of all Senſe; and ſtaggering againſt his Coach, he was caught by his Footmen, and carried into his Houſe, and to his Chamber, where they put him to Bed, all Senſleſs as he was, and had much ado to recover him to Life. He asked for his Father, with a faint Voice; for he deſired to ſee him before he died. It was told him, he was gone to Count *Vernole*'s Wedding, where there was a perfect Peace agreed on between them, and all Animoſities laid aſide. At this News *Rinaldo* fainted again; and his Servants called his Father home, and told him in what Condition they had brought home their Maſter, recounting to him all that was paſt. He hasted to *Rinaldo*, whom he found juſt recovered of his Swooning; who, putting his Hand out to his Father, all cold, and trembling, cry'd, *Well, Sir, now you are ſatisfied, ſince you have ſeen* Atlante *married to Count* Vernole: *I hope now you will give your unfortunate Son leave to die; as you wiſh'd he ſhould, rather than give him to the Arms of* Atlante. Here his Speech failed, and he fell again into a Fit of Swooning: His Father ready to die with Fear of his Son's Death, kneeled down by his Bed-ſide; and after having recovered him a little, he ſaid, *My dear Son, I have been indeed at the Wedding of Count* Vernole; *but 'tis not to* Atlante, *to whom he is married, but* Charlot; *who was the Perſon you were bearing from the Monaſtery, inſtead of* Atlante; *who is ſtill reſerved for you, and is dying 'till ſhe hear you are reſerved for her: Therefore, as you regard her Life, make much of your own, and make your ſelf fit to receive her: For her Father, and I have agreed the Marriage already.* And without giving him leave to thank him, he called to one of his Gentlemen, and ſent him to the Monaſtery, with this News to *Atlante*. *Rinaldo* bowed himſelf as low as he could in his Bed, and kiſs'd the Hand of his Father,

Father, with Tears of Joy: But his Weakneſs con
nued all next Day; and they were fain to bring
lante to him, to confirm his Happineſs.

It muſt only be gueſſed by Lovers, the perfect J
theſe two received in the ſight of each other. *Bellyu*
received her as his Daughter; and the next Day ma
her ſo with very great Solemnity; at which were *V*
nole and *Charlot*: Between *Rinaldo*, and him, was co
cluded a perfect Peace, and all thought themſelv
happy in this double Union.



FINIS.

MEMOIRS
ON THE
COURT
OF THE
King of *Bantam.*

A
NOVEL.

WRITTEN
By Mrs. *A. BEHN.*

LONDON,
Printed for *Samuel Briſcoe*, near
Covent-Garden, 1697.


BRITISH MUSEUM
30
61
NOV

THE COURT OF THE King of *Bantam.*

THIS *Money*, certainly, is a moſt Dev'liſh Thing! I'm ſure, the want of it had like to have ruin'd my dear *Philibella* in her Love to *Valentine Goodland*; who was, really, a pretty ſerving Gentleman, Heir to about Fifteen-ndred Pound a Year; which, however did t ſo much recommend him, as *the Sweetneſs of s Temper, the Comelineſs of his Perſon*, and *the cellency of his Parts:* In all which Circum-nces my obliging Acquaintance equall'd him, leſs in the advantage of their Fortune. Old *George Goodland* knew of his Son's Paſſion *Philibella*; and though he was Generous, d of an Humour ſufficiently Complying, yet cou'd by no means think it convenient, that only Son ſhou'd marry with a young Lady ſo ſlender a Fortune as my Friend, who had t above Five hundred Pound, and that the ft of her Uncle Sir *Philip Friendly*; though Vertue and Beauty might have deſerv'd and

have adorn'd the Throne of an *Alexander* o *Cæsar*.

Sir *Philip* himself, indeed, was but a Younge Brother, though of a Good Family, and of Generous Education; which with his *Perso Bravery* and *Wit*, recommended him to hi Lady *Philadelphia*, Widow of Sir *Bartholome Banquier*, who left her possess'd of Two thou sand Pound *per Annum*, besides Twenty thousan Pound in Money and Jewels; which oblig him to get himself *Dubb'd*, that she might no descend to an *inferior* Quality. When he was i Town, he liv'd — Let me see! in the *Stran* or, as near as I can remember, somewher about *Charing-Cross*; where, first of al Mr. *Wou'd be King*, a Gentleman of a larg Estate in Houses, Land and Money, of a *haught extravagant* and *profuse Humour*, very fond every new Face, had the misfortune to fall pa sionately in love with *Philibella*, who then liv with her Uncle.

This Mr. *Wou'd be* (it seems) had often bee told, when he was yet a Stripling, either by o of his *Nurses*, by his own *Grand-mother*, or b some other *Gypsie*, that he shou'd infallibly b what his Sirname imply'd, *a King*, by *Prov dence* or *Chance*, e're he dy'd, or never. Th glorious *Prophecy* had so great an Influence o all his Thoughts and Actions, that he distribute and dispers'd his Wealth sometimes so largel that one wou'd ha' thought he had undoubted been King of some part of the *Indies*; to see Present made, to day, of a *Diamond-Ring*, wor Two or Three hundred Pound, to *Madam Fl pant*; tomorrow, a large Chest of the finest *Chi*

to *my Lady Fleecewell*; and next day (perhaps) a rich *Necklace of large Oriental Pearl*, with a *Locquet* to it of *Saphires*, *Emeralds*, *Rubies*, &c. to pretty *Miſſ. Ogleme*, for an Amorous Glance, for a Smile, and (it may be, though but rarely) for the mighty Bleſſing of one ſingle Kiſs. But ſuch were his Largeſſes, not to reckon his Treats, his Balls, and Serenades beſides, that at the ſame time he had marry'd a Vertuous Lady, and of Good Quality: but her Relation to him (it may be fear'd) made her very diſagreeable: For a Man of his Humour and Eſtate can no more be ſatisfy'd with one Woman, than with one Diſh of Meat: And, to ſay truth, 'tis ſomething unmodiſh. However, he might ha' dy'd a pure Celibate, and altogether unexpert of Woman, had his good or bad hopes only terminated in Sir *Philip*'s Niece. But the *Brave* and *Haughty* Mr. *Wou'd be* was not to be baulk'd by *Appearances* of Virtue, which he thought all Womankind did only affect; beſides, he promis'd himſelf the Victory over any Lady whom he attempted, by the force of his damn'd Money, though her Virtue were never ſo real and ſtrict.

With *Philibella* he found another pretty young Creature, very like her, who had been a *quondam* Miſtreſs to Sir *Philip*: He, with young *Goodland*, was then diverting his Miſtreſs and Niece at a Game of Cards, when *Wou'd be* came to viſit him: he found 'em very merry, with a Flaſque of Claret or two before 'em, and Oranges roaſting by a large Fire, (for it was *Chriſtmas*-time.) The Lady *Friendly* underſtanding that this Extraordinary Man was

with Sir *Philip* in the Parlour, came in to 'em to make the number of both Sexes equal, as well as in hopes to make up a Purſe of Guinea's toward the purchaſe of ſome new fine bus'neſs that ſhe had in her head, from his accuſtom'd Deſign of loſing at play to her. Indeed, ſhe had part of her Wiſh; for ſhe got Twenty Guinea's of him; *Philibella*, Ten; and *Lucy*, Sir *Philip*'s Quondam, Five: Not but that *Wou'dbe* intended better Fortune to the young ones, than he did to Sir *Philip*'s Lady; but her Ladyſhip was utterly unwilling to give him over to their Management, though at the laſt. When they were all tir'd with the Cards, after *Wou'dbe* had ſaid as many obliging things as his preſent Genius wou'd give him leave, to *Philibella* and *Lucy*, eſpecially to the firſt, not forgetting his Baiſemains to the Lady *Friendly*, he bid the Knight and *Goodland* adieu; but with a Promiſe of repeating his Viſit at ſix a clok in the Evening o' *Twelfth-day*, to renew the famous and ancient Solemnity of *Chuſing King and Queen*; to which Sir *Philip* before invited him, with a Deſign yet unknown to you, I hope.

As ſoon as he was gone, every one made their Remarks on him, but with very little or no difference in all their figures of him. In ſhort, *all Mankind*, had they ever known him, wou'd have univerſally agreed in this his Character, *That he was an Original*; ſince nothing in *Humanity* was ever ſo *Vain*, ſo *Haughty*, ſo *Profuſe*, ſo *Fond*, and ſo *ridiculouſly Ambitious* as *Mr. Wou'dbe King*. They Laugh'd and Talk'd about an hour longer, and then young *Goodland* was oblig'd to ſee *Lucy* home in his Coach; tho'

he

e had rather have ſate up all Night in the me Houſe with *Philibella*, I fanſie, of whom e took but an unwilling leave; which was vi-ble enough to every one there, ſince they ere all acquainted with his Paſſion for my air Friend.

About Twelve a' clock on the Day prefix'd, oung *Goodland* came to Dine with Sir *Philip*, hom he found juſt return'd from Court, in a ery good Humour. On the ſight of *Valentine*, he Knight ran to him, and embracing him, old him, That he had prevented his Wiſhes, coming thither before he ſent for him, as he ad juſt then deſign'd. T'other return'd, That e therefore hop'd he might be of ſome ſervice o him, by ſo happy a prevention of his inten-ed Kindneſs. No doubt, (reply'd Sir *Philip*,) he Kindneſs, I hope, will be to us both; I am aſſur'd it will, if you will act according to my eaſures. I deſire no better Preſcriptions for y Happineſs (return'd *Valentine*) than what ou ſhall pleaſe to ſet down to me: But is it eceſſary or convenient that I ſhou'd know 'em rſt? It is, (anſwer'd Sir *Philip*;) Let us ſit, nd you ſhall underſtand 'em. —— I am very enſible (continu'd he) of your ſincere and ho-ourable Affection and Pretention to my Niece, who, perhaps, is as dear to me as my own Child ou'd be, had I one; nor am I ignorant how verſe Sir *George* your Father is to your marriage with her, inſomuch that I am confident he would diſhinherit you immediately upon it, neerly for want of a Fortune ſomewhat pro-portionable to your Eſtate; but I have now ontriv'd the means to add Two or Three thou-

ſand Pounds to the Five hundred I deſign'd t
give with her; I mean, if you marry her, *Va*
not otherwiſe; for I will not labour ſo for an
other Man. What inviolable Obligations yo
put upon me! (cry'd *Goodland.*) No Return
by way of Complements, good *Val.* (ſaid th
Knight:) Had I not engag'd to my Wife, be
fore marriage, that I wou'd not diſpoſe o
any part of what ſhe brought me, without he
conſent, I wou'd certainly make *Philibella's* For
tune anſwerable to your Eſtate: And beſides
my Wife is not yet full Eight and twenty, an
we may therefore expect Children of our own
which hinders me from propoſing any thin
more for the advantage of my Niece: ——
But now to my Inſtructions; —— *King* wi
be here this Evening, without fail, and, at ſom
time or other to night, will ſhew the Haughti
neſs of his Temper to you, I doubt not, ſinc
you are in a manner a Stranger to him: Be ſur
therefore you ſeem to quarrel with him befor
you part, but ſuffer as much as you can firſ
from his tongue; for I know he will give yo
occaſions enough to exerciſe your paſſive Va
lour: I muſt appear his Friend; and you mu
retire home, if you pleaſe, for this night, bu
let me ſee you early as your convenience wi
permit to morrow: My late Friend *Lucy* mu
be my Niece too: —— Obſerve this, and leav
the reſt to me. I ſhall moſt punctually, an
will in all things be directed by you, (re
turn'd *Valentine.*) I had forgot to te
you (ſaid *Friendly*) that I have ſo order'
matters, that He muſt be *King* to Night, an
Lucy Queen, by the Lots in the Cake. B
a

all means, (return'd *Goodland* ;) It muſt be *Majeſty*.

Exactly at Six a' clock came *Wou'd be* in his Coach and Six, and found Sir *Philip* and his Lady, *Goodland*, *Philibella* and *Lucy* ready to receive him ; *Lucy* as Fine as a Dutcheſs, and almoſt as Beautiful as ſhe was before her Fall. All things were in ample Order for his Entertainment. They Play'd till Supper was ſerv'd in, which was between Eight and Nine. The Treat was very ſeaſonable and ſplendid. Juſt as the Second Courſe was ſet on the Table, they were all on a ſudden ſurpriz'd, except *Wou'd be*, with a Flouriſh of Violins, and other Inſtruments, which proceeded to entertain 'em with the beſt and neweſt Airs in the laſt new Plays, being then in the Year 1683. The Ladies were curious to know to whom they ow'd this chearful part of their Entertainment: On which he call'd out, Hey ! *Tom Farmer ! Aleworth ! Eccles ! Hall !* and the reſt of you ! Here's a Health to theſe Ladies, and all this Honourable Company. They Bow'd ; He Drank, and commanded another Glaſs to be fill'd, into which he put ſomething yet better than the *Wine*, I mean, Ten Guinea's : Here, *Farmer*, (ſaid he then ;) This for you and your Friends. We humbly thank the Honourable Mr. *Wou'd be King*. They all return'd, and ſtruck up with more ſpritelyneſs than before. For *Gold* and *Wine*, doubtleſs, are the beſt Roſin for Muſicians.

After Supper, they took a hearty Glaſs or two to the King, Queen, Duke, *&c.* And then the mighty *Cake*, Teeming with the Fate of this Extraordinary Perſonage was brought in, the

the Muſicians playing an *Overture* at the Entrance of the *Alimental Oracle*; which was then Cut and Conſulted, and the Royal *Bean* and *Pea* fell to thoſe to whom Sir *Philip* had deſign'd 'em. 'Twas then the Knight began a merry Bumper, with Three Huzza's, and, *Long live King Wou'd be!* to *Goodland*; who Echo'd, and Pledg'd him, putting the Glaſs about to the Harmonious Attendants: while the Ladies drank their own quantities, among themſelves, *To his aforeſaid Majeſty.* Then of courſe, you may believe, *Queen Lucy*'s Health went merrily round, with the ſame Ceremony. After which, he ſaluted his Royal *Conſort*, and condeſcended to do the ſame Honour to the two other Ladies.

Then they fell a Dancing like Lightning; I mean, they mov'd as ſwift, and made *almoſt* as little Noiſe: But His *Majeſty* was ſoon weary of that; for he long'd to be making Love both to *Philibella* and *Lucy*, who (believe me) that Night might well enough have paſs'd for a Queen.

They fell then to *Queſtions and Commands*; to *Croſs Purpoſes*; *I Think a Thought, What is it like?* &c. In all which, His *Wou'd be Majeſty* took the opportunity of ſhewing the Excellency of his Parts, as, How Fit he was to Govern; How Dexterous at Mining and Countermining; and, How he cou'd Reconcile the moſt Contrary and Diſtant Thoughts. The Muſick, at laſt, good as it was, grew troubleſom, and too loud; which made him diſmiſs 'em: And then he began to this effect, addreſſing himſelf to *Philibella*; Madam, had Fortune

been

been Juſt, and were it poſſible that the World ſhou'd be Govern'd and Influenc'd by Two Suns, undoubtedly we had all been Subjects to you, from this Night's Chance, as well as to that Lady, who, indeed, alone can Equal you in the Empire of Beauty, which yet you ſhare with Her *Majeſty* here preſent, who only cou'd diſpute it with you, and is only Superior to you in *Title*. My Wife is infinitely oblig'd to your *Majeſty*, (interrupted Sir *Philip*,) who, in my opinion, has greater Charms, and more than both of 'em together. You ought to *think* ſo, Sir *Philip*, (return'd the New Dubb'd *King*;) However, you ſhou'd not ſo liberally have expreſs'd your ſelf, in Oppoſition and Derogation to *Majeſty*:—— Let me tell you, 'tis a ſawcy Boldneſs that thus has loos'd your Tongue! —— What think you, young Kinſman and Counſellor? (ſaid he to *Goodland*.) With all Reſpect due to your Sacred Title, (return'd *Valentine*, riſing and bowing,) Sir *Philip* ſpoke as became a truly affectionate Husband; and it had been Preſumption in him, unpardonable, to have ſeem'd to preferr her *Majeſty*, or that other ſweet Lady, in his Thoughts, ſince your *Majeſty* has been pleas'd to ſay ſo much and ſo particularly of their Merits: 'Twou'd appear as if he durſt liſt up his Eyes, with Thoughts, too near the Heaven you only wou'd enjoy. And only can *deſerve*, you ſhou'd have added, (ſaid *King*, no longer *Wou'd be*.) How! May it pleaſe your *Majeſty*, (cry'd *Friendly*,) Both my Nieces! Though you deſerve Ten thouſand more, and better, wou'd your *Majeſty* enjoy 'em Both? Are they then Both your Nieces? (ask'd

(ask'd Chance's *King*.) Yes; Both, Sir, (return'd the Knight;) Her *Majesty*'s the Eldest, and in *that* Fortune has shewn some Justice. So she has, (reply'd the Titular *Monarch*;) My Lot is fair, (pursu'd he,) though I can be blest but with One:

Let Majesty with Majesty be join'd,
To 'get and leave a Race of Kings behind.

Come, Madam, (continu'd he, kissing *Lucy*;) This, as an Earnest of our future Endeavours. I fear (return'd the pretty *Queen*) your Majesty will forget the unhappy *Statira*, when you return to the Embraces of your Dear and Beautiful *Roxana*. There is none Beautiful but you, (reply'd the Titular *King*,) unless this Lady, to whom I yet cou'd pay my Vows most zealously, were't not that Fortune thus has preengag'd me: But, Madam, (continu'd he,) to shew that still you hold our Royal Favour, and that, next to our Royal *Consort*, we Esteem you, we greet you thus, (kissing *Philibella*;) And, as a Signal of our continued Love, wear this rich Diamond: (here he put a Diamond-Ring on her Finger, worth Three hundred Pounds.) Your *Majesty* (pursu'd he to *Lucy*) may please to wear this Necklace, with this Locket of Emeralds. Your *Majesty* is Bounteous as a God! (said *Valentine*.) Art thou in want, young Spark? (ask'd the King of *Bantam*,) I'll give thee an Estate shall make thee merit the Mistress of thy Vows, be she who she will. That is, my other Niece, Sir, (cry'd *Friendly*.) How! How! Presumptuous Youth! How are thy

thy Eyes and Thoughts exalted? Ha! To Bliſs your *Majeſty* muſt never hope for, (reply'd *Goodland.*) How now, thou Creature of the baſeſt Mold! Not hope for what thou doſt aſpire to! *Mock-King*, thou canſt not, dar'ſt not, ſhall not hope it, (return'd *Valentine*, in a Heat.) Hold, *Val.!* (cry'd Sir *Philip*,) you grow warm; forget your Duty to Their *Majeſties*, and abuſe your Friends, by making us ſuſpected. Good-night, Dear *Philibella*, and my *Queen!* Madam, I am your Ladyſhip's Servant, (ſaid *Goodland:*) Farewell, Sir *Philip.* Adieu, thou *Pageant!* thou *Property-King!* I ſhall ſee thy Brother on the Stage, e're long; but firſt I'll viſit *Thee*; and in the mean time, by way of return to thy proffer'd Eſtate, I will add a real Territory to the reſt of thy empty Titles; for, from thy Education, Barbarous manner of Converſation, and Complexion, I think, I may juſtly proclaim thee, *King of Bantam*: ——— So, *Hail, King that Wou'dbe! Hail, thou King of Chriſtmas! All Hail, Wou'dbe King of Bantam!* ——— And ſo he left 'em. ——— They all ſeem'd amaz'd, and gaz'd on one another, without ſpeaking a ſyllable; till Sir *Philip* broke the Charm, and ſigh'd out, Oh, the monſtrous effects of Paſſion! Say rather, Oh, the fooliſh effects of a mean Education! (interrupted his *Majeſty of Bantam*;) For Paſſions were given us for Uſe, Reaſon to govern and direct us in the Uſe, and Education to cultivate and refine that Reaſon: But (purſu'd he) for all his Impudence to me, which I ſhall take a time to correct, I am oblig'd to him, that at laſt he has found me out a Kingdom

dom to my Title; and if I were Monarch of that Place, (Believe me, Ladies,) I wou'd make you all Princeſſes and Dutcheſſes; and Thou, my old Companion, *Friendly!* ſhould'ſt Rule the Roaſt with me: But theſe Ladies ſhou'd be with us there; where we would erect Temples and Altars to 'em: Build Golden Palaces of Love, and Caſtles —— In the Air (interrupted her Majeſty *Lucy* the Firſt, ſmiling.) 'Gad take me, (cry'd King *Woudbe*,) thou dear Part'ner of my Greatneſs, and ſhalt be, of all my Pleaſures! thy pretty ſatyrical Obſervation has oblig'd me beyond Imitation. I think your Majeſty is got into a vein of Rhiming to night, (ſaid *Philadelphia.*) Ay! Pox o' that young inſipid Fop, we cou'd elſe have been as Great as an Emperor of *China*, and as Witty as *Horace* in his Wine; but let him go, like a pragmatical, captious, giddy Fool as he is! I ſhall take a time to ſee him. Nay, Sir, (ſaid *Philibella*,) he has promis'd your Majeſty a Viſit, in our hearing: Come, Sir, I beg your Majeſty to pledge me this Glaſs to your Long and Happy Reign; laying aſide all thoughts of ungovern'd Youth: Beſides, this Diſcourſe muſt needs be ungreatful to her Majeſty, to whom, I fear, he will be marry'd within this Month. How! (cry'd *King and no King*,) Marry'd to my *Queen!* I muſt not, cannot ſuffer it! Pray reſtrain your ſelf a little, Sir, (ſaid Sir *Philip*,) and when once theſe Ladies have left us, I will diſcourſe your Majeſty further about this Buſineſs. Well, Pray, Sir *Philip*, (ſaid his Lady,) let not your Worſhip be pleas'd to ſit up too long for his Majeſty: About Five o' clock

I ſhall

I ſhall expect you: 'Tis your old Hour. And yours, Madam, to wake, to receive me coming to Bed: — Your Ladyſhip underſtands me, (return'd *Friendly*.) You're merry, my Love, you're merry, (cry'd *Philadelphia*:) Come, Niece, to Bed! to Bed! Ay, (ſaid the Knight,) Go both of you and ſleep together, if you can, without the thoughts of a Lover, or a Husband. His Majeſty was pleas'd to wiſh 'em a good Repoſe; and ſo, with a Kiſs, they parted for that time.

Now we're alone, (ſaid Sir *Philip*,) let me aſſure you, Sir, I reſent this Affront done to you by Mr. *Goodland*, almoſt as highly as you can; and though I can't wiſh that you ſhou'd take ſuch Satisfaction as, perhaps, ſome other hotter Sparks wou'd; yet let me ſay, his Miſcarriage ought not to go unpuniſh'd in him. Fear not, (reply'd t'other,) I ſhall give him a ſharp Leſſon. No, Sir, (return'd *Friendly*,) I wou'd not have you think of a Bloody Revenge; for 'tis that which, poſſibly, he deſigns on you: I know him Brave as any Man: However, were it convenient that the Sword ſhou'd determine betwixt you, you ſhou'd not want mine: The Affront is partly to me, ſince done in my Houſe: But I've already laid down ſafer meaſures for us, though of more fatal conſequence to him; that is, I've form'd 'em in my Thoughts: Diſmiſs your Coach and Equipage, all but one Servant, and I will diſcourſe it to you at large: 'Tis now paſt Twelve; and, if you pleaſe, I wou'd invite you to take up as eaſie a Lodging here, as my Houſe will afford. (Accordingly they were diſmiſs'd, and he

he proceeded :) —As I hinted to you before, he is in love with my youngeſt Niece, *Philibella*; but her Fortune not exceeding Five hundred Pound, his Father will aſſuredly diſinherit him, if he marries her; though he has given his Conſent that he ſhou'd marry her Eldeſt Siſter, whoſe Father dying e're he knew his Wife was with Child of the Youngeſt, left *Lucy* Three thouſand Pounds, being as much as he thought convenient to match her handſomly; and accordingly, the Nuptials of Young *Goodland* and *Lucy* are to be celebrated next *Eaſter*. They ſhall not, if I can hinder 'em, (interrupted his offended *Majeſty*.) Never endeavour the obſtruction, (ſaid the Knight,) for I'll ſhew you the way to a dearer Vengeance : *Women* are *Women*, your Majeſty knows; ſhe may be won to your Embraces before that time, and then you antedate him, *your Creature*. A Cuckold, you mean, (cry'd *King in Fanſie*;) O Exquiſite Revenge! But can you conſent that I ſhou'd attempt it? What is't to me? we live not in *Spain*, where all the Male Relations of the Family are oblig'd to vindicate a Whore; No, I wou'd wound him in his moſt Tender Part. But how ſhall we compaſs it? (ask'd t'other.) Why thus; Throw away Three thouſand Pounds on the Youngeſt Siſter, as a Portion, to make her as happy as ſhe can be in her new Lover Sir *Frederick Flygold*, an Extravagant young Fop, and wholly given over to Gaming; ſo, ten to one, but you may retrieve your Money of him, and have the two Siſters at your devotion. Oh, Thou my better Genius than that which was given to me by Heav'n at my birth!

irth! What Thanks, what Praiſes ſhall I re-
urn and ſing to Thee, for this! (cry'd King
Conundrum.) No Thanks, no Praiſes, I be-
eech your Majeſty; ſince in this I gratifie my
elf: — You think I am your Friend? And,
ou will agree to this? (ſaid *Friendly*, by way
f Queſtion.) Moſt readily, (return'd the *Fop-*
King;) Wou'd it were broad-Day, that I
ight ſend for the Money to my Bankers; for
n all my Life, in all my Frolicks, Encounters
nd Extravagancies, I never had one ſo grate-
l and pleaſant as this will be, if you are in
arneſt, to gratifie both my Love and Re-
enge! That I am in earneſt, you will not
oubt, when you ſee with what Application
ſhall purſue my Deſign: In the mean time,
My Duty to your Majeſty; *To our good Succeſs*
this Affair. While he drank, t'other re-
urn'd, *With all my Heart*; and pledg'd him.
hen *Friendly* began afreſh; — Leave the whole
anagement of this to me; only one thing more
think neceſſary, that you make a Preſent of
ive hundred Guinea's to Her Majeſty, the
ride that muſt be. By all means, (return'd the
ealthy *King of Bantam*;) I had ſo deſign'd
efore. Well, Sir, (ſaid Sir *Philip*,) what
ink you of a Sett Party or two at *Piquet*, to
aſs away ſome few hours, till we can ſleep?
ſeaſonable and welcome Propoſition, (re-
urn'd that *King*;) but I won't play above
wenty Guinea's the Game, and Forty the
urch. Agreed, (ſaid *Friendly*;) Firſt call
your Servant; mine is here already. The
ave came in, and they began, with unequal
rtune at firſt; for the *Knight* had loſt an Hun-

dred Guinea's to *Majeſty*; which he paid in *Specie*; and then propos'd Fifty Guinea's the Game, and an Hundred the Lurch. To which t'other conſented; and without winning more than three Games, and thoſe not together, made ſhift to get Three thouſand two hundred Guinea's in debt to Sir *Philip*: For which *Majeſty* was pleas'd to give him Bond, whether *Friendly* wou'd or no, *Seal'd and Deliver'd in the Preſence of*

The Mark of (*W.*) *Will. Watchful*,
And, [S.] *Sim. Slyboots.*

A Couple of delicate Beagles, their mighty Attendants.

It was then about the hour that Sir *Philip* (and, it may be, other Ladies) began to Yawn and Stretch; when the Spirits Refreſh'd, Troul'd about and Tickl'd the Blood with Deſires of Action; which made *Majeſty* and *Worſhip* think of a Retreat to Bed; where, in leſs than Half an hour, or, before ever he could ſay his Prayers, I'm ſure, the firſt fell faſt aſleep; but the laſt, perhaps, paid his accuſtom'd Devotion, e're he began his Progreſs to the *Shades of Death*: However, he wak'd earlier than his *Cully-Majeſty*, and got up to receive young *Goodland*, who came to his Word, with the firſt Opportunity. Sir *Philip* receiv'd him with more than uſual Joy, though not with greater Kindneſs, and let him know every Syllable and Accident that had paſs'd between 'em till they went to bed: which you may believe was not a little pleaſantly ſurpriſing to *Valen-*
tin

e, who began then to have ſome Aſſurance of is Happineſs with *Philibella*. His Friend told im, that he muſt now be reconcil'd to his *Mock-Majeſty*, though with ſome difficulty; nd ſo taking one hearty Glaſs a piece, he left *alentine* in the Parlour, to carry the ungrate- l News of his Viſit to him that Morning. *ing* —— was in an odd ſort of Taking, when he eard that *Valentine* was Below; and had been, Sir *Philip* inform'd *Majeſty*, at *Majeſty*'s Pa- ce, to enquire for him there: but when he old him, that he had already ſchool'd him, his own behalf, for the Affront done in his ouſe, and that he believ'd he cou'd bring is Majeſty off without any loſs of preſent Ho- our, his Countenance viſibly diſcover'd his aſt Fear, and preſent Satisfaction; which was uch encreas'd too, when *Friendly*, ſhewing m his Bond for the Money he won of him at ay, let him know, that if he paid Three ouſand Guinea's to *Philibella*, he wou'd im- ediately deliver him up his Bond, and not pect the Two hundred Guinea's Over-plus. is *Majeſty of Bantam* was then in ſo good an mour, that he cou'd have made love to r *Philip*; nay, I believe he cou'd a kiſs'd *Va- tine*, inſtead of ſeeming angry. Down they me, and ſaluted like Gentlemen: But after e Greeting was over, *Goodland* began to talk mething of *Affront*, *Satisfaction*, *Honour*, &c. hen immediately *Friendly* interpos'd, and after ittle ſeeming Uneaſineſs and Reluctancy, re- ncil'd the Hot and Cholerick Youth to the old Phlegmatick King.

Peace was no ſooner proclaim'd, than the *King of Bantan* took his Rival and late Antagoniſt with him in his own Coach, not excluding Sir *Philip* by any means, to *Locket's* where they Din'd: Thence he wou'd have 'em to Court with him, where he met the Lad *Flippant*, the Lady *Harpy*, the Lady *Crocodil* Madam *Tattlemore*, Miſs *Medler*, Mrs. *Ginger* a rich Grocer's Wife, and ſome others, beſid Knights and Gentlemen of as good humours the Ladies; all whom he invited to a Ball at h own Houſe, the Night following; his ow Lady being then in the Countrey. Madam *Tattlemore*, I think, was the firſt he ſpoke to Court, and whom firſt he ſurpriz'd with th happy News of his Advancement to the Tit of *King of Bantam.* How wondrous haſty w ſhe to be gone, as ſoon as ſhe heard it! 'Tw not in her Power, becauſe not in her Natur to ſtay long enough to take a civil Leave of th Company, but away ſhe flew, big with th Empty Title of a Fantaſtick *King*, proclaimin it to every one of her Acquaintance, as ſ paſs'd through every Room, till ſhe came t the *Preſence-Chamber*, where ſhe only *whiſper* it; but her Whiſpers made above half the Ho nourable Company quit the Preſence of th *King of Great Britain*, to go make their Cou to His *Majeſty of Bantam*; ſome cry'd, *G Bleſs Your Majeſty!* ſome, *Long live the K of Bantam!* others, *All Hail to Your Sacred M jeſty!* In ſhort, he was Congratulated on a ſides. Indeed, I don't hear that *His Majeſ King Charles the Second* ever ſent any Emba ſador to Complement him; though, poſſibl

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He ſaluted him by his Title, the firſt time he ſaw him afterwards: For, you know, *He is a wonderful Good-natur'd and a Well-bred Gentleman.*

After he thought the Court of *England* was univerſally acquainted with his *mighty Honour*, he was pleas'd to think fit to retire to his own more private Palace, with Sir *Philip* and *Goodland*, whom he Entertain'd that night very handſomly, till about Seven a clock; when they went together to the *Play*, which was, that Night, *A King and No King*. His Attendant-Friends cou'd not forbear ſmiling, to think how aptly the Title of the *Play* ſuited his Circumſtances. Nor cou'd he chuſe but take notice of it behind the Scenes, between Jeſt and Earneſt; telling the Players how kind *Fortune* had been the Night paſt, in diſpoſing the *Bean* to him; and juſtifying what one of her Propheteſſes had foretold, ſome Years ſince: I ſhall now no more regard (ſaid he) that old Doating Fellow *Pythagoras*'s Saying, *Abſtineto à Fabis*; That is, (added he, by way of Conſtruction,) *Abſtain from Beans:* For, I find the Excellency of 'em in Cakes and Diſhes: From the firſt, they inſpire the Soul with mighty Thoughts; and from the laſt, our Bodies receive a ſtrong and wholſom Nouriſhment. That is, (ſaid a Wag among thoſe ſharp Youths, I think 'twas my Friend the *Count*;) Theſe Puff you up in *Mind*, Sir; Thoſe, in *Body*. They had ſome further Diſcourſe among the Nymphs of the Stage, e're they went into the Pit; where Sir *Philip* ſpread the News of his Friend's Acceſſion to the *Title*, tho' not yet to the *Throne*

of *Bantam*; upon which he was there again Complemented on that Occaſion. Several o the Ladies and Gentlemen who ſaluted him he invited to the next Night's Ball at hi Palace.

The Play done, they took each of 'em a Bottle at the *Roſe*, and parted till Seven th Night following: which came not ſooner tha deſired; for he had taken ſuch care, that al things were in readineſs before Eight, only h was to expect the Muſick, till the end of th Play. About Nine, Sir *Philip*, his Lady, *Good land*, *Philibella* and *Lucy* came. Sir *Philip* re turn'd him *Rabelais*, which he had borrow'd o him, wherein the Knight had written, in a old odd ſort of Character, this *Prophecy* of hi own making; with which he ſurpriz'd the *Ma jeſty of Bantam*, who vow'd he had never take notice of 'em before; but he ſaid, he perceiv'd they had been long written, by the Character; and here it follows, as near as I can remember:

When M. D. C. come L before,
Three XXX's. two II's. & one I more;
Then, KING, tho' now but Name to thee,
Shall both thy Name and Title be.

They had hardly made an end of reading 'em, e're the whole Company, and more than he had invited, came in, and were receiv'd with a great deal of Formality and Magnificence. *Lucy* was there attended as his *Queen*; and *Philibella*, as the *Princeſs* her Siſter. They Danc'd then till they were weary; and after-

ward

wards retir'd to another large Room, where they found the Tables ſpread and furniſh'd with all the moſt ſeaſonable Cold Meats; which was ſucceeded by the choiceſt Fruits and the richeſt Diſert of Sweet-meats that Luxury cou'd think on, or, at leaſt, that this Town cou'd afford. The Wines were all moſt excellent in their kind; and their Spirits flew about through every corner of the Houſe: There was ſcarce a Spark ſober in the whole Company, with drinking repeated Glaſſes to the Health of the *King of Bantam* and his *Royal Conſort*, with the Princeſs *Philibella*'s, who ſate together under a Royal Canopy of State, his *Majeſty* between the two Beautiful Siſters: only *Friendly* and *Goodland* wiſely manag'd that Part of the Engagement where they were concern'd, and preſerv'd themſelves from the Heat of the Debauch.

Between Three and Four moſt of 'em began to draw off, laden with Fruit and Sweet-meats, and rich *Favours* compos'd of Yellow, Green, Red and White, the *Colours of his New Majeſty of Bantam*. Before Five they were left to themſelves; when the Lady *Friendly* was diſcompos'd, for want of Sleep, and her *uſual Cordial*; which oblig'd Sir *Philip* to wait on her home, with his two Nieces: But his *Majeſty* wou'd by no means part with *Goodland*; whom, before Nine that Morning, he made as Drunk as a Lord, and by conſequence one of his *Peers*; for *Majeſty* was then, indeed, as Great as an Emperor: He fancy'd himſelf *Alexander*, and young *Valentine* his *Hephæſtion*; and did ſo *Be-buſs* him, that the young Gentleman fear'd he was faln into the hands of an *Italian*. However, by the

kind Perſuaſions of his Condeſcending and Diſſembling *Majeſty*, he ventur'd to go into Bed with him; where *King Wou'd be* fell aſleep, *hand-over-head*; and not long after, *Goodland*, his new-made *Peer*, follow'd him to the cool Retreats of *Morpheus*.

About Three the next afternoon they both Wak'd, as by conſent, and call'd to Dreſs. And after that buſ'neſs was over, I think, they ſwallow'd each of 'em a Pint of *Old-Hock*, with a little Sugar, by the way of Healing. Their Coaches were got ready in the mean time; but the *Peer* was forc'd to accept of the Honour of being carry'd in his *Majeſty*'s to Sir *Philip*'s; whom they found juſt riſen from Dinner, with *Philadelphia* and his two Nieces. They ſate down, and ask'd for ſomething to reliſh a Glaſs of Wine; and Sir *Philip* order'd a cold Chine to be ſet before 'em, of which they eat about an Ounce a-piece: but they drank more by the half, I dare ſay.

After their little Repaſt, *Friendly* call'd the *Wou'd be-Monarch* aſide, and told him, that he wou'd have him go the *Play* that Night, which was, *The London Cuckolds*; promiſing to meet him there in leſs than Half an Hour after his departure; telling him withal, that he wou'd ſurprize him with a much better Entertainment than the Stage afforded. *Majeſty* took the Hint, imagining, and that rightly, that the *Knight* had ſome Intrigue in his head, for the Promotion of the Commonwealth of Cuckoldom: in order therefore to his Advice, he took his leave, about a Quarter of an Hour after.

When

When he was gone, Sir *Philip* thus beſpoke his pretended Niece; Madam, I hope your *Majeſty* will not refuſe me the Honour of waiting on you to a Place where you will meet with better Entertainment than your *Majeſty* can expect from the beſt Comedy in Chriſtendom. *Val.* (continu'd he,) you muſt go with us, to ſecure me againſt the Jealouſie of my Wife. That, indeed, (return'd his *Lady*) is very material; and you are mightily concern'd not to give me occaſion, I muſt own. You ſee I am now, (reply'd he:) But — Come! on with Hoods and Scarf! (purſu'd he, to *Lucy*.) Then addreſſing himſelf again to his Lady; Madam, (ſaid he,) we'll wait on you in leſs time than I cou'd have drank a Bottle to my ſhare. (The Coach was got ready, and on they drove to the *Play-houſe*.) By the way, ſaid *Friendly* to *Val.* — Your Honour, Noble *Peer*, muſt be ſet down at *Long*'s; for only *Lucy* and I muſt be ſeen to his *Majeſty of Bantam*: And now, I doubt not, you underſtand what you muſt truſt to. ——— To be robb'd of her *Majeſty*'s Company, I warrant, (return'd t'other) for theſe long three Hours. Why, (cry'd *Lucy*,) you don't mean, I hope, to leave me with his *Majeſty of Bantam?* 'Tis for thy Good, Child! 'Tis for thy Good! (return'd *Friendly*.) To the *Roſe* they got then; where *Goodland* lighted, and expected Sir *Philip*; who led *Lucy* into the King's Box, to his *New Majeſty*; where, after the firſt Scene, he left 'em together. The over-joy'd Fantaſtick *Monarch* wou'd fain have ſaid ſome fine obliging things to the Knight, as he was going out; but *Friendly*'s haſte

haſte prevented 'em, who went directly to *Valentine*, took one Glaſs, call'd a Reck'ning, mounted Chariot, and away home they came: where, I believe, he was welcome to his Lady; for I never heard any thing to the contrary.

In the mean time, his *Majeſty* had not the patience to ſtay out half the Play, at which he was ſaluted by above twenty Gentlemen and Ladies by his New and Mighty Title: but out he led Miſs *Majeſty*, e're the Third Act was half done; pretetending, that it was ſo Damn'd Bawdy a Play, that he knew her Modeſty had been already but too much offended at it; ſo into his Coach he got her. When they were ſeated, ſhe told him ſhe wou'd go to no place with him, but to the Lodgings her Mother had taken for her, when ſhe firſt came to Town, and which ſtill ſhe kept. Your Mother! Madam, (cry'd he;) Why, is Sir *Philip*'s Siſter living then? His Brother's Widow is, Sir, (ſhe reply'd.) Is ſhe there? (he ask'd.) No, Sir, (ſhe return'd;) ſhe's in the Countrey. Oh, then we'll go thither to chuſe. The Coach-man was then order'd to drive to *Germin's-ſtreet*; where, when he came into the Lodgings, he found 'em very rich and modiſhly furniſh'd. He preſently call'd one of his Slaves, and whiſper'd him to get three or four pretty Diſhes for Supper; and then getting a Pen, Ink and Paper, writ a Note to *C——d* the Goldſmith, within *Temple-Barr*, for Five hundred Guinea's; which *Watchwell* brought him in little more than an Hour's time, when they were juſt in the height of Supper; *Lucy* having invited her Landlady, for the better colour of the matter.

His

His *Bantamite Majeſty* took the Gold from his Slave, and threw it by him in the Window, that *Lucy* might take notice of it; (which, you may aſſure your ſelf ſhe did, and after Supper, wink'd on the goodly Matron of the Houſe to retire; which ſhe immediately obey'd.) Then his *Majeſty* began his Court very earneſtly and hotly, throwing the naked Guinea's into her Lap: which ſhe ſeem'd to refuſe, with much Diſdain; but, upon his repeated Promiſes, confirm'd by unheard of Oaths and Imprecations, that he wou'd give her Siſter Three thouſand Guinea's to her Portion, ſhe began by degrees to mollifie, and let the Gold lie quietly in her Lap: And the next night, after he had drawn Notes on two or three of his Bankers, for the Payment of Three thouſand Guinea's to Sir *Philip*, or Order, and receiv'd his own Bond, made for what he had loſt at Play, from *Friendly*, ſhe made no great difficulty to admit his *Majeſty* to her Bed. Where I think fit to leave 'em for the preſent; for (perhaps) they had ſome private Buſineſs.

The next Morning, before the *Titular King* was (I won't ſay, *up*, or *ſtirring*, but) out o' bed, young *Goodland* and *Philibella* were privately marry'd; the Bills being all Accepted and Paid in Two Days time. As ſoon as ever the *Phantaſtick Monarch* cou'd find in his heart to divorce himſelf from the dear and charming Embraces of his Beautiful Bedfellow, he came flying to Sir *Philip*, with all the haſte that Imagination Big with Pleaſure cou'd inſpire him with, to diſcharge it ſelf to a ſuppos'd Friend. The Knight told him, that he was really much troubl'd,

troubl'd, to find that his Niece had yielded ſo ſoon and eaſily to him; however, he wiſh'd him Joy. To which t'other return'd, That he cou'd never want it, whilſt he had the Command of ſo much Beauty, and that without the ungrateful Obligations of Matrimony, which certainly are the moſt Nauſeous, Hateful, Pernicious and Deſtructive of Love imaginable. Think you ſo, Sir? (ask'd the *Knight*;) We ſhall hear what a Friend of mine will ſay on ſuch an occaſion, to morrow about this time: but I beſeech your Majeſty to conceal your Sentiments of it to him, leſt you make him as uneaſie as you ſeem to be in that circumſtance. Be aſſur'd I will, (return'd t'other;) But when ſhall I ſee the Sweet, the Dear, the Blooming, the Charming *Philibella?* She will be with us at Dinner. Where's her Majeſty? (ask'd Sir *Philip.*) Had you enquir'd before, ſhe had been here; for, Look, ſhe comes. *Friendly* ſeem'd to regard her with a kind of Diſpleaſure, and whiſper'd *Majeſty*, that he ſhou'd expreſs no particular Symptoms of Familiarity with *Lucy* in his Houſe, at any time, eſpecially when *Goodland* was there, as then he was above with his Lady and *Philibella*, who came down preſently after to Dinner.

About Four a clock, as his Majeſty had intrigu'd with her, *Lucy* took a Hackney-Coach and went to her Lodgings; whither, about an hour after, he follow'd her. Next Morning, at Nine, he came to *Friendly*'s, who carry'd him up to ſee his new marry'd Friends —— But (O Damnation to Thought!) what Torments did he feel, when he ſaw young *Goodland* and

Philibella

Philibella in bed together; the laſt of which return'd him humble and hearty Thanks for her Portion and Husband, as the firſt did for his Wife. He ſhook his Head at Sir *Philip*, and without ſpeaking one word, left 'em and hurry'd to *Lucy*, to lament the ill treatment he had met with from *Friendly*. They *Coo'd* and *Bill'd* as long as *He* was able; ſhe (Sweet Hypocrite) ſeeming to 'moan his Misfortunes: which he took ſo kindly, that when he left her, which was about Three in the Afternoon, he caus'd a Scrivener to draw up an Inſtrument, wherein he ſettl'd a Hundred Pounds a Year on *Lucy*, for her Life, and gave her an Hundred Guinea's more againſt her Lying-in: (For ſhe told him (and indeed 'twas true) that ſhe was with Child, and knew her ſelf to be ſo, from a very good Reaſon ——) And indeed ſhe was ſo —— by the *Friendly* Knight. When he return'd to her, he threw the Obliging Inſtrument into her Lap; (it ſeems, he had a particular Kindneſs for that Place ——) then call'd for Wine, and ſomething to eat; for he had not drank a Pint to his ſhare all the day, (tho' he had ply'd it at the *Chocolate-houſe* ——) The Landlady, who was invited to Sup with 'em, bid 'em Good-night, about Eleven; when they went to bed, and, *partly*, *ſlept* till about Six; when they were entertain'd by ſome Gentlemen of their Acquaintance, who Play'd and Sung very finely, by way of *Epithalamium*, theſe words and more:

Joy to Great Bantam!
Live long Love and Wanton!
And thy Royal Conſort!
For, Both are of one ſort, &c. The

troubl'd, to find that his Niece had yielded ſo ſoon and eaſily to him; however, he wiſh'd him Joy. To which t'other return'd, That he cou'd never want it, whilſt he had the Command of ſo much Beauty, and that without the ungrateful Obligations of Matrimony, which certainly are the moſt Nauſeous, Hateful, Pernicious and Deſtructive of Love imaginable. Think you ſo, Sir? (ask'd the *Knight*;) We ſhall hear what a Friend of mine will ſay on ſuch an occaſion, to morrow about this time: but I beſeech your Majeſty to conceal your Sentiments of it to him, leſt you make him as uneaſie as you ſeem to be in that circumſtance. Be aſſur'd I will, (return'd t'other;) But when ſhall I ſee the Sweet, the Dear, the Blooming, the Charming *Philibella?* She will be with us at Dinner. Where's her Majeſty? (ask'd Sir *Philip.*) Had you enquir'd before, ſhe had been here; for, Look, ſhe comes. *Friendly* ſeem'd to regard her with a kind of Diſpleaſure, and whiſper'd *Majeſty*, that he ſhou'd expreſs no particular Symptoms of Familiarity with *Lucy* in his Houſe, at any time, eſpecially when *Goodland* was there, as then he was above with his Lady and *Philibella*, who came down preſently after to Dinner.

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Live long Love and Wanton !
And thy Royal Conſort !
For, Both are of one ſort, &c. The

The reſt I have forgot. He took ſome offence at the Words; but more at the Viſit that Sir *Philip* and *Goodland* made him, about an hour after, who found him in Bed with his *Royal Conſort*, and after having wiſh'd 'em Joy, and thrown their *Majeſties* own Shooes and Stockings at their Heads, retreated. This gave *Monarch in Fanſie* ſo great a Caution, that he took his *Royal Conſort* into the Countrey, (but above Forty Miles off the Place where his own Lady was,) where, in leſs than Eight Months, ſhe was Deliver'd of a *Princely Babe*, who was Chriſten'd by the Heatheniſh Name of *Hayoumorecake Bantam*; while her *Majeſty* Lay-in like a *petty Queen*.



FINIS.

THE HISTORY OF THE Royal Slave.

I Do not pretend, in giving you the Hiſtory of this *Royal Slave*, to entertain my Reader with the Adventures of a feign'd *Hero*, whoſe Life and Fortunes Fancy may mamage at the Poet's Pleaſure; nor in rela-ng the Truth, deſign to adorn it with any ccidents, but ſuch as arriv'd in earneſt to him: nd it ſhall come ſimply into the World, recom-ended by its own proper Merits, and natural ntrigues; there being enough of Reality to pport it, and to render it diverting, without e addition of Invention.

I was my ſelf an Eye-witneſs to a great art of what you will find here ſet down; nd what I cou'd not be Witneſs of, I receiv'd om the Mouth of the chief Actor in this Hi-ory, the *Hero* himſelf, who gave us the whole ranſactions of his Youth: And though I ſhall mit, for brevity's ſake, a thouſand little Ac-

cidents of his Life, which, however pleaſant to us, where Hiſtory was ſcarce, and Adventure very rare; yet might prove tedious and heavy to my Reader, in a World where he finds Diverſions for every Minute, new and ſtrange. But we who were perfectly charm'd with the Character of this Great Man, were curious to gather every Circumſtance of his Life.

The Scene of the laſt part of his Adventure lies in a Colony in *America*, called *Surinam*, in the *Weſt-Indies*.

But before I give you the Story of this *Gallant Slave*, 'tis fit I tell you the manner of bringing them to theſe new *Colonies*; for thoſe they make uſe of there, are not *Natives* of the place; for thoſe we live with in perfect Amity, without daring to command 'em; but on the contrary, careſs 'em with all the brotherly and friendly Affection in the world: trading with them for their Fiſh, Veniſon, Buffilo's Skins, and little Rarities; as *Marmoſets*, a ſort of Monkey, as big as a Rat or Weeſel, but of a marvellous and delicate ſhape, and have Face and Hands like an Humane Creature; and *Couſheries*, a little Beaſt in the form and faſhion of a Lion, as big as a Kitten; but ſo exactly made in all Parts like that noble Beaſt, that it is it in *Miniature*. Then for little *Parrakeetoes*, great *Parrots*, *Muckaws*, and a thouſand other Birds and Beaſts of wonderful and ſurpriſing Forms, Shapes and Colours. For Skins of prodigious Snakes, of which there are ſome threeſcore Yards in length; as is the Skin of one that may be ſeen at His Majeſty's *Antiquaries*: where are alſo ſome rare Flies, of amazing

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amazing Forms and Colours, preſented to 'em by my ſelf; ſome as big as my Fiſt, ſome leſs; and all of various Excellencies, ſuch as Art cannot imitate. Then we trade for Feathers, which they order into all ſhapes, make themſelves little ſhort Habits of 'em, and glorious Wreaths for their Heads, Necks, Arms and Legs, whoſe Tinctures are unconceivable. I had a Sett of theſe preſented to me, and I gave 'em to the King's Theatre, and it was the Dreſs of the *Indian Queen*, infinitely admir'd by Perſons of Quality; and were unimitable. Beſides theſe, a thouſand little Knacks, and Rarities in Nature; and ſome of Art, as their Baskets, Weapons, Aprons, *&c.* We dealt with 'em with Beads of all Colours, Knives, Axes, Pins and Needles; which they us'd only as Tools to drill Holes with in their Ears, Noſes and Lips, where they hang a great many little things; as long Beads, bits of Tin, Braſs or Silver, beat thin; and any ſhining Trinket. The Beads they weave into Aprons about a Quarter of an Ell long, and of the ſame breadth; working them very prettily in Flowers of ſeveral Colours of Beads; which Apron they wear juſt before 'em, as *Adam* and *Eve* did the Fig-leaves; the Men wearing a long ſtripe of Linen, which they deal with us for. They thread theſe Beads alſo on long Cotton threads, and make Girdles to tie their Aprons to, which come twenty times, or more, about the Waſte, and then croſs, like a Shoulder-belt, both ways, and round their Necks, Arms and Legs. This Adornment, with their long black Hair, and the Face painted in little Specks or Flowers

here and there, makes 'em a wonderful Figure to behold. Some of the Beauties which indeed are finely ſhap'd, as almoſt all are, and who have pretty Features, are very charming and novel; for they have all that is called Beauty, except the Colour, which is a reddiſh Yellow; or after a new Oiling, which they often uſe to themſelves, they are of the colour of a new Brick, but ſmooth, ſoft and ſleek. They are extreme modeſt and baſhful, very ſhy, and nice of being touch'd. And though they are all thus naked, if one lives for ever among 'em, there is not to be ſeen an indecent Action, or Glance; and being continually us'd to ſee one another ſo unadorn'd, ſo like our firſt Parents before the Fall, it ſeems as if they had no Wiſhes; there being nothing to heighten Curioſity; but all you can ſee, you ſee at once, and every moment ſee; and where there is no Novelty, there can be no Curioſity. Not but I have ſeen a handſom young *Indian*, dying for Love of a very beautiful young *Indian* Maid; but all his Courtſhip was, to fold his Arms, purſue her with his Eyes, and Sighs were all his Language: While ſhe, as if no ſuch Lover were preſent, or rather, as if ſhe deſired none ſuch, carefully guarded her Eyes from beholding him; and never approach'd him, but ſhe look'd down with all the bluſhing modeſty I have ſeen in the moſt ſevere and cautious of our World. And theſe People repreſented to me an abſolute *Idea* of the firſt State of Innocence, before Man knew how to ſin: And 'tis moſt evident and plain, that ſimple Nature is the moſt harmleſs, inoffenſive and vertuous Miſtreſs. 'Tis ſhe alone,

alone, if ſhe were permitted, that better inſtructs the World, than all the Inventions of Man: Religion wou'd here but deſtroy that Tranquillity they poſſeſs by Ignorance; and Laws wou'd but teach 'em to know Offence, of which now they have no Notion. They once made Mourning and Faſting for the Death of the *Engliſh* Governor, who had given his Hand to come on ſuch a day to 'em, and neither came nor ſent; believing, when once a Man's Word was paſt, nothing but Death cou'd or ſhou'd prevent his keeping it: And when they ſaw he was not dead, they ask'd him what Name they had for a Man who promis'd a thing he did not do? The Governor told them, Such a Man was a *Lyar*, which was a Word of Infamy to a Gentleman. Then one of 'em reply'd, *Governor, you are a Lyar, and guilty of that Infamy.* They have a native Juſtice, which knows no Fraud; and they underſtand no Vice, or Cunning, but when they are taught by the *White* Men. They have Plurality of Wives; which, when they grow old, they ſerve thoſe that ſucceed 'em, who are young, but with a Servitude eaſie and reſpected; and unleſs they take Slaves in War, they have no other Attendants.

Thoſe on that *Continent* where I was, had no King; but the oldeſt War-Captain was obey'd with great Reſignation.

A War-Captain is a Man who has led them on to Battle with Conduct and Succeſs; of whom I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak more hereafter, and of ſome other of their Cuſtom and Manners, as they fall in my way.

With theſe People, as I ſaid, we live in perfect Tranquillity, and good Underſtanding, as it behoves us to do; they knowing all the places where to ſeek the beſt Food of the Countrey, and the means of getting it; and for very ſmall and unvaluable Trifles, ſupply us with what 'tis impoſſible for us to get; for they do not only in the Wood, and over the *Sevana's*, in Hunting, ſupply the parts of Hounds, by ſwiftly ſcouring through thoſe almoſt impaſſable places, and by the meer Activity of their Feet, run down the nimbleſt Deer, and other eatable Beaſts: But in the Water, one wou'd think they were Gods of the Rivers, or Fellow-Citizens of the Deep; ſo rare an Art they have in Swimming, Diving, and almoſt Living in Water; by which they command the leſs ſwift Inhabitants of the Floods. And then for Shooting; what they cannot take, or reach with their Hands, they do with Arrows; and have ſo admirable an Aim, that they will ſplit almoſt an Hair; and at any diſtance that an Arrow can reach, they will ſhoot down Oranges, and other Fruit, and only touch the Stalk with the Dart's Point, that they may not hurt the Fruit. So that they being, on all occaſions, very uſeful to us, we find it abſolutely neceſſary to careſs 'em as Friends, and not to treat 'em as Slaves; nor dare we do other, their Numbers ſo far ſurpaſſing ours in that *Continent*.

Thoſe then whom we make uſe of to work in our Plantations of Sugar, are *Negro's*, *Black*-Slaves altogether; which are tranſported thither in this manner:

Thoſe

Thoſe who want Slaves, make a Bargain with a Maſter, or a Captain of a Ship, and contract to pay him ſo much a-piece, a matter of Twenty Pound a Head for as many as he agrees for, and to pay for 'em when they ſhall be deliver'd on ſuch a Plantation: So that when there arrives a Ship laden with Slaves, they who have ſo contracted, go a-board, and receive their number by Lot; and perhaps in one Lot that may be for ten, there may happen to be three or four Men; the reſt Women and Children: or be there more or leſs of either Sex, you are oblig'd to be contented with your Lot.

Coramantien, a Countrey of *Blacks* ſo called, was one of thoſe places in which they found the moſt advantageous Trading for theſe Slaves, and thither moſt of our great Traders in that Merchandiſe traffick'd; for that Nation is very war-like and brave; and having a continual Campaign, being always in Hoſtility with one neighbouring Prince or other, they had the fortune to take a great many Captives; for all they took in Battle were ſold as Slaves; at leaſt, thoſe common Men who cou'd not ranſom themſelves. Of theſe Slaves ſo taken, the General only has all the Profit; and of theſe Generals, our Captains and Maſters of Ships buy all their Freights.

The King of *Coramantien* was himſelf a Man of an Hundred and odd Years old, and had no Son, though he had many beautiful *Black*-Wives; for moſt certainly, there are Beauties that can charm of that Colour. In his younger years he had had many gallant Men to his

Sons, thirteen of which died in Battle, conquering when they fell; and he had only left him for his Succeſſor, one Grand-Child, Son to one of theſe dead Victors; who, as ſoon as he could bear a Bow in his Hand, and a Quiver at his back, was ſent into the Field, to be train'd up, by one of the oldeſt Generals, to War; where, from his natural Inclination to Arms, and the Occaſions given him, with the good Conduct of the old General, he became, at the age of Seventeen, one of the moſt expert Captains, and braveſt Soldiers, that ever ſaw the Field of *Mars*: So that he was ador'd as the Wonder of all that World, and the Darling of the Soldiers. Beſides, he was adorn'd with a native Beauty ſo tranſcending all thoſe of his gloomy Race, that he ſtruck an Awe and Reverence, even into thoſe that knew not his Quality; as he did into me, who beheld him with Surprize and Wonder, when afterwards he arriv'd in our World.

He had ſcarce arriv'd at his Seventeenth Year, when, fighting by his ſide, the General was kill'd with an Arrow in his Eye, which the Prince *Oroonoko* (for ſo was this gallant *Moor* call'd) very narrowly avoided; nor had he, if the General, who ſaw the Arrow ſhot, and perceiving it aim'd at the Prince, had not bow'd his Head between, on purpoſe to receive it in his own Body, rather than it ſhou'd touch that of the Prince, and ſo ſaved him.

'Twas then, afflicted as *Oroonoko* was, that he was proclaim'd General in the Old Man's place; and then it was, at the finiſhing of that War, which had continued for two Years, that the

the Prince came to Court; where he had hardly been a Month together, from the time of his Fifth Year, to that of Seventeen; and 'twas amazing to imagine where it was he learn'd ſo much Humanity; or, to give his Accompliſhments a juſter Name, where 'twas he got that real Greatneſs of Soul, thoſe refin'd Notions of true Honour, that abſolute Generoſity, and that Softneſs that was capable of the higheſt Paſſions of Love and Gallantry, whoſe Objects were almoſt continually fighting Men, or thoſe mangl'd, or dead; who heard no Sounds, but thoſe of War and Groans. Some part of it we may attribute to the care of a *French-man* of Wit and Learning; who finding it turn to very good account to be a ſort of Royal Tutor to this young *Black*, and perceiving him very ready, apt, and quick of Apprehenſion, took a great pleaſure to teach him Morals, Language and Science; and was for it extremely belov'd and valu'd by him. Another reaſon was; he lov'd, when he came from War, to ſee all the *Engliſh* Gentlemen that traded thither; and did not only learn their Language, but that of the *Spaniards* alſo, with whom he traded afterwards for Slaves.

I have often ſeen and convers'd with this Great Man, and been a Witneſs to many of his mighty Actions; and do aſſure my Reader, the moſt illuſtrious Courts cou'd not have produc'd a braver Man, both for greatneſs of Courage and Mind, a Judgment more ſolid, a Wit more quick, and a Converſation more ſweet and diverting. He knew almoſt as much as if he had read much: He had heard of,

and

and admir'd the *Romans*; he had heard of the late Civil Wars in *England*, and the deplorable Death of our great Monarch; and wou'd discourse of it with all the Senſe and Abhorrence of the Injuſtice imaginable. He had an extreme good and graceful Mien, and all the Civility of a well-bread Great Man. He had nothing of Barbarity in his Nature, but in all Points addreſs'd himſelf as if his Education had been in ſome *Europæan* Court.

This great and juſt Character of *Oroonoko* gave me an extreme Curioſity to ſee him, eſpecially when I knew he ſpoke *French* and *Engliſh*, and that I could talk with him. But though I had heard ſo much of him, I was as greatly ſurpriz'd when I ſaw him, as if I had heard nothing of him; ſo beyond all Report I found him. He came into the Room, and addreſs'd himſelf to me, and ſome other Women, with the beſt Grace in the World. He was pretty tall, but of a ſhape the moſt exact that can be fanſy'd: The moſt famous Statuary cou'd not form the figure of a Man more admirably turn'd from Head to Foot. His Face was not of that brown, ruſty Black which moſt of that Nation are, but a perfect Ebony, or poliſh'd Jett. His Eyes were the moſt awful that cou'd be ſeen, and very piercing, the White of 'em being like Snow, as were his Teeth. His Noſe was riſing and *Roman*, inſtead of *African* and flat. His Mouth, the fineſt ſhap'd that cou'd be ſeen; far from thoſe great turn'd Lips, which are ſo natural to the reſt of the *Negroes*. The whole Proportion and Air of his Face was ſo noble, and exactly form'd,

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This Prince, ſuch as I have deſcrib'd him, whoſe Soul and Body were ſo admirably adorn'd, was (while yet he was in the Court of his Grand-father,) as I ſaid, as capable of Love, as 'twas poſſible for a brave and gallant Man to be: and in ſaying that, I have nam'd the higheſt Degree of Love; for ſure, great Souls are moſt capable of that Paſſion.

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was Female to the noble Male; the beautiful *Black Venus*, to our young *Mars*; as charming in her Perſon as he, and of delicate Vertues. have ſeen an hundred *White* Men ſighing after her, and making a thouſand Vows at her Feet all vain, and unſucceſsful: And ſhe was, indeed too great for any, but a Prince of her own Nation to adore.

Oroonoko coming from the Wars, (which were now ended) after he had made his Court to his Grand-father, he thought in honour he ought to make a Viſit to *Imoinda*, the Daughter of his Foſter-father the dead General; and to make ſome Excuſes to her, becauſe his Preſervation was the occaſion of her Father's Death and to preſent her with thoſe Slaves that had been taken in this laſt Battle, as the Trophies of her Father's Victories. When he came, attended by all the young Soldiers of any Merit, he was infinitely ſurpriz'd at the Beauty of this fair Queen of Night, whoſe Face and Perſon was ſo exceeding all he had ever beheld, that lovely Modeſty with which ſhe receiv'd him, that Softneſs in her Look, and Sighs, upon the melancholy Occaſion of this Honour that was done by ſo great a Man as *Oroonoko*, and a Prince of whom ſhe had heard ſuch admirable things; the Awfulneſs wherewith ſhe receiv'd him, and the Sweetneſs of her Words and Behaviour while he ſtay'd, gain'd a perfect Conqueſt over his fierce Heart, and made him feel, the Victor cou'd be ſubdu'd. So that having made his firſt Complements, and preſented her an Hundred and fifty Slaves in Fetters, he told her with his Eyes, that he was not inſenſible

ſenſible of her Charms; while *Imoinda*, who wiſh'd for nothing more than ſo glorious a Conqueſt, was pleas'd to believe, ſhe underſtood that ſilent Language of new-born Love; and, from that moment, put on all her additions to Beauty.

The Prince return'd to Court with quite another Humour than before; and though he did not ſpeak much of the fair *Imoinda*, he had the pleaſure to hear all his Followers ſpeak of nothing but the Charms of that Maid, inſomuch that, even in the preſence of the old King, they were extolling her, and heightning, if poſſible, the Beauties they had found in her: ſo that nothing elſe was talk'd of, no other ſound was heard in every corner where there were Whiſperers, but *Imoinda! Imoinda!*

'Twill be imagin'd *Oroonoko* ſtay'd not long before he made his ſecond Viſit; nor, conſidering his Quality, not much longer before he told her, he ador'd her. I have often heard him ſay, that he admir'd by what ſtrange Inſpiration he came to talk things ſo ſoft, and ſo paſſionate, who never knew Love, nor was us'd to the Converſation of Women; but (to uſe his own words) he ſaid; Moſt happily, ſome new, and, till then, unknown Power inſtructed his Heart and Tongue in the Language of Love, and at the ſame time, in favour of him, inſpir'd *Imoinda* with a ſenſe of his Paſſion. She was touch'd with what he ſaid, and return'd it all in ſuch Anſwers as went to his very Heart, with a Pleaſure unknown before. Nor did he uſe thoſe Obligations ill, that Love had done him, but turn'd all his happy moments to the beſt

beſt advantage; and as he knew no Vice, h
Flame aim'd at nothing but Honour, if ſuch
diſtinction may be made in Love; and eſpe
cially in that Country, where Men take to them
ſelves as many as they can maintain; and wher
the only Crime and Sin with Woman, is, to turn
her off, to abandon her to Want, Shame and
Miſery: ſuch ill Morals are only practis'd i
Chriſtian Countries, where they preferr the bar
Name of Religion; and, without Vertue o
Morality, think that ſufficient. But *Oroonoko* wa
none of thoſe Profeſſors; but as he had right
Notions of Honour, ſo he made her ſuch Propo-
ſitions as were not only and barely ſuch; but
contrary to the cuſtom of his Countrey, he
made her Vows, ſhe ſhou'd be the only Woman
he wou'd poſſeſs while he liv'd; that no Age or
Wrinkles ſhou'd encline him to change; for her
Soul wou'd be always fine, and always young;
and he ſhould have an eternal *Idea* in his Mind
of the Charms ſhe now bore; and ſhou'd look
into his Heart for that *Idea*, when he cou'd find
it no longer in her Face.

After a thouſand Aſſurances of his laſting
Flame, and her eternal Empire over him, ſhe
condeſcended to receive him for her Husband;
or rather, receiv'd him, as the greateſt Honour
the Gods cou'd do her.

There is a certain Ceremony in theſe caſes to
be obſerv'd, which I forgot to ask him how per-
form'd; but 'twas concluded on both ſides, that
in obedience to him, the Grand-father was to
be firſt made acquainted with the Deſign: For
they pay a moſt abſolute Reſignation to the
Monarch, eſpecially when he is a Parent alſo.

On

On the other ſide, the old King, who had many Wives, and many Concubines, wanted not Court-Flatterers to inſinuate into his Heart a thouſand tender Thoughts for this young Beauty; and who repreſented her to his Fancy, as the moſt charming he had ever poſſeſs'd in all the long race of his numerous Years. At this Character, his old Heart, like an extinguiſht Brand, moſt apt to take Fire, felt new Sparks of Love, and began to kindle; and now grown to his ſecond Childhood, long'd with impatience to behold this gay thing, with whom, alas! he could but innocently play. But how he ſhou'd be confirm'd ſhe was this *Wonder*, before he us'd his Power to call her to Court, (where Maidens never came, unleſs for the King's private Uſe) he was next to conſider; and while he was ſo doing, he had Intelligence brought him, that *Imoinda* was moſt certainly Miſtreſs to the Prince *Oroonoko*. This gave him ſome *Shagrien*; however, it gave him alſo an opportunity, one day, when the Prince was a-hunting, to wait on a Man of Quality, as his Slave and Attendant, who ſhou'd go and make a Preſent to *Imoinda*, as from the Prince; he ſhou'd then, unknown, ſee this fair Maid, and have an opportunity to hear what Meſſage ſhe wou'd return the Prince for his Preſent; and from thence gather the ſtate of her Heart, and degree of her Inclination. This was put in execution, and the old Monarch ſaw, and burnt: He found her all he had heard, and wou'd not delay his Happineſs, but found he ſhou'd have ſome Obſtacle to overcome her Heart; for ſhe expreſs'd her ſenſe of the

the Preſent the Prince had ſent her, in terms ſo ſweet, ſo ſoft and pretty, with an Air of Love and Joy that cou'd not be diſſembl'd, inſomuch that 'twas paſt doubt whether ſhe lov'd *Oroonoko* entirely. This gave the old King ſome affliction; but he ſalv'd it with this, that the Obedience the People pay their King, was not at all inferior to what they paid their Gods; and what Love wou'd not oblige *Imoinda* to do, Duty wou'd compell her to.

He was therefore no ſooner got to his Apartment, but he ſent the Royal Veil to *Imoinda*; that is, the Ceremony of Invitation: He ſends the Lady he has a mind to honour with his Bed, a Veil, with which ſhe is cover'd, and ſecur'd for the King's Uſe; and 'tis Death to diſobey; beſides, held a moſt impious Diſobedience.

'Tis not to be imagin'd the Surprize and Grief that ſeiz'd this lovely Maid at this News and Sight. However, as Delays in theſe caſes are dangerous, and Pleading worſe than Treaſon; trembling, and almoſt fainting, ſhe was oblig'd to ſuffer her ſelf to be cover'd, and led away.

They brought her thus to Court; and the King, who had caus'd a very rich Bath to be prepar'd, was led into it, where he ſate under a Canopy, in State, to receive this long'd-for Virgin; whom he having commanded ſhou'd be brought to him, they (after diſ-robing her) led her to the Bath, and making faſt the Doors, left her to deſcend. The King, without more Courtſhip, bid her throw off her Mantle, and come to his Arms. But *Imoinda*, all in Tears, threw

threw her ſelf on the Marble, on the brink of the Bath, and beſought him to hear her. She told him, as ſhe was a Maid, how proud of the Divine Glory ſhe ſhould have been, of having it in her power to oblige her King: but as by the Laws, he cou'd not; and from his Royal Goodneſs, wou'd not take from any Man his wedded Wife: ſo ſhe believ'd ſhe ſhou'd be the Occaſion of making him commit a great Sin, if ſhe did not reveal her State and Condition; and tell him, ſhe was another's, and cou'd not be ſo happy to be his.

The King, enrag'd at this Delay, haſtily demanded the Name of the bold Man, that had marry'd a Woman of her Degree, without his Conſent. *Imoinda*, ſeeing his Eyes fierce, and his Hands tremble, (whether with Rage or Anger, I know not, but ſhe fanſy'd the laſt,) almoſt repented ſhe had ſaid ſo much, for now ſhe fear'd the ſtorm wou'd fall on the Prince; ſhe therefore ſaid a thouſand things to appeaſe the raging of his Flame, and to prepare him to hear who it was with calmneſs; but before ſhe ſpoke, he imagin'd who ſhe meant, but wou'd not ſeem to do ſo, but commanded her to lay aſide her Mantle, and ſuffer her ſelf to receive his Careſſes, or, by his Gods he ſwore, that happy Man whom ſhe was going to name ſhou'd die, though it were even *Oroonoko* himſelf: *Therefore* (ſaid he) *deny this Marriage, and ſwear thy ſelf a Maid. That* (reply'd *Imoinda*) *by all our Powers I do; for I am not yet known to my Husband.* *'Tis enough* (ſaid the King;) *'tis enough both to ſatisfie my Con-*

ſcience, and my Heart. And riſing from his Seat, he went and led her into the Bath; it being in vain for her to reſiſt.

In this time, the Prince, who was return'd from Hunting, went to viſit his *Imoinda*, but found her gone; and not only ſo, but heard ſhe had receiv'd the Royal Veil. This rais'd him to a ſtorm; and in his madneſs, they had much ado to ſave him from laying violent Hands on himſelf. Force firſt prevail'd, and then Reaſon: They urg'd all to him, that might oppoſe his Rage; but nothing weigh'd ſo greatly with him as the King's Old Age uncapable of injuring him with *Imoinda*. He wou'd give way to that Hope, becauſe it pleas'd him moſt, and flatter'd beſt his Heart. Yet this ſerv'd not altogether to make him ceaſe his different Paſſions, which ſometimes rag'd within him, and ſometimes ſoftned into Showers. 'Twas not enough to appeaſe him, to tell him his Grand-father was old, and cou'd not that way injure him, while he retain'd that awful Duty which the Young Men are us'd there to pay to their grave Relations. He cou'd not be convinc'd he had no cauſe to ſigh and mourn for the loſs of a Miſtreſs, he cou'd not with all his ſtrength and courage retrieve. And he wou'd often cry, *Oh, my Friends! were ſhe in wall'd Cities, or confin'd from me in Fortifications of the greateſt ſtrength; did Inchantments or Monſters detain her from me; I wou'd venture through any Hazard to free her: But here, in the Arms of a feeble Old Man, my Youth, my violent Love, my Trade in Arms, and all my vaſt Deſire of Glory, avail me nothing:* Imoinda *is as irre-*

coverably

coverably loſt to me, as if ſhe were ſnatcht by the cold Arms of Death: Oh! ſhe is never to be retriev'd. If I wou'd wait tedious Years, till Fate ſhou'd bow the old King to his Grave; even that wou'd not leave me Imoinda *free; but ſtill that Cuſtom that makes it ſo vile a Crime for a Son to marry his Father's Wives or Miſtreſſes, wou'd hinder my Happineſs; unleſs I wou'd either ignobly ſet an ill Preſident to my Succeſſors, or abandon my Country, and fly with her to ſome unknown World who never heard our Story.*

But it was objected to him, That his caſe was not the ſame; for *Imoinda* being his lawful Wife by ſolemn Contract, 'twas he was the injur'd Man, and might, if he ſo pleas'd, take *Imoinda* back, the breach of the Law being on his Grand-Father's ſide; and that if he cou'd circumvent him, and redeem her from the *Otan*, which is the Palace of the King's Women, a ſort of *Seraglio*, it was both juſt and lawful for him ſo to do.

This Reaſoning had ſome force upon him, and he ſhou'd have been entirely comforted, but for the thought that ſhe was poſſeſs'd by his Grand-father. However, he lov'd ſo well, that he was reſolv'd to believe what moſt favour'd his Hope; and to endeavour to learn from *Imoinda's* own Mouth, what only ſhe cou'd ſatisfie him in; whether ſhe was robb'd of that Bleſſing which was only due to his Faith and Love. But as it was very hard to get a ſight of the Women, (for no Men ever enter'd into the *Otan*, but when the King went to entertain himſelf with ſome one of his Wives or Miſtreſſes; and 'twas Death, at any other

time for any other to go in;) ſo he knew not how to contrive to get a ſight of her.

While *Oroonoko* felt all the Agonies of Love, and ſuffer'd under a Torment the moſt painful in the world, the old King was not exempted from his ſhare of Affliction. He was troubled, for having been forc'd, by an irreſiſtible Paſſion, to rob his Son of a Treaſure, he knew, cou'd not but be extremely dear to him, ſince ſhe was the moſt beautiful that ever had been ſeen; and had beſides, all the Sweetneſs and Innocence of Youth and Modeſty, with a Charm of Wit ſurpaſſing all. He found that, however ſhe was forc'd to expoſe her lovely Perſon to his wither'd Arms, ſhe cou'd only ſigh and weep there, and think of *Oroonoko*; and oftentimes cou'd not forbear ſpeaking of him, though her Life were, by Cuſtom, forfeited by owning her Paſſion. But ſhe ſpoke not of a Lover only, but of a Prince dear to him, to whom ſhe ſpoke; and of the Praiſes of a Man, who till now, fill'd the old Man's Soul with Joy at every recital of his Bravery, or even his Name. And 'twas this Dotage on our young Hero, that gave *Imoinda* a thouſand Privileges to ſpeak of him, without offending; and this Condeſcention in the old King, that made her take the Satisfaction of ſpeaking of him ſo very often.

Beſides, he many times enquir'd how the Prince bore himſelf: And thoſe of whom he ask'd, being entirely Slaves to the Merits and Vertues of the Prince, ſtill anſwer'd what they thought conduc'd beſt to his Service; which was to make the old King fanſie that the Prince had no more Intereſt in *Imoinda*, and had reſign'd her

her willingly to the Pleaſure of the King; that he diverted himſelf with his Mathematicians, his Fortifications, his Officers, and his Hunting.

This pleas'd the old Lover, who fail'd not to report theſe things again to *Imoinda*, that ſhe might, by the Example of her young Lover, withdraw her Heart, and reſt better contented in his Arms. But however, ſhe was forc'd to receive this unwelcome News, in all appearance, with Unconcern and Content; her Heart was burſting within, and ſhe was only happy when ſhe cou'd get alone, to vent her Griefs and Moans with Sighs and Tears.

What Reports of the Prince's Conduct were made to the King, he thought good to juſtifie as far as poſſibly he cou'd by his Actions; and when he appear'd in the Preſence of the King, he ſhew'd a Face not at all betraying his Heart: ſo that in a little time, the old Man, being entirely convinc'd that he was no longer a Lover of *Imoinda*, he carry'd him with him, in his Train, to the *Otan*, often to banquet with his Miſtreſs. But as ſoon as he enter'd, one day, into the Apartment of *Imoinda*, with the King, at the firſt Glance from her Eyes, notwithſtanding all his determined Reſolution, he was ready to ſink in the place where he ſtood; and had certainly done ſo, but for the ſupport of *Aboan*, a young Man who was next to him; which, with his Change of Countenance, had betray'd him, had the King chanc'd to look that way. And I have obſerv'd, 'tis a very great error in thoſe who laugh when one ſays, *A* Negro *can change Colour*: for I have

ſeen 'em as frequently bluſh, and look pale, and that as viſibly as ever I ſaw in the moſt beautiful *White*. And 'tis certain, that both theſe Changes were evident, this day, in both theſe Lovers. And *Imoinda*, who ſaw with ſome Joy the Change in the Prince's Face, and found it in her own, ſtrove to divert the King from beholding either, by a forc'd Careſs, with which ſhe met him; which was a new Wound in the Heart of the poor dying Prince. But as ſoon as the King was buſy'd in looking on ſome fine thing of *Imoinda*'s making, ſhe had time to tell the Prince, with her angry but Love-darting Eyes, that ſhe reſented his Coldneſs, and bemoan'd her own miſerable Captivity. Nor were his Eyes ſilent, but anſwer'd hers again, as much as Eyes cou'd do, inſtructed by the moſt tender and moſt paſſionate Heart that ever lov'd: And they ſpoke ſo well, and ſo effectually, as *Imoinda* no longer doubted but ſhe was the only Delight and Darling of that Soul ſhe found pleading in 'em its Right of Love, which none was more willing to reſign than ſhe. And 'twas this powerful Language alone that in an inſtant convey'd all the Thoughts of their Souls to each other; that they both found there wanted but Opportunity to make them both entirely happy. But when he ſaw another Door open'd by *Onahal* (a former old Wife of the Kings, who now had Charge of *Imoinda*,) and ſaw the Proſpect of a Bed of State made ready, with Sweets and Flowers for the Dalliance of the King, who immediately led the trembling Victim from his ſight, into that prepar'd Repoſe; what Rage!

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what wild Frenzies ſeiz'd his Heart! which forcing to keep within bounds, and to ſuffer without noiſe, it became the more inſupportable, and rent his Soul with ten thouſand pains. He was forc'd to retire, to vent his Groans, where he fell down on a Carpet, and lay ſtruggling a long time, and only breathing now and then, — Oh, *Imoinda!* When *Onahal* had finiſht her neceſſary Affair within, ſhutting the Door, ſhe came forth, to wait till the King call'd; and hearing ſome one ſighing in the other Room, ſhe paſt on, and found the Prince in that deplorable Condition, which ſhe thought needed her Aid. She gave him Cordials, but all in vain; till finding the nature of his Diſeaſe, by his Sighs, and naming *Imoinda*; ſhe told him, he had not ſo much cauſe as he imagin'd to afflict himſelf; for if he knew the King ſo well as ſhe did, he wou'd not loſe a moment in Jealouſie, and that ſhe was confident that *Imoinda* bore, at this minute, part in his Affliction. *Aboan* was of the ſame opinion; and both together perſuaded him to re-aſſume his Courage; and all ſitting down on the Carpet, the Prince ſaid ſo many obliging things to *Onahal*, that he half-perſuaded her to be of his Party. And ſhe promis'd him, ſhe wou'd thus far comply with his juſt Deſires, that ſhe wou'd let *Imoinda* know how faithful he was, what he ſuffer'd, and what he ſaid.

This Diſcourſe laſted till the King call'd; which gave *Oroonoko* a certain Satisfaction; and with the Hope *Onahal* had made him conceive, he aſſum'd a Look as gay as 'twas poſſible a Man in his circumſtances cou'd do; and preſently

ſently after, he was call'd in with the reſt who waited without. The King commanded Muſick to be brought, and ſeveral of his young Wives and Miſtreſſes came all together by his Command, to dance before him: where *Imoinda* perform'd her part with an Air and Grace ſo paſſing all the reſt, as her Beauty was above 'em; and receiv'd the Preſent ordain'd as a Prize. The Prince was every moment more charm'd with the new Beauties and Graces he beheld in this Fair One: And while he gaz'd, and ſhe danc'd, *Onahal* was retir'd to a Window with *Aboan*.

This *Onahal*, as I ſaid, was one of the Caſt-Miſtreſſes of the old King; and 'twas theſe (now paſt their Beauty) that were made Guardians or Governantee's to the new and the young ones; and whoſe Buſineſs it was, to teach them all thoſe wanton Arts of Love, with which they prevail'd and charm'd heretofore in their Turn; and who now treated the triumphing happy Ones with all the Severity, as to Liberty and Freedom, that was poſſible, in revenge of their Honours they rob them of; envying them thoſe Satisfactions, thoſe Gallantries and Preſents, that were once made to themſelves, while Youth and Beauty laſted, and which they now ſaw paſs, as it were, regardleſs by, and paid only to the Bloomings. And certainly, nothing is more afflicting to a decay'd Beauty, than to behold in it ſelf declining Charms, that were once ador'd; and to find thoſe Careſſes paid to new Beauties, to which once ſhe laid a claim; to hear 'em whiſper, as ſhe paſſes by, *That once was a deli-*

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cate Woman. Theſe abandon'd Ladies therefore endeavour to revenge all the Deſpights, and Decays of Time, on theſe flouriſhing happy Ones. And 'twas this Severity, that gave *Oroonoko* a thouſand fears he ſhould never prevail with *Onahal* to ſee *Imoinda*. But, as I ſaid, ſhe was now retir'd to a Window with *Aboan*.

This Young Man was not only one of the beſt Quality, but a Man extremely well made, and beautiful; and coming often to attend the King to the *Otan*, he had ſubdu'd the Heart of the antiquated *Onahal*, which had not forgot how pleaſant it was to be in Love: And though ſhe had ſome Decays in her Face, ſhe had none in her Sence and Wit; ſhe was there agreeable ſtill, even to *Aboan*'s Youth: ſo that he took pleaſure in entertaining her with Diſcourſes of Love. He knew alſo, that to make his Court to theſe She-Favourites, was the way to be great; theſe being the Perſons that do all Affairs and Buſineſs at Court. He had alſo obſerv'd that ſhe had given him Glances more tender and inviting than ſhe had done to others of his Quality. And now, when he ſaw that her Favour cou'd ſo abſolutely oblige the Prince, he fail'd not to ſigh in her Ear, and to look with Eyes all ſoft upon her, and give her Hope that ſhe had made ſome Impreſſions on his Heart. He found her pleas'd at this, and making a thouſand advances to him: but the Ceremony ending, and the King departing, broke up the Company for that Day, and his Converſation.

Aboan

Aboan fail'd not that night to tell the Prince of his Succeſs, and how advantageous the Service of *Onahal* might be to his Amour with *Imoinda*. The Prince was over-joy'd with this good News, and beſought him, if it were poſſible, to careſs her ſo, as to engage her entirely; which he cou'd not fail to do, if he comply'd with her Deſires: *For then* (ſaid the Prince) *her Life lying at your Mercy, ſhe muſt grant you the Requeſt you make in my behalf.* *Aboan* underſtood him, and aſſur'd him he would make love ſo effectually, that he would defie the moſt expert Miſtreſs of the Art, to find out whether he diſſembl'd it, or had it really. And 'twas with impatience they waited the next Opportunity of going to the *Otan*.

The Wars came on; the Time of taking the Field approach'd, and 'twas impoſſible for the Prince to delay his going at the Head of his Army, to encounter the Enemy: ſo that every Day ſeem'd a tedious Year, till he ſaw his *Imoinda*; for he believ'd he cou'd not live, if he were forc'd away without being ſo happy. 'Twas with impatience therefore that he expected the next Viſit the King wou'd make; and, according to his wiſh, it was not long.

The Parley of the Eyes of theſe two Lovers had not paſs'd ſo ſecretly, but an old jealous Lover could ſpy it; or rather, he wanted not Flatterers, who told him, they obſerv'd it: ſo that the Prince was haſten'd to the Camp, and this was the laſt Viſit he found he ſhou'd make to the *Otan*; he therefore urg'd *Aboan* to make the beſt of this laſt Effort, and to explain himſelf ſo to *Onahal*, that ſhe, deferring

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her Enjoyment of her young Lover no longer, might make way for the Prince to ſpeak to *Imoinda.*

The whole Affair being agreed on between the Prince and *Aboan*, they attended the King, as the cuſtom was, to the *Otan*; where, while the whole Company was taken up in beholding the Dancing, and Antick Poſtures the Women-Royal made, to divert the King, *Onahal* ſingl'd out *Aboan*, whom ſhe found moſt plyable to her wiſh. When ſhe had him where ſhe believ'd ſhe cou'd not be heard, ſhe ſigh'd to him, and ſoftly cry'd; *Ah*, Aboan! *when will you be ſenſible of my Paſſion? I confeſs it with my Mouth, becauſe I wou'd not give my Eyes the Lye; and you have but too much already perceiv'd they have confeſs'd my Flame: Nor wou'd I have you believe, that becauſe I am the abandon'd Miſtreſs of a King, I eſteem my ſelf altogether diveſted of Charms: No,* Aboan; *I have ſtill a Reſt of Beauty enough engaging, and have learn'd to pleaſe too well, not to be deſirable: I can have Lovers ſtill, but will have none but* Aboan. *Madam*, (reply'd the half-feigning Youth) *you have already, by my Eyes, found you can ſtill conquer; and I believe 'tis in pity of me, you condeſcend to this kind Confeſſion: But, Madam, Words are us'd to be ſo ſmall a part of our Country Courtſhip, that 'tis rare one can get ſo happy an Opportunity as to tell one's Heart; and thoſe few Minutes we have, are forc'd to be ſnatcht for more certain Proofs of Love than Speaking and Sighing; and ſuch I languiſh for.*

He ſpoke this with ſuch a Tone, that ſhe hop'd it true, and cou'd not forbear believing it;

it; and being wholly tranſported with Joy, for having ſubdu'd the fineſt of all the King's Subjects to her Deſires, ſhe took from her Ears two large Pearls, and commanded him to wear 'em in his. He wou'd have refus'd em, crying, *Madam, theſe are not the Proofs of your Love that I expect; 'tis Opportunity, 'tis a Lone-hour only, that can make me happy:* But forcing the Pearls into his Hand, ſhe whiſper'd ſoftly to him; *Oh! Do not fear a Woman's Invention, when Love ſets her a-thinking.* And preſſing his Hand, ſhe cry'd, *This Night you ſhall be happy: Come to the Gate of the Orange-Grove, behind the* Otan, *and I will be ready, about Mid-night, to receive you.* 'Twas thus agreed, and ſhe left him, that no notice might be taken of their ſpeaking together.

The Ladies were ſtill dancing; and the King laid on a Carpet, with a great deal of pleaſure was beholding them, eſpecially *Imoinda*, who that day appear'd more lovely than ever, being enliven'd with the good Tidings *Onahal* had brought her, of the conſtant Paſſion the Prince had for her. The Prince was laid on another Carpet, at the other end of the Room, with his Eyes fix'd on the Object of his Soul; and as ſhe turn'd or mov'd, ſo did they; and ſhe alone gave his Eyes and Soul their Motions. Nor did *Imoinda* employ her Eyes to any other uſe, than in beholding, with infinite Pleaſure, the Joy ſhe produc'd in thoſe of the Prince. But while ſhe was more regarding Him, than the Steps ſhe took, ſhe chanced to fall; and ſo near him, as that leaping with extreme force from the Carpet, he caught her in his Arms

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as ſhe fell: And 'twas viſible to the whole Preſence, the Joy wherewith he receiv'd her; he claſp'd her cloſe to his Boſom, and quite forgot that Reverence that was due to the Miſtreſs of a King, and that Puniſhment that is the Reward of a Boldneſs of this nature; and had not the Preſence of Mind of *Imoinda* (fonder of his ſafety, than her own) befriended him, in making her ſpring from his Arms, and fall into her Dance again, he had, at that inſtant, met his Death; for the old King, jealous to the laſt degree, roſe up in Rage, broke all the Diverſion, and led *Imoinda* to her Apartment, and ſent out word to the Prince, to go immediately to the Camp; and that if he were found another Night in Court, he ſhou'd ſuffer the Death ordain'd for diſobedient Offenders.

You may imagine how welcome this News was to *Oroonoko*, whoſe unſeaſonable Tranſport and Careſs of *Imoinda* was blam'd by all Men that lov'd him; and now he perceiv'd his fault, yet cry'd, *That for ſuch another Moment, he wou'd be content to die.*

All the *Otan* was in diſorder about this Accident; and *Onahal* was particularly concern'd, becauſe on the Prince's Stay depended her Happineſs; for ſhe cou'd no longer expect that of *Aboan*. So that, e're they departed, they contriv'd it ſo, that the Prince and he ſhou'd come both that Night to the Grove of the *Otan*, which was all of Oranges and Citrons, and that there they wou'd wait her Orders.

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They parted thus, with Grief enough, till Night, leaving the King in poſſeſſion of the lovely Maid. But nothing could appeaſe the Jealouſie of the old Lover; he wou'd not be impos'd on, but wou'd have it, that *Imoinda* made a falſe Step, on purpoſe to fall into *Oroonoko*'s Boſom, and that all things look'd like a Deſign on both ſides, and 'twas in vain ſhe proteſted her Innocence; he was old and obſtinate, and left her more than half aſſur'd that his Fear was true.

The King going to his Apartment, ſent to know where the Prince was, and if he intended to obey his Command. The Meſſenger return'd, and told him, he found the Prince penſive, and altogether unprepared for the Campaign; that he lay negligently on the ground, and anſwer'd very little. This confirm'd the Jealouſie of the King, and he commanded that they ſhou'd very narrowly and privately watch his Motions; and that he ſhou'd not ſtir from his Apartment, but one Spy or other ſhou'd be employ'd to watch him. So that the hour approaching, wherein he was to go to the Citron-Grove; and taking only *Aboan* along with him, he leaves his Apartment, and was watch'd to the very Gate of the *Otan*; where he was ſeen to enter, and where they left him, to carry back the Tidings to the King.

Oroonoko and *Aboan* were no ſooner enter'd, but *Onahal* led the Prince to the Apartment of *Imoinda*; who, not knowing any thing of her Happineſs, was laid in Bed. But *Onahal* only left him in her Chamber, to make the beſt of his Opportunity, and took her dear *Aboan* to her

her own; where he ſhew'd the height of Complaiſance for his Prince, when, to give him an Opportunity, he ſuffer'd himſelf to be careſs'd in Bed by *Onahal*.

The Prince ſoftly waken'd *Imoinda*, who was not a little ſurpriz'd with Joy to find him there; and yet ſhe trembl'd with a thouſand Fears. I believe he omitted ſaying nothing to this young Maid, that might perſuade her to ſuffer him to ſeize his own, and take the Rights of Love; and I believe ſhe was not long reſiſting thoſe Arms where ſhe ſo long'd to be; and having Opportunity, Night and Silence, Youth, Love and Deſire, he ſoon prevail'd, and raviſht in a Moment, what his old Grand-father had been endeavouring for ſo many Months.

'Tis not to be imagin'd the Satisfaction of theſe two young Lovers; nor the Vows ſhe made him, that ſhe remain'd a ſpotleſs Maid, till that Night; and that what ſhe did with his Grand-father, had robb'd him of no part of her Virgin-Honour, the Gods, in Mercy and Juſtice, having reſerv'd that for her plighted Lord, to whom of Right it belong'd. And 'tis impoſſible to expreſs the Tranſports he ſuffer'd, while he liſten'd to a Diſcourſe ſo charming from her lov'd Lips; and claſp'd that Body in his Arms, for whom he had ſo long languiſht; and nothing now afflicted him, but his ſudden Departure from her; for he told her the Neceſſity, and his Commands; but ſhould depart ſatisfy'd in this, That ſince the old King had hitherto not been able to deprive him of thoſe Enjoyments which only belong'd to him, he believ'd, for the future, he would be leſs able to injure

injure him; ſo that, abating the Scandal of the Veil, which was no otherwiſe ſo, than that ſhe was Wife to another: He believ'd her ſafe, even in the Arms of the King, and innocent; yet wou'd he have ventur'd at the Conqueſt of the World, and have given it all, to have had her avoided that Honour of receiving the *Royal Veil*. 'Twas thus, between a thouſand Careſſes, that both bemoan'd the hard fate of Youth and Beauty, ſo liable to that cruel Promotion: 'Twas a Glory that cou'd well have been ſpar'd here, though deſir'd and aim'd at by all the young Females of that Kingdom.

But while they were thus fondly employ'd, forgetting how Time ran on, and that the Dawn muſt conduct him far away from his only Happineſs, they heard a great Noiſe in the *Otan*, and unuſual Voices of Men; at which the Prince, ſtarting from the Arms of the frighted *Imoinda*, ran to a little Battle-Axe he us'd to wear by his Side; and having not ſo much leiſure as to put on his Habit, he oppos'd himſelf againſt ſome who were already opening the Door; which they did with ſo much Violence, that *Oroonoko* was not able to defend it; but was forc'd to cry out with a commanding Voice, *Whoever ye are that have the Boldneſs to attempt to approach this Apartment thus rudely; know, that I, the Prince* Oroonoko, *will revenge it with the certain Death of him that firſt enters: Therefore, ſtand back, and know, this Place is ſacred to Love and Me this Night; to Morrow 'tis the King's.*

This he ſpoke with a Voice ſo reſolv'd and aſſur'd, that they ſoon retir'd from the Door; but

ut cry'd; *'Tis by the King's Command we are ome: and being ſatisfy'd by thy Voice, O Prince, s much as if we had enter'd, we can report to the King the Truth of all his Fears, and leave thee to rovide for thy own Safety, as thou art adviſ'd by hy Friends.*

At theſe words they departed, and left the rince to take a ſhort and ſad leave of his *moinda*; who truſting in the ſtrength of her harms, believ'd ſhe ſhou'd appeaſe the Fury f a jealous King, by ſaying, She was ſurpriz'd, nd that it was by force of Arms he got into er Apartment. All her Concern now was or his Life, and therefore ſhe haſten'd him to he Camp, and with much a-doe prevail'd on im to go. Nor was it ſhe alone that prevail'd; *Aboan* and *Onahal* both pleaded, and both aſ- ur'd him of a Lye that ſhou'd be well enough ontriv'd to ſecure *Imoinda*. So that at laſt, ith a Heart ſad as Death, dying Eyes, and ghing Soul, *Oroonoko* departed, and took his ay to the Camp.

It was not long after the King, in Perſon, came o the *Otan*; where beholding *Imoinda*, with age in his Eyes, he upbraided her Wicked- eſs and Perfidy; and threatning her Royal over, ſhe fell on her Face at his Feet, be- ewing the Floor with her Tears, and implo- ing his Pardon for a Fault which ſhe had not ith her Will committed; as *Onahal*, who as alſo proſtrate with her, cou'd teſtifie: hat, unknown to her, he had broke into er Apartment, and raviſh'd her. She ſpoke his much againſt her Conſcience; but to ave her own Life, 'twas abſolutely neceſſary

ſhe ſhou'd feign this Falſity. She knew it cou'd not injure the Prince, he being fled to an Army that wou'd ſtand by him, againſt any Injuries that ſhou'd aſſault him. However, this laſt Thought of *Imoinda*'s being Raviſh'd, chang'd the meaſures of his Revenge; and whereas before he deſign'd to be himſelf her Executioner, he now reſolv'd ſhe ſhou'd not die. But as it is the greateſt Crime in nature amongſt 'em, to touch a Woman after having been poſſeſs'd by a Son, a Father, or a Brother; ſo now he look'd on *Imoinda* as a polluted thing, wholly unfit for his Embrace; nor wou'd he reſign her to his Grand-ſon, becauſe ſhe had receiv'd the *Royal Veil*. He therefore removes her from the *Otan*, with *Onahal* whom he put into ſafe Hands, with order they ſhou'd be both ſold off, as Slaves, to another Country, either *Chriſtian* or *Heathen*, 'twas no matter where.

This cruel Sentence, worſe than Death, they implor'd might be revers'd; but their Prayers were vain, and it was put in execution accordingly, and that with ſo much Secrecy, that none either without or within the *Otan* knew any thing of their Abſence, or their Deſtiny.

The old King, nevertheleſs, executed this with a great deal of Reluctancy; but he believ'd he had made a very great Conqueſt over himſelf, when he had once reſolv'd, and had perform'd what he reſolv'd. He believ'd now that his Love had been unjuſt; and that he cou'd not expect the Gods, or *Captain of the Clouds* (as they call the unknown Power)

ſhou'd

wou'd ſuffer a better Conſequence from ſo ill a Cauſe. He now begins to hold *Oroonoko* ex-us'd; and to ſay, he had Reaſon for what he did: And now every Body cou'd aſſure the King how paſſionately *Imoinda* was belov'd by the Prince; even thoſe confeſs'd it now, who ſaid the contrary before his Flame was abated. So that the King being old, and not able to defend himſelf in War, and having no ſons of all his Race remaining alive, but only his, to maintain him on his Throne; and looking on this as a Man diſoblig'd, firſt by the Rape of his Miſtreſs, or rather Wife, and now by depriving of him wholly of her, he fear'd, might make him deſperate, and do ſome cruel thing, either to himſelf or his old Grandather the Offender; he began to repent him extremely of the Contempt he had, in his rage, put on *Imoinda*. Beſides, he conſider'd, he ought in Honour to have kill'd her, for this offence, if it had been one: He ought to have had ſo much Value and Conſideration for a Maid of her Quality, as to have nobly put her to Death; and not to have ſold her like a common Slave, the greateſt Revenge, and the moſt diſgraceful of any; and to which they a thouſand times preferr Death, and implore it; as *Imoinda* did, but cou'd not obtain that Honour. Seeing therefore it was certain, that *Oroonoko* wou'd highly reſent this Affront, he thought good to make ſome Excuſe for his raſhneſs to him; and to that end, he ſent a Meſſenger to the Camp, with Orders to treat with him about the Matter, to gain his Par-don, and to endeavour to mitigate his Grief;

but that by no means he ſhou'd tell him ſh was ſold, but ſecretly put to death; for h knew he ſhou'd never obtain his Pardon fo the other.

When the Meſſenger came, he found th Prince upon the point of Engaging with th Enemy; but as ſoon as he heard of the arr val of the Meſſenger, he commanded him t his Tent, where he embrac'd him, and receiv him with Joy; which was ſoon abated, by th Down-caſt Looks of the Meſſenger, who w inſtantly demanded the cauſe by *Oroonok* who, impatient of Delay, ask'd a thouſan Queſtions in a breath; and all concerning *Im inda*. But there needed little Return; for h cou'd almoſt anſwer himſelf of all he dema ded from his Sighs and Eyes. At laſt, the Me ſenger caſting himſelf at the Prince's Feet, an kiſſing them, with all the Submiſſion of a Ma that had ſomething to implore which he dread to utter, he beſought him to hear with Calm neſs what he had to deliver to him, and to c up all his Noble and Heroick Courage, to e counter with his Words, and defend himſe againſt the ungrateful things he muſt relat *Oroonoko* reply'd, with a deep Sigh, and a la guiſhing Voice, — *I am arm'd againſt their wo Efforts* —; *for I know they will tell me*, Im inda *is no more* —; *and after that, you may ſp the reſt*. Then, commanding him to riſe, h laid himſelf on a Carpet, under a rich Pa villion, and remain'd a good while ſilent, an was hardly heard to ſigh. When he was com a little to himſelf, the Meſſenger ask'd him lea to deliver that part of his Embaſſy which th

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Prince had not yet devin'd: And the Prince ry'd, *I permit thee.* — Then he told him the ffliction the old King was in, for the Raſhneſs e had committed, in his Cruelty to *Imoinda*; nd how he daign'd to ask Pardon for his Of-ence, and to implore the Prince wou'd not ffer that Loſs to touch his Heart too ſen-bly, which now all the Gods cou'd not reſtore im, but might recompenſe him in Glory, hich he begg'd he wou'd purſue; and that Death, that common Revenger of all Injuries, ou'd ſoon even the Account between him and feeble old Man.

Oroonoko bad him return his Duty to his ord and Maſter; and to aſſure him, there as no Account of Revenge to be adjuſted be-ween them; if there were, 'twas he was the ggreſſor, and that Death would be juſt, and, augre his Age, wou'd ſee him righted; and e was contented to leave his Share of Glory. Youths more fortunate, and worthy of that avour from the Gods. That henceforth he ou'd never lift a Weapon, or draw a Bow, t abandon the ſmall remains of his Life to ghs and Tears, and the continual Thoughts of hat his Lord and Grand-father had thought od to ſend out of the World, with all that outh, that Innocence and Beauty.

After having ſpoken this, what-ever his reateſt Officers and Men of the beſt Rank ou'd do, they cou'd not raiſe him from the arpet, or perſuade him to Action, and Re-lutions of Life; but commanding all to re-re, he ſhut himſelf into his Pavillion all that ay, while the Enemy was ready to engage;

and wondring at the Delay, the whole Body of the chief of the Army then addreſs'd themſelves to him, and to whom they had much a-doe to get Admittance. They fell on their Faces at the Foot of his Carpet; where they lay, and beſought him with earneſt Prayers and Tears, to lead 'em forth to Battle, and not let the Enemy take Advantages of them; and implor'd him to have regard to his Glory, and to the World, that depended on his Courage and Conduct. But he made no other Reply to all their Supplications, but this; That he had now no more buſineſs for Glory; and for the World, it was a Trifle not worth his Care: *Go* (continu'd he, ſighing) *and divide it amongſt you, and reap with Joy what you ſo vainly prize, and leave me to my more welcome Deſtiny.*

They then demanded what they ſhou'd do, and whom he wou'd conſtitute in his room, that the Confuſion of ambitious Youth and Power might not ruine their Order, and make them a Prey to the Enemy. He reply'd; He wou'd not give himſelf the Trouble —; but wiſh'd 'em to chuſe the braveſt Man amongſt 'em, let his Quality or Birth be what it wou'd. *For, O my Friends!* (ſaid he) *it is not Title make Men Brave or Good; or Birth, that beſtows Courage and Generoſity, or makes the Owner Happy. Believe this, when you behold* Oroonoko, *the moſt wretched, and abandon'd by Fortune, of all the Creation of the Gods.* So turning himſelf about, he wou'd make no more Reply to all they cou'd urge or implore.

The Army beholding their Officers return unſucceſsful, with ſad Faces, and ominous Looks,

Looks, that preſage'd no good Luck, ſuffer'd a thouſand Fears to take poſſeſſion of their Hearts, and the Enemy to come ev'n upon 'em, before they wou'd provide for their Safety, by any Defence; and though they were aſſur'd by ſome, who had a mind to animate 'em, that they ſhou'd be immediately Headed by the Prince, and that in the mean time *Aboan* had Orders to Command as General; yet they were ſo diſmay'd for want of that great Example of Bravery, that they cou'd make but a very feeble Reſiſtance; and at laſt, downright, fled before the Enemy, who purſu'd 'em to the very Tents, killing 'em: Nor cou'd all *Aboan*'s Courage, which that day gain'd him immortal Glory, ſhame 'em into a Manly Defence of themſelves. The Guards that were left behind about the Prince's Tent, ſeeing the Soldiers flee before the Enemy, and ſcatter themſelves all over the Plain, in great Diſorder, made ſuch Out-cries as rouz'd the Prince from his amorous Slumber, in which he had remain'd bury'd for two Days, without permitting any Suſtenance to approach him. But, in ſpite of all his Reſolutions, he had not the conſtancy of Grief to that degree, as to make him inſenſible of the Danger of his Army; and in that inſtant he leap'd from his Couch, and cry'd, — *Come, if we muſt die, let us meet Death the nobleſt way; and 'twill be more like* Oroonoko *to encounter him at an Army's Head, oppoſing the Torrent of a conquering Foe, than lazily, on a Couch, to wait his lingering Pleaſure, and die every moment by a thouſand racking Thoughts; or be tamely taken by an Enemy, and led a whining,*

Love-ſick Slave, to adorn the Triumphs of Jamoan, *that young Victor, who already is enter'd beyond the Limits I had preſcrib'd him.*

While he was ſpeaking, he ſuffer'd his People to dreſs him for the Field; and ſallying out of his Pavillion, with more Life and Vigour in his Countenance than ever he ſhew'd, he appear'd like ſome Divine Power deſcended to ſave his Countrey from Deſtruction; and his People had purpoſely put him on all things that might make him ſhine with moſt Splendor, to ſtrike a reverend Awe into the Beholders. He flew into the thickeſt of thoſe that were purſuing his Men; and being animated with Deſpair, he fought as if he came on purpoſe to die, and did ſuch things as will not be believ'd that Humane Strength cou'd perform; and ſuch as ſoon inſpir'd all the reſt with new Courage, and new Order: And now it was, that they began to fight indeed; and ſo, as if they wou'd not be out-done ev'n by their ador'd Hero; who turning the Tide of the Victory, changing abſolutely the Fate of the Day, gain'd an entire Conqueſt; and *Oroonoko* having the good fortune to ſingle out *Jamoan*, he took him Priſoner with his own Hand, having wounded him almoſt to death.

This *Jamoan* afterwards became very dear to him, being a Man very gallant, and of excellent Graces, and fine Parts; ſo that he never put him amongſt the Rank of Captives, as they us'd to do, without diſtinction, for the common Sale, or Market; but kept him in his own Court, where he retain'd nothing of the Priſoner but the Name, and return'd no more into

into his own Countrey, ſo great an Affection he took for *Oroonoko*; and by a thouſand Tales and Adventures of Love and Gallantry, flatter'd his Diſeaſe of Melancholy and Languiſhment; which I have often heard him ſay, had certainly kill'd him, but for the Converſation of this Prince and *Aboan*, the *French* Governor he had from his Childhood, of whom I have ſpoken before, and who was a Man of admirable Wit, great Ingenuity and Learning; all which he had infus'd into his young Pupil. This *French-man* was baniſht out of his own Countrey, for ſome Heretical Notions he held; and though he was a Man of very little Religion, he had admirable Morals, and a brave Soul.

After the total Defeat of *Jamoan*'s Army, which all fled, or were left dead upon the Place, they ſpent ſome time in the Camp; *Oroonoko* chuſing rather to remain a while there in his Tents, than to enter into a Palace, or live in a Court where he had ſo lately ſuffer'd ſo great a Loſs. The Officers therefore, who ſaw and knew his cauſe of Diſcontent, invented all ſorts of Diverſions and Sports, to entertain their Prince: So that what with thoſe Amuzements abroad, and others at home, that is, within their Tents, with the Perſuaſions, Arguments and Care of his Friends and Servants that he more peculiarly priz'd, he wore off, in time, a great part of that *Shagrien*, and Torture of Deſpair, which the firſt Efforts of *Imoinda*'s Death had given him: inſomuch as having receiv'd a thouſand kind Embaſſies from the King, and Invitations to return to Court, he obey'd, though

though with no little reluctancy; and when he did so, there was a visible change in him, and for a long time he was much more melancholy than before. But Time lessens all Extremes, and reduces 'em to *Medium's*, and Unconcern; but no Motives or Beauties, though all endeavour'd it, cou'd engage him in any sort of Amour, though he had all the Invitations to it, both from his own Youth, and others Ambitions and Designs.

Oroonoko was no sooner return'd from this last Conquest, and receiv'd at Court with all the Joy and Magnificence that cou'd be expres's'd to a young Victor, who was not only return'd triumphant, but belov'd like a Deity, when there arriv'd in the Port an *English* Ship.

This Person had often before been in these Countries, and was very well known to *Oroonoko*, with whom he had traffick'd for Slaves, and had us'd to do the same with his Predecessors.

This Commander was a Man of a finer sort of Address, and Conversation, better bred, and more engaging, than most of that sort of Men are; so that he seem'd rather never to have been bred out of a Court, than almost all his life at Sea. This Captain therefore was always better receiv'd at Court, than most of the Traders to those Countries were; and especially by *Oroonoko*, who was more civiliz'd, according to the *European* Mode, than any other had been, and took more delight in the *White* Nations; and, above all, Men of Parts and Wit. To this Captain he sold abundance of his

his Slaves; and for the Favour and Eſteem he had for him, made him many Preſents, and oblig'd him to ſtay at Court as long as poſſibly he cou'd. Which the Captain ſeem'd to take as a very great Honour done him, entertaining the Prince every day with Globes and Maps, and Mathematical Diſcourſes and Inſtruments; eating, drinking, hunting and living with him with ſo much familiarity, that it was not to be doubted but he had gain'd very greatly upon the Heart of this gallant young Man. And the Captain, in Return of all theſe mighty Favours, beſought the Prince to honour his Veſſel with his Preſence, ſome day or other, to Dinner, before he ſhou'd ſet ſail: which he condeſcended to accept, and appointed his day. The Captain, on his part, fail'd not to have all things in a readineſs, in the moſt magnificent order he cou'd poſſibly: And the day being come, the Captain, in his Boat, richly adorn'd with Carpets and Velvet-Cuſhions, row'd to the ſhore, to receive the Prince; with another Long-Boat, where was plac'd all his Muſick and Trumpets, with which *Oroonoko* was extremely delighted; who met him on the ſhore, attended by his *French* Governor, *Jamoan*, *Aboan*, and about an hundred of the nobleſt of the Youths of the Court: And after they had firſt carry'd the Prince on board, the Boats fetch'd the reſt off: where they found a very ſplendid Treat, with all ſorts of fine Wines; and were as well entertain'd, as 'twas poſſible in ſuch a place to be.

The Prince having drank hard of Punch, and ſeveral ſorts of Wine, as did all the reſt,

(for

(for great care was taken, they ſhou'd want nothing of that part of the Entertainment) was very merry, and in great admiration of the Ship, for he had never been in one before; ſo that he was curious of beholding every place where he decently might deſcend. The reſt, no leſs curious, who were not quite overcome with Drinking, rambl'd at their pleaſure *Fore* and *Aft*, as their Fancies guided 'em: So that the Captain, who had well laid his Deſign before, gave the Word, and ſeiz'd on all his Gueſts; they clapping great Irons ſuddenly on the Prince, when he was leap'd down into the Hold, to view that part of the Veſſel; and locking him faſt down, ſecur'd him. The ſame Treachery was us'd to all the reſt; and all in one inſtant, in ſeveral places of the Ship, were laſh'd faſt in Irons, and betray'd to Slavery. That great Deſign over, they ſet all Hands to work to hoiſe Sail; and with as treacherous and fair a Wind they made from the Shore with this innocent and glorious Prize, who thought of nothing leſs than ſuch an Entertainment.

Some have commended this Act, as brave in the Captain; but I will ſpare my ſenſe of it, and leave it to my Reader to judge as he pleaſes. It may be eaſily gueſs'd, in what manner the Prince reſented this Indignity, who may be beſt reſembl'd to a Lion taken in a Toil; ſo he rag'd, ſo he ſtruggl'd for Liberty, but all in vain; and they had ſo wiſely manag'd his Fetters, that he cou'd not uſe a Hand in his defence, to quit himſelf of a Life that wou'd by no means endure Slavery; nor cou'd he move from the place where he was ty'd, to any

any ſolid part of the Ship againſt which he might have beat his Head, and have finiſh'd his Diſgrace that way: So that being deprived of all other means, he reſolv'd to periſh for want of Food; and pleas'd at laſt with that Thought, and toil'd and tir'd by Rage and Indignation, he laid himſelf down, and ſullenly reſolv'd upon dying, and refuſed all things that were brought him.

This did not a little vex the Captain, and the more ſo, becauſe he found almoſt all of 'em of the ſame Humour: ſo that the loſs of ſo many brave Slaves, ſo tall and goodly to behold, wou'd have been very conſiderable: He therefore order'd one to go from him (for he wou'd not be ſeen himſelf) to *Oroonoko*, and to aſſure him, he was afflicted for having raſhly done ſo unhoſpitable a Deed, and which cou'd not be now remedy'd, ſince they were far from ſhore; but ſince he reſented it in ſo high a nature, he aſſur'd him he wou'd revoke his Reſolution, and ſet both him and his Friends a-ſhore on the next Land they ſhou'd touch at; and of this the Meſſenger gave him his Oath, provided he would reſolve to live: And *Oroonoko*, whoſe Honour was ſuch as he never had violated a Word in his Life himſelf, much leſs a ſolemn Aſſeveration, believ'd in an inſtant what this Man ſaid; but reply'd, He expected, for a confirmation of this, to have his ſhameful Fetters diſmiſs'd. This Demand was carried to the Captain; who return'd him anſwer, That the Offence had been ſo great which he had put upon the Prince, that he durſt not truſt him with Liberty while he remain'd in the Ship, for

for fear leſt by a Valour natural to him, and a Revenge that wou'd animate that Valour, he might commit ſome Outrage fatal to himſelf, and the *King* his Maſter, to whom his Veſſel did belong. To this *Oroonoko* reply'd; He would engage his Honour to behave himſelf in all friendly Order and Manner, and obey the Command of the *Captain*, as he was Lord of the *King*'s Veſſel, and General of thoſe Men under his Command.

This was deliver'd to the ſtill doubting *Captain*, who could not reſolve to truſt a *Heathen*, he ſaid, upon his Parole, a Man that had no Senſe or Notion of the God that he worſhipp'd. *Oroonoko* then reply'd; He was very ſorry to hear that the *Captain* pretended to the Knowledge and Worſhip of any *Gods*, who had taught him no better Principles, than not to Credit as he would be Credited. But they told him, the Difference of their Faith occaſion'd that Diſtruſt: For the *Captain* had proteſted to him upon the Word of a *Chriſtian*, and ſworn in the Name of a Great *GOD*; which if he ſhou'd violate, he would expect eternal Torment in the World to come. *Is that all the Obligation he has to be Juſt to his Oath?* (replied *Oroonoko.*) *Let him know, I ſwear by my Honour; which to violate, would not only render me contemptible and deſpiſed by all brave and honeſt Men, and ſo give my ſelf perpetual pain, but it wou'd be eternally offending and diſpleaſing all Mankind; harming, betraying, circumventing and outraging all Men: but Puniſhments hereafter are ſuffer'd by one's ſelf; and the World takes no cognizances whether this* God *have reveng'd 'em, or not, 'tis*

done

done ſo ſecretly, and deferr'd ſo long: While the Man of no Honour ſuffers every moment the ſcorn and contempt of the honeſter World, and dies every day ignominiouſly in his Fame, which is more valuable than Life: I ſpeak not this to move Belief, but to ſhew you how you miſtake, when you imagine, That he who will violate his Honour, will keep his Word with his Gods. So, turning from him with a diſdainful ſmile, he refuſed to anſwer him, when he urg'd him to know what Anſwer he ſhou'd carry back to his Captain; ſo that he departed without ſaying any more.

The Captain pondering and conſulting what to do, it was concluded that nothing but *Oroonoko*'s Liberty wou'd encourage any of the reſt to eat, except the *French-man*, whom the Captain cou'd not pretend to keep Priſoner, but only told him, he was ſecured, becauſe he might act ſomething in favour of the Prince, but that he ſhou'd be freed as ſoon as they came to Land. So that they concluded it wholly neceſſary to free the Prince from his Irons, that he might ſhew himſelf to the reſt; that they might have an eye upon him, and that they cou'd not fear a ſingle Man.

This being reſolv'd; to make the Obligation the greater, the Captain himſelf went to *Oroonoko*; where, after many Complements, and Aſſurances of what he had already promis'd, he receiving from the Prince his Parole, and his Hand, for his good Behaviour, diſmiſs'd his Irons, and brought him to his own Cabin; where, after having treated and repos'd him a while, (for he had neither eat nor ſlept in four days before) he beſought him to viſit thoſe obſtinate

obſtinate People in Chains, who refus'd all manner of Suſtenance; and entreated him to oblige 'em to eat, and aſſure 'em of their Liberty the firſt Opportunity.

Oroonoko, who was too generous, not to give credit to his Words, ſhew'd himſelf to his People, who were tranſported with Exceſs of Joy at the ſight of their Darling Prince; falling at his Feet, and kiſſing and embracing 'em; believing, as ſome Divine Oracle, all he aſſur'd 'em. But he beſought 'em to bear their Chains with that Bravery that became thoſe whom he had ſeen act ſo nobly in Arms; and that they cou'd not give him greater Proofs of their Love and Friendſhip, ſince 'twas all the Security the Captain (his Friend) cou'd have, againſt the Revenge, he ſaid, they might poſſibly juſtly take, for the Injuries ſuſtain'd by him. And they all, with one accord, aſſur'd him, they cou'd not ſuffer enough, when it was for his Repoſe and Safety.

After this, they no longer refus'd to eat, but took what was brought 'em, and were pleas'd with their Captivity, ſince by it they hop'd to redeem the Prince, who, all the reſt of the Voyage, was treated with all the reſpect due to his Birth, tho' nothing cou'd divert his Melancholy; and he wou'd often ſigh for *Imoinda*, and think this a Puniſhment due to his Misfortune, in having left that Noble Maid behind him, that fatal Night, in the *Otan*, when he fled to the Camp.

Poſſeſs'd with a thouſand Thoughts of paſt Joys with this fair young Perſon, and a thouſand Griefs for her eternal Loſs, he endur'd a tedious

edious Voyage, and at laſt arriv'd at the Mouth f the River of *Surinam*, a Colony belonging o the King of *England*, and where they were o deliver ſome part of their Slaves. There he Merchants and Gentlemen of the Coun- ry going on Board, to demand thoſe Lots f Slaves they had already agreed on, and, mongſt thoſe, the Over-ſeers of thoſe Planta- ions where I then chanc'd to be; the Captain, who had given the Word, order'd his Men to ring up thoſe noble Slaves in Fetters, whom have ſpoken of; and having put 'em, ſome n one, and ſome in other Lots, with Women nd Children (which they call *Pickaninies*,) hey ſold 'em off, as Slaves, to ſeveral Mer- hants and Gentlemen; not putting any two n one Lot, becauſe they wou'd ſeparate 'em ar from each other; not daring to truſt 'em ogether, leſt Rage and Courage ſhou'd put em upon contriving ſome great Action, to the Ruine of the Colony.

Oroonoko was firſt ſeiz'd on, and ſold to our Over-ſeer, who had the firſt Lot, with ſeven- teen more of all ſorts and ſizes, but not one of Quality with him. When he ſaw this, he found what they meant; for, as I ſaid, he under- ſtood *Engliſh* pretty well; and being wholly unarm'd and defenceleſs, ſo as it was in vain to make any Reſiſtance, he only beheld the Cap- tain with a Look all fierce and diſdainful, up- braiding him with Eyes that forc'd Bluſhes on his guilty Cheeks, he only cry'd, in paſſing over the ſide of the Ship; *Farewell, Sir: 'Tis worth my Suffering, to gain ſo true a Knowledge both of you, and of your Gods by whom you ſwear.*

And desiring those that held him to forbear their pains, and telling 'em he wou'd make no Resistance, he cry'd, *Come, my Fellow-Slaves, let us descend, and see if we can meet with more Honour and Honesty in the next World we shall touch upon.* So he nimbly leapt into the Boat, and shewing no more Concern, suffer'd himself to be row'd up the River, with his Seventeen Companions.

The Gentleman that bought him, was a young *Cornish* Gentleman, whose Name was *Trefry*; a Man of great Wit, and fine Learning, and was carry'd into those Parts by the Lord ——— Governor, to manage all his Affairs. He reflecting on the last Words of *Oroonoko* to the Captain, and beholding the Richness of his Vest, no sooner came into the Boat, but he fix'd his Eyes on him; and finding something so extraordinary in his Face, his Shape and Mien, a Greatness of Look, and Haughtiness in his Air, and finding he spoke *English*, had a great Mind to be enquiring into his Quality and Fortune; which, though *Oroonoko* endeavour'd to hide, by only confessing he was above the Rank of common Slaves, *Trefry* soon found he was yet something greater than he confess'd; and from that Moment began to conceive so vast an Esteem for him, that he ever after lov'd him as his dearest Brother, and shew'd him all the Civilities due to so great a Man.

Trefry was a very good Mathematician, and a Linguist; cou'd speak *French* and *Spanish*; and in the three Days they remain'd in the Boat (for so long were they going from the Ship,

Ship, to the Plantation) he entertain'd *Oroo-noko* ſo agreeably with his Art and Diſcourſe, that he was no leſs pleas'd with *Trefry*, than he was with the Prince; and he thought himſelf, at leaſt, fortunate in this, that ſince he was a Slave, as long as he wou'd ſuffer himſelf to remain ſo, he had a Man of ſo excellent Wit and Parts for a Maſter: So that before they had finiſh'd their Voyage up the River, he made no ſcruple of declaring to *Trefry* all his Fortunes, and moſt part of what I have here related, and put himſelf wholly into the Hands of his new Friend, whom he found reſenting all the Injuries were done him, and was charm'd with all the Greatneſſes of his Actions; which were recited with that Modeſty, and delicate Sence, as wholly vanquiſh'd him, and ſubdu'd him to his Intereſt. And he promis'd him on his Word and Honour, he wou'd find the Means to re-conduct him to his own Country again: aſſuring him, he had a perfect Abhorrence of ſo diſhonourable an Action; and that he wou'd ſooner have dy'd, than have been the Author of ſuch a Perfidy. He found the Prince was very much concern'd to know what became of his Friends, and how they took their Slavery; and *Trefry* promis'd to take care about the enquiring after their Condition, and that he ſhou'd have an Account of 'em.

Though, as *Oroonoko* afterwards ſaid, he had little Reaſon to credit the Words of a *Backeary*, yet he knew not why; but he ſaw a kind of Sincerity, and awful Truth in the Face of *Trefry*; he ſaw an Honeſty in his Eyes, and

he found him wiſe and witty enough to under-ſtand Honour: for it was one of his Maxims, *A Man of Wit cou'd not be a Knave or Villain.*

In their paſſage up the River, they put in at ſeveral Houſes for Refreſhment; and ever when they landed, numbers of People wou'd flock to behold this Man; not but their Eyes were daily entertain'd with the ſight of Slaves, but the Fame of *Oroonoko* was gone before him, and all People were in admiration of his Beauty. Beſides, he had a rich Habit on, in which he was taken, ſo different from the reſt, and which the Captain cou'd not ſtrip him of, be-cauſe he was forc'd to ſurprize his Perſon in the minute he ſold him. When he found his Habit made him liable, as he thought, to be gaz'd at the more, he begg'd *Trefry* to give him ſomething more befitting a Slave; which he did, and took off his Robes. Nevertheleſs, he ſhone through all, and his *Oſenbrigs* (a ſort of brown *Holland* Suit he had on) cou'd not con-ceal the Graces of his Looks and Mien; and he had no leſs Admirers, than when he had his dazling Habit on; the Royal Youth appear'd in ſpite of the Slave, and People cou'd not help treating him after a different manner, without deſigning it: As ſoon as they approach'd him they venerated and eſteem'd him; his Eyes in-ſenſibly commanded Reſpect, and his Behaviour inſinuated it into every Soul. So that there was nothing talk'd of but this young and gallant Slave, even by thoſe who yet knew not that he was a Prince.

I ought to tell you, that the *Chriſtians* never buy any Slaves but they give 'em ſome Name

of their own, their native ones being likely very barbarous, and hard to pronounce; ſo that Mr. *Trefry* gave *Oroonoko* that of *Cæſar*: which Name will live in that Countrey as long as that (ſcarce more) glorious one of the great *Roman*; for 'tis moſt evident, he wanted no part of the Perſonal Courage of that *Cæſar*, and acted things as memorable, had they been done in ſome part of the World repleniſh'd with People, and Hiſtorians, that might have given him his due. But his Misfortune was, to fall in an obſcure World, that afforded only a Female Pen to celebrate his Fame; though I doubt not but it had liv'd from others Endeavours, if the *Dutch*, who, immediately after his time, took that Countrey, had not kill'd, baniſh'd and diſpers'd all thoſe that were capable of giving the World this great Man's Life, much better than I have done. And Mr. *Trefry*, who deſign'd it, dy'd before he began it, and bemoan'd himſelf for not having undertook it in time.

For the future therefore, I muſt call *Oroonoko*, *Cæſar*; ſince by that Name only he was known in our Weſtern World, and by that Name he was receiv'd on Shore at *Parham-Houſe*, where he was deſtin'd a Slave. But if the King himſelf (God bleſs him) had come a-ſhore, there cou'd not have been greater Expectations by all the whole Plantation, and thoſe neighbouring ones, than was on ours at that time; and he was receiv'd more like a Governor, than a Slave. Notwithſtanding, as the Cuſtom was, they aſſign'd him his portion of Land, his Houſe, and his Buſineſs, up in the

Plantation. But as it was more for Form, than any Deſign, to put him to his Task, he endur'd no more of the Slave but the Name, and remain'd ſome Days in the Houſe, receiving all Viſits that were made him, without ſtirring towards that part of the Plantation where the *Negroes* were.

At laſt, he wou'd needs go view his Land, his Houſe, and the Buſineſs aſſign'd him. But he no ſooner came to the Houſes of the Slaves, which are like a little Town by it ſelf, the *Negroes* all having left Work, but they all came forth to behold him, and found he was that Prince who had, at ſeveral times, ſold moſt of 'em to theſe Parts; and, from a Veneration they pay to great Men, eſpecially if they know 'em, and from the Surprize and Awe they had at the ſight of him, they all caſt themſelves at his Feet, crying out, in their Language, *Live, O King! Long live, O King!* And kiſſing his Feet, paid him even Divine Homage.

Several *Engliſh* Gentlemen were with him; and what Mr. *Trefry* had told 'em, was here confirm'd; of which he himſelf before had no other Witneſs than *Cæſar* himſelf: But he was infinitely glad to find his Grandure confirm'd by the Adoration of all the Slaves.

Cæſar troubl'd with their Over-Joy, and Over-Ceremony, beſought 'em to riſe, and to receive him as their Fellow-Slave; aſſuring them, he was no better. At which they ſet up with one Accord a moſt terrible and hidious Mourning and Condoling, which he and the *Engliſh* had much a-do to appeaſe; but at laſt they prevail'd with 'em, and they prepar'd all

all their barbarous Muſick, and every one kill'd and dreſs'd ſomething of his own Stock (for every Family has their Land a-part, on which, at their leiſure-times, they breed all eatable things; and clubbing it together, made a moſt magnificent Supper, inviting their *Grandee Captain*, their *Prince*, to honour it with his Preſence; which he did, and ſeveral *Engliſh* with him; where they all waited on him, ſome playing, others dancing before him all the time, according to the Manners of their ſeveral Nations; and with unwearied Induſtry, endeavouring to pleaſe and delight him.

While they ſat at Meat, Mr. *Trefry* told *Caſar*, that moſt of theſe young *Slaves* were undone in Love, with a fine She-*Slave*, whom they had had about Six Months on their Land; the *Prince*, who never heard the Name of *Love* without a Sigh, nor any mention of it without the Curioſity of examining further into that tale, which of all Diſcourſes was moſt agreeable to him, asked, how they came to be ſo Unhappy, as to be all Undone for one fair *Slave? Trefry*, who was naturally Amorous, and lov'd to talk of Love as well as any body, proceeded to tell him, they had the moſt charming *Black*, that ever was beheld on their *Plantation*, about fifteen or ſixteen Years old, as he gueſs'd; that, for his part, he had done nothing but Sigh for her ever ſince ſhe came; and that all the *White* Beauties he had ſeen, never charm'd him ſo abſolutely as this fine Creature had done; and that no Man, of any Nation, ever beheld her, that did not fall in Love with her; and that ſhe had all the *Slaves* perpetu-

ally at her Feet; and the whole Countrey reſounded with the Fame of *Clemene*, for ſo (ſaid he) we have Chriſten'd her: But ſhe denies us all with ſuch a noble Diſdain, that 'tis a Miracle to ſee, that ſhe, who can give ſuch eternal Deſires, ſhou'd her ſelf be all Ice and all Unconcern. She is adorn'd with the moſt graceful Modeſty that ever beautify'd Youth; the ſofteſt Sigher; —— that, if ſhe were capable of Love, one wou'd ſwear ſhe languiſh'd for ſome abſent happy Man; and ſo retir'd, as if ſhe fear'd a Rape even from the God of Day, or that the Breezes wou'd ſteal Kiſſes from her delicate Mouth: Her Task of Work, ſome ſighing Lover every Day makes it his Petition to perform for her; which ſhe accepts, bluſhing, and with reluctancy, for fear he will ask her a Look for a Recompence, which he dares not preſume to hope; ſo great an Awe ſhe ſtrikes into the Hearts of her Admirers. *I do not wonder* (reply'd the Prince) *that* Clemene *ſhou'd refuſe Slaves, being as you ſay, ſo Beautiful; but wonder how ſhe eſcapes thoſe who can entertain her as you can do: or why, being your Slave, you do not oblige her to yield. I confeſs* (ſaid *Trefry*) *when I have, againſt her Will, entertain'd her with Love ſo long, as to be tranſported with my Paſſion even above Decency, I have been ready to make uſe of thoſe advantages of Strength and Force Nature has given me: But, oh! ſhe diſarms me, with that Modeſty and Weeping, ſo tender and ſo moving, that I retire, and thank my Stars ſhe overcame me.* The Company laugh'd at his Civility to a *Slave*, and *Cæſar* only applauded the Nobleneſs of his Paſſion and Nature; ſince that

Slave

Slave might be Noble, or, what was better, have true Notions of Honour and Vertue in her. Thus paſs'd they this Night, after having receiv'd from the *Slaves* all imaginable Reſpect and Obedience.

The next day, *Trefry* ask'd *Cæſar* to walk when the Heat was allay'd, and deſignedly carry'd him by the Cottage of the *fair Slave*; and told him, ſhe whom he ſpoke of laſt night liv'd there retir'd: *But* (ſays he) *I wou'd not wiſh you to approach; for I am ſure, you will be in Love as ſoon as you behold her.* *Cæſar* aſſur'd him, he was Proof againſt all the Charms of that Sex; and that if he imagin'd his Heart cou'd be ſo perfidious to Love again, after *Imoinda*, he believ'd he ſhou'd tear it from his Boſom. They had no ſooner ſpoke, but a little Shock-Dog, that *Clemene* had preſented her, which ſhe took great delight in, ran out; and ſhe, not knowing any body was there, ran to get it in again, and bolted out on thoſe who were juſt ſpeaking of her: When, ſeeing them, ſhe wou'd have run in again; but *Trefry* caught her by the Hand, and cry'd; Clemene, *however you flie a Lover, you ought to pay ſome Reſpect to this Stranger,* (pointing to *Cæſar.*) But ſhe, as if ſhe had reſolv'd never to raiſe her Eyes to the Face of a Man again, bent 'em the more to the Earth, when he ſpoke, and gave the *Prince* the leiſure to look the more at her. There needed no long Gazing, or Conſideration, to examine who this *fair Creature* was; he ſoon ſaw *Imoinda* all over her; in a minute he ſaw her Face, her Shape, her Air, her Modeſty, and all that call'd forth his Soul with Joy at his

his Eyes, and left his Body destitute of almost Life; it stood without Motion, and, for a Minute, knew not that it had a Being: and, I believe, he had never come to himself, so oppress'd he was with Over-joy, if he had not met with this Allay, that he perceiv'd *Imoinda* fall dead in the Hands of *Trefry*: This awaken'd him, and he ran to her Aid, and caught her in his Arms, where, by degrees, she came to her self; and 'tis needless to tell with what Transports, what Extasies of Joy, they both a while beheld each other, without Speaking; then Snatch'd each other to their Arms; then Gaze again, as if they still doubted whether they possess'd the Blessing: They Grasp'd; but when they recover'd their Speech, 'tis not to be imagin'd, what tender Things they express'd to each other; wondering what strange Fate had brought 'em again together. They soon inform'd each other of their Fortunes, and equally bewail'd their Fate; but, at the same time, they mutually protested, that even Fetters and Slavery were Soft and Easie; and wou'd be supported with Joy and Pleasure, while they cou'd be so happy to possess each other, and to be able to make good their Vows. *Cæsar* swore he disdain'd the Empire of the World, while he cou'd behold his *Imoinda*; and she despis'd Grandure and Pomp, those Vanities of her Sex, when she cou'd Gaze on *Oroonoko*. He ador'd the very Cottage where she resided, and said, That little Inch of the World wou'd give him more Happiness than all the Universe cou'd do; and she vow'd, It was a Palace, while adorn'd with the Presence of *Oroonoko*.

Trefry

Trefry was infinitely pleas'd with this Novel, and found this *Clemene* was the Fair Miſtreſs of whom *Cæſar* had before ſpoke; and was not a little ſatisfied, that Heaven was ſo kind to the *Prince*, as to ſweeten his Misfortunes by ſo lucky an Accident; and leaving the Lovers to themſelves, was impatient to come down to *Parham-Houſe*, (which was on the ſame *Plantation*) to give me an Account of what had hapned. I was as impatient to make theſe Lovers a Viſit, having already made a Friendſhip with *Cæſar*; and from his own Mouth learn'd what I have related, which was confirmed by his Frenchman, who was ſet on Shoar to ſeek his Fortunes; and of whom they cou'd not make a Slave, becauſe a Chriſtian; and he came daily to *Parham-Hill* to ſee and pay his Reſpects to his Puple *Prince:* So that concerning and intreſting my ſelf, in all that related to *Cæſar*, whom I had aſſur'd of Liberty, as ſoon as the Governor arriv'd, I haſted preſently to the Place where the Lovers were, and was infinitely glad to find this Beautiful young *Slave* (who had already gain'd all our Eſteems, for her Modeſty and her extraordinary Prettineſs) to be the ſame I had heard *Cæſar* ſpeak ſo much of. One may imagine then we paid her a treble Reſpect; and though from her being carv'd in fine Flowers and Birds all over her Body, we took her to be of Quality before, yet, when we knew *Clemene* was *Imoinda*, we cou'd not enough admire her.

I had forgot to tell you, that thoſe who are Nobly born of that Country, are ſo delicately Cut and Rac'd all over the fore-part of the Trunk

Trunk of their Bodies, that it looks as if it were Japan'd, the Works being raiſed like high Poynt round the edges of the Flowers. Some are only carv'd with a little Flower, or Bird, at the ſides of the Temples, as was *Cæſar*; and thoſe who are ſo carv'd over the Body, reſemble our Ancient *Picts* that are figur'd in the Chronicles, but theſe Carvings are more delicate.

From that happy Day *Cæſar* took *Clemene* for his Wife, to the general Joy of all People; and there was as much Magnificence as the Countrey wou'd afford at the Celebration of this Wedding: and in a very ſhort time after ſhe conceiv'd with Child; which made *Cæſar* even adore her, knowing he was the laſt of his Great Race. This new Accident made him more impatient of Liberty, and he was every day treating with *Trefry* for his and *Clemene*'s Liberty, and offer'd either Gold, or a vaſt quantity of Slaves, which ſhou'd be paid before they let him go, provided he cou'd have any Security that he ſhou'd go when his Ranſom was paid. They fed him from Day to Day with Promiſes, and delay'd him till the Lord-Governor ſhou'd come; ſo that he began to ſuſpect them of falſhood, and that they wou'd delay him till the time of his Wife's Delivery, and make a Slave of that too; for all the Breed is theirs to whom the Parents belong: This Thought made him very uneaſie, and his Sullenneſs gave them ſome Jealouſies of him; ſo that I was oblig'd, by ſome Perſons who fear'd a Mutiny (which is very fatal ſometimes in thoſe Colonies, that abound ſo with Slaves, that

that they exceed the *Whites* in vaſt Numbers) to diſcourſe with *Cæſar*, and to give him all the Satisfaction I poſſibly could; they knew he and *Clemene* were ſcarce an Hour in a Day from my Lodgings; that they eat with me, and that I oblig'd 'em in all things I was capable of: I entertain'd 'em with the Lives of the *Romans*, and Great Men; which charm'd him to my Company; and her, with teaching her all the pretty Works that I was Miſtreſs of, and telling her Stories of Nuns, and endeavouring to bring her to the Knowledge of the True God. But of all Diſcourſes, *Cæſar* lik'd that the worſt, and wou'd never be reconcil'd to our Notions of the Trinity, of which he ever made a Jeſt: it was a Riddle, he ſaid, wou'd turn his Brain to conceive, and one cou'd not make him underſtand what Faith was. However, theſe Converſations fail'd not altogether ſo well to divert him, that he lik'd the Company of us Women much above the Men: for he cou'd not drink; and he is but an ill Companion in that Countrey that cannot: So that obliging him to love us very well, we had all the liberty of Speech with him, eſpecially my ſelf, whom he calld his *Great Miſtreſs*; and, indeed, my Word wou'd go a great way with him. For theſe Reaſons, I had opportunity to take notice to him, that he was not well pleas'd of late, as he us'd to be; was more retir'd and thoughtful; and told him, I took it ill he ſhou'd Suſpect we wou'd break our Words with him, and not permit both him and *Clemene* to return to his own Kingdom, which was not ſo long a way, but, when he was once on his Voyage,

age he wou'd quickly arrive there. He made me ſome Anſwers that ſhew'd a doubt in him, which made me ask what advantage it wou'd be to doubt? it would but give us a Fear of him, and poſſibly compel us to treat him ſo as I ſhou'd be very loath to behold: that is, it might occaſion his Confinement. Perhaps this was not ſo luckily ſpoke of me, for I perceiv'd he reſented that Word, which I ſtrove to ſoften again in vain: However, he aſſur'd me, that whatſoever Reſolutions he ſhou'd take, he wou'd Act nothing upon the White-People; and as for my ſelf, and thoſe upon that *Plantation* where he was, he wou'd ſooner forfeit his eternal Liberty, and Life it ſelf, than lift his Hand againſt his greateſt Enemy on that Place: He beſought me to ſuffer no Fears upon his Account, for he cou'd do nothing that Honour ſhou'd not dictate; but he accus'd himſelf for having ſuffer'd Slavery ſo long; yet he charg'd that weakneſs on Love alone, who was capable of making him neglect even Glory it ſelf; and, for which, now he reproaches himſelf every moment of the Day. Much more to this effect he ſpoke, with an Air impatient enough to make me know he wou'd not be long in Bondage; and though he ſuffer'd only the Name of a Slave, and had nothing of the Toil and Labour of one, yet that was ſufficient to render him Uneaſie; and he had been too long Idle, who us'd to be always in Action, and in Arms: He had a Spirit all Rough and Fierce, and that cou'd not be tam'd to lazy Reſt; and though all endeavours were us'd to exerciſe himſelf in ſuch Actions and Sports as this

World

World afforded, as Running, Wreſtling, Pitching the Bar; Hunting and Fiſhing, Chaſing and Killing *Tigers* of a monſtrous Size, which this Continent affords in abundance; and wonderful *Snakes*, ſuch as *Alexander* is reported to have incounter'd at the River of *Amazons*, and which *Cæſar* took great Delight to overcome; yet theſe were not Actions great enough for his large Soul, which was ſtill panting after more renown'd Action.

Before I parted that Day with him, I got, with much ado, a Promiſe from him to reſt yet a little longer with Patience, and wait the coming of the Lord Governor, who was every Day expected on our Shore; he aſſur'd me he wou'd, and this Promiſe he deſired me to know was given perfectly in Complaiſance to me, in whom he had an intire Confidence.

After this, I neither thought it convenient to truſt him much out of our View, nor did the Country who fear'd him; but with one accord it was advis'd to treat him fairly, and oblige him to remain within ſuch a compaſs, and that he ſhou'd be permitted, as ſeldom as cou'd be, to go up to the Plantations of the Negroes; or, if he did, to be accompany'd by ſome that ſhou'd be rather in appearance Attendants than Spys. This Care was for ſome time taken, and *Cæſar* look'd upon it as a Mark of extraordinary Reſpect, and was glad his diſcontent had oblig'd 'em to be more obſervant to him; he received new aſſurance from the Overſeer, which was confirmed to him by the Opinion of all the Gentlemen of the Country, who made their court to him: During this time that we had his

his Company more frequently than hitherto we had had, it may not be unpleasant to relate to you the Diversions we entertaind'd him with, or rather he us.

My stay was to be short in that Countrey; because my Father dy'd at Sea, and never arriv'd to possess the Honour was design'd him, (which was Lieutenant-General of Six and thirty Islands, besides the Continent of *Surinam*,) nor the Advantages he hop'd to reap by them: so that though we were oblig'd to continue on our Voyage, we did not intend to stay upon the Place. Though, in a word, I must say thus much of it; That certainly had his late Majesty, of sacred Memory, but seen and known what a vast and charming World he had been Master of in that Continent, he wou'd never have parted so easily with it to the *Dutch*. 'Tis a Continent whose vast Extent was never yet known, and may contain more Noble Earth than all the Universe beside; for, they say, it reaches from East to West one way as far as *China*, and another to *Peru*: It affords all things both for Beauty and Use; 'tis there Eternal Spring, always the very Months of *April*, *May* and *June*; the Shades are perpetual, the Trees bearing at once all degrees of Leaves and Fruit, from blooming Buds to ripe Autumn: Groves of Oranges, Limons, Citrons, Figs, Nutmegs, and noble Aromaticks, continually bearing their Fragrancies. The Trees appearing all like Nosegays adorn'd with Flowers of different kinds; some are all White, some Purple, some Scarlet, some Blue, some Yellow; bearing, at the same time, Ripe Fruit and Blooming Young, or producing

ducing every day new. The very Wood of all these Trees have an intrinsick Value above common Timber; for they are, when cut, of different Colours, glorious to behold; and bear a price considerable, to Inlay withal. Besides this, they yield rich Balm, and Gums; so that we make our Candles of such an Aromatick Substance, as does not only give a sufficient Light, but, as they burn, they cast their Perfumes all about. Cedar is the common Firing, and all the Houses are built with it. The very Meat we eat, when set on the Table, if it be Native, I mean, of the Countrey, perfumes the whole Room; especially a little Beast call'd an *Armadilly*, a thing which I can liken to nothing so well as a *Rhinoceros*; 'tis all in white Armour, so jointed, that it moves as well in it, as if it had nothing on; this Beast is about the bigness of a Pig of six Weeks old. But it were endless to give an Account of all the divers Wonderful and Strange things that Countrey affords, and which we took a very great delight to go in search of; though those Adventures are oftentimes Fatal, and at least Dangerous: But while we had *Cæsar* in our Company on these Designs, we fear'd no harm, nor suffer'd any.

As soon as I came into the Countrey, the best House in it was presented me, call'd *St. John's Hill:* It stood on a vast Rock of white Marble, at the foot of which the River ran a vast depth down, and not to be descended on that side; the little Waves still dashing and washing the foot of this Rock, made the softest Murmurs and Purlings in the World; and the opposite Bank was adorn'd with such vast quantities of

different Flowers eternally Blowing, and every Day and Hour new, fenc'd behind 'em with lofty Trees of a thouſand rare Forms and Colours, that the Proſpect was the moſt raviſhing that Sands can create. On the edge of this white Rock, towards the River, was a Walk or Grove of Orange and Limon-Trees, about half the length of the *Mall* here, whoſe Flowery and Fruit-bearing Branches met at the top, and hinder'd the Sun, whoſe Rays are very fierce there, from entering a Beam into the Grove; and the cool Air that came from the River, made it not only fit to entertain People in, at all the hotteſt hours of the day, but refreſh'd the ſweet Bloſſoms, and made it always Sweet and Charming; and ſure, the whole Globe of the World cannot ſhew ſo delightful a Place as this Grove was: Not all the Gardens of boaſted *Italy* can produce a Shade to out-vie this, which Nature had join'd with Art to render ſo exceeding fine; and 'tis a marvel to ſee how ſuch vaſt Trees, as big as *Engliſh* Oaks, cou'd take footing on ſo ſolid a Rock, and in ſo little Earth as cover'd that Rock: But all things by Nature there are Rare, Delightful and Wonderful. But to our Sports.

Sometimes we wou'd go ſurpriſing, and in ſearch of young *Tigers* in their Dens, watching when the old ones went forth to forage for Prey; and oftentimes we have been in great danger, and have fled a-pace for our Lives, when ſurpriz'd by the Dams. But once, above all other times, we went on this Deſign, and *Cæſar* was with us; who had no ſooner ſtoln a young *Tiger* from her Neſt, but going off,

we

we encounter'd the Dam, bearing a Buttock of a Cow, which he had torn off with his mighty Paw, and going with it towards his Den; we had only four Women, *Cæſar*, and an *Engliſh* Gentleman, Brother to *Harry Martin* the great *Oliverian*; we found there was no eſcaping this enraged and ravenous Beaſt. However, we Women fled as faſt as we cou'd from it; but our Heels had not ſaved our Lives, if *Cæſar* had not laid down his *Cub*, when he found the *Tiger* quit her Prey to make the more ſpeed towards him; and taking Mr. *Martin's* Sword, deſir'd him to ſtand aſide, or follow the Ladies. He obey'd him; and *Cæſar* met this monſtrous Beaſt of might, ſize, and vaſt Limbs, who came with open Jaws upon him; and fixing his awful ſtern Eyes full upon thoſe of the Beaſt, and putting himſelf into a very ſteddy and good aiming poſture of Defence, ran his Sword quite through his Breaſt down to his very Heart, home to the Hilt of the Sword: the dying Beaſt ſtretch'd forth her Paw, and going to graſp his Thigh, ſurpriz'd with death in that very moment, did him no other harm than fixing her long Nails in his Fleſh very deep, feebly wounded him, but cou'd not graſp the Fleſh to tear off any. When he had done this, he hollow'd to us to return: which, after ſome aſſurance of his Victory, we did, and found him lugging out the Sword from the Boſom of the *Tiger*, who was laid in her blood on the ground; he took up the *Cub*, and with an Unconcern that had nothing of the Joy or Gladneſs of a Victory, he came and laid the Whelp at my Feet. We

all extremely wonder'd at his Daring, and at the Bigneſs of the Beaſt, which was about the heighth of an Heifer, but of mighty great and ſtrong Limbs.

Another time, being in the Woods, he kill'd a *Tiger* which had long infeſted that Part, and borne away abundance of Sheep and Oxen, and other things that were for the ſupport of thoſe to whom they belong'd: abundance of People aſſail'd this Beaſt, ſome affirming they had ſhot her with ſeveral Bullets quite through the Body, at ſeveral times; and ſome ſwearing they ſhot her through the very Heart, and they believ'd ſhe was a Devil, rather than a mortal thing. *Cæſar* had often ſaid, he had a mind to encounter this Monſter, and ſpoke with ſeveral Gentlemen who had attempted her; one crying, I ſhot her with ſo many poyſon'd Arrows, another with his Gun in this part of her, and another in that; ſo that he remarking all theſe places where ſhe was ſhot, fancy'd ſtill he ſhou'd overcome her, by giving her another ſort of a Wound than any had yet done, and one day ſaid (at the Table,) *What Trophies and Garlands, Ladies, will you make me, if I bring you home the Heart of this Ravenous Beaſt, that eats up all your Lambs and Pigs?* We all promis'd he ſhou'd be rewarded at all our hands. So taking a Bow, which he choſe out of a great many, he went up into the Wood, with two Gentlemen, where he imagin'd this Devourer to be; they had not paſt very far in it, but they heard her Voice, growling and grumbling, as if ſhe were pleas'd with ſomething ſhe was doing. When they came in view,

view, they found her muzzling in the Belly of a new raviſh'd Sheep, which ſhe had torn open; and ſeeing her ſelf approach'd, ſhe took faſt hold of her Prey with her fore Paws, and ſet a very fierce raging Look on *Cæſar*, without offering to approach him, for fear at the ſame time of loſing what ſhe had in poſſeſſion. So that *Cæſar* remain'd a good while, only taking aim, and getting an opportunity to ſhoot her where he deſign'd: 'twas ſome time before he cou'd accompliſh it; and to wound her, and not kill her, wou'd but have enrag'd her the more, and endanger'd him: He had a Quiver of Arrows at his Side, ſo that if one fail'd, he could be ſupply'd; at laſt, retiring a little, he gave her opportunity to eat; for he found ſhe was ravenous, and fell too as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him retire, being more eager of her Prey, than of doing new Miſchiefs: when he going ſoftly to one ſide of her, and hiding his Perſon behind certain Herbage that grew high and thick, he took ſo good aim, that, as he intended, he ſhot her juſt into the Eye, and the Arrow was ſent with ſo good a will, and ſo ſure a hand, that it ſtuck in her Brain, and made her caper, and become mad for a moment or two; but being ſeconded by another Arrow, ſhe fell dead upon the Prey. *Cæſar* cut her open with a Knife, to ſee where thoſe Wounds were that had been reported to him, and why ſhe did not die of 'em. But I ſhall now relate a thing that, poſſibly, will find no credit among Men; becauſe 'tis a Notion commonly receiv'd with us, That nothing can receive a Wound in the Heart and live: But when the Heart of

this courageous Animal was taken out, there were ſeven Bullets of Lead in it, and the Wounds ſeam'd up with great Scars, and ſhe liv'd with the Bullets a great while, for it was long ſince they were ſhot: This Heart the Conqueror brought up to us, and 'twas a very great Curioſity, which all the Countrey came to ſee; and which gave *Cæſar* occaſion of many fine Diſcourſes; of Accidents in War, and ſtrange Eſcapes.

At other times he wou'd go a Fiſhing; and diſcourſing on that Diverſion, he found we had in that Countrey a very ſtrange Fiſh, call'd a *Numb Eel* (an *Eel* of which I have eaten) that while it is alive, it has a quality ſo Cold, that thoſe who are Angling, though with a Line of never ſo great a length, with a Rod at the end of it, it ſhall, in the ſame minute the Bait is touched by this *Eel*, ſeize him or her that holds the Rod with benumb'dneſs, that ſhall deprive 'em of Senſe, for a while; and ſome have faln into the Water, and others drop'd, as dead, on the Banks of the Rivers where they ſtood, as ſoon as this Fiſh touches the Bait. *Cæſar* us'd to laugh at this, and believ'd it impoſſible a Man cou'd loſe his Force at the touch of a Fiſh; and cou'd not underſtand that Philoſophy, that a Cold Quality ſhould be of that nature; however, he had a great Curioſity to try whether it wou'd have the ſame effect on him it had on others, and often try'd, but in vain: at laſt, the ſought-for Fiſh came to the Bait, as he ſtood Angling on the Bank; and inſtead of throwing away the Rod, or giving it a ſudden twitch out of the Water, whereby he

he might have caught both the *Eel*, and have diſmiſs'd the Rod, before it cou'd have too much power over him; for Experiment-ſake, he graſp'd it but the harder, and fainting fell into the River; and being ſtill poſſeſs'd of the Rod, the Tide carry'd him, ſenſeleſs as he was, a great way, till an *Indian* Boat took him up; and perceiv'd, when they touch'd him, a Numbneſs ſeize them, and by that knew the Rod was in his Hand; which, with a Paddle, (that is, a ſhort Oar) they ſtruck away, and ſnacht it into the Boat, *Eel* and all. If *Caſar* was almoſt dead, with the effect of this Fiſh, he was more ſo with that of the Water, where he had remain'd the ſpace of going a League, and they found they had much a-doe to bring him back to life; but at laſt they did, and brought him home, where he was in a few hours well recover'd and refreſh'd, and not a little aſham'd to find he ſhou'd be overcome by an *Eel*, and that all the People, who heard his Defiance, wou'd laugh at him. But we chear'd him up; and he, being convinc'd, we had the *Eel* at Supper, which was a Quarter of an Ell about, and moſt delicate Meat; and was of the more value, ſince it coſt ſo dear as almoſt the Life of ſo gallant a Man.

About this time we were in many mortal Fears, about ſome Diſputes the *Engliſh* had with the *Indians*; ſo that we cou'd ſcarce truſt our ſelves, without great Numbers, to go to any *Indian* Towns or Place where they abode, for fear they ſhou'd fall upon us, as they did immediately after my coming away; and that it was in the poſſeſſion of the *Dutch*, who

us'd 'em not ſo civilly as the *Engliſh*; ſo that they cut in pieces all they cou'd take, getting into Houſes, and hanging up the Mother, and all her Children about her; and cut a Footman, I left behind me, all in Joints, and nail'd him to Trees.

This Feud began while I was there; ſo that I loſt half the Satisfaction I propos'd, in not ſeeing and viſiting the *Indian* Towns. But one day, bemoaning of our Misfortunes upon this account, *Cæſar* told us, we need not fear; for if we had a mind to go, he wou'd undertake to be our Guard. Some wou'd, but moſt wou'd not venture: about Eighteen of us reſolv'd, and took Barge; and after eight days, arriv'd near an *Indian* Town: But approaching it, the Hearts of ſome of our Company fail'd, and they wou'd not venture on Shore; ſo we Poll'd who wou'd, and who wou'd not. For my part, I ſaid, If *Cæſar* wou'd, I wou'd go. He reſolv'd; ſo did my Brother, and my Woman, a Maid of good Courage. Now, none of us ſpeaking the Language of the People, and imagining we ſhou'd have a half Diverſion in Gazing only; and not knowing what they ſaid, we took a Fiſherman that liv'd at the mouth of the River, who had been a long Inhabitant there, and oblig'd him to go with us: But becauſe he was known to the *Indians*, as trading among 'em, and being, by long living there, become a perfect in *Indian* Colour, we, who reſolv'd to ſurprize 'em, by making them ſee ſomething they never had ſeen, (that is, *White* People) reſolv'd only my ſelf, my Brother and Woman ſhou'd go; ſo *Cæſar*, the Fiſherman, and the reſt, hiding behind ſome

ſome thick Reeds and Flowers that grew on the Banks, let us paſs on towards the Town, which was on the Bank of the River all along. A little diſtant from the Houſes, or Huts, we ſaw ſome Dancing, others buſy'd in fetching and carrying of Water from the River: They had no ſooner ſpy'd us, but they ſet up a loud Cry, that frighted us at firſt; we thought it had been for thoſe that ſhou'd kill us, but it ſeems it was of Wonder and Amazement. They were all Naked; and we were Dreſs'd, ſo as is moſt commode for the hot Countries, very Glittering and Rich; ſo that we appear'd extremely fine; my own Hair was cut ſhort, and I had a Taffaty Cap, with Black Feathers, on my Head; my Brother was in a Stuff Sute, with Silver Loops and Buttons, and abundance of Green Ribbon: This was all infinitely ſurpriſing to them; and becauſe we ſaw them ſtand ſtill till we approach'd 'em, we took heart and advanc'd, came up to 'em, and offer'd 'em our Hands; which they took, and look'd on us round about, calling ſtill for more Company; who came ſwarming out, all wondering, and crying out *Tepeeme*; taking their Hair up in their Hands, and ſpreading it wide to thoſe they call'd out to; as if they wou'd ſay (as indeed it ſignify'd) *Numberleſs Wonders*, or not to be recounted, no more than to number the Hair of their Heads. By degrees they grew more bold, and from gazing upon us round, they touch'd us, laying their Hands upon all the Features of our Faces, feeling our Breaſts and Arms, taking up one Petticoat, then wondering to ſee another; admiring our Shooes and Stockings,

Stockings, but more our Garters, which we gave 'em, and they ty'd about their Legs, being lac'd with Silver Lace at the ends; for they much eſteem any ſhining things: In fine, we ſuffer'd 'em to ſurvey us as they pleas'd, and we thought they wou'd never have done admiring us. When *Cæſar*, and the reſt, ſaw we were receiv'd with ſuch wonder, they came up to us; and finding the *Indian* Trader whom they knew, (for 'tis by theſe Fiſhermen, call'd *Indian* Traders, we hold a Commerce with 'em; for they love not to go far from home, and we never go to them;) when they ſaw him therefore, they ſet up a new Joy, and cry'd, in their language, *Oh! here's our* Tiguamy, *and we ſhall now know whether thoſe things can ſpeak:* So advancing to him, ſome of 'em gave 'em their Hands, and cry'd, *Amora Tiguamy*; which is as much as, *How do you*; or, *Welcome, Friend:* and all, with one din, began to gabble to him, and ask'd, if we had Senſe and Wit? if we could talk of Affairs of Life and War, as they cou'd do? if we cou'd Hunt, Swim, and do a thouſand things they uſe? He anſwer'd 'em, We cou'd. Then they invited us into their Houſes, and dreſs'd Veniſon and *Buffelo* for us; and, going out, gather'd a Leaf of a Tree, call'd a *Sarumbo* Leaf, of ſix Yards long, and ſpread it on the Ground for a Table-Cloth; and cutting another in pieces, inſtead of Plates, ſetting us on little bow *Indian* Stools, which they cut out of one entire piece of Wood, and paint in a ſort of Japan-work: They ſerve every one their Meſs on theſe pieces of Leaves; and it was very good, but too high ſeaſon'd with Pepper. When we had eat, my Brother

Brother and I took out our Flutes, and play'd to 'em, which gave 'em new Wonder; and I ſoon perceiv'd, by an Admiration that is natural to theſe People, and by the extreme Ignorance and Simplicity of 'em, it were not difficult to eſtabliſh any unknown or extravagaut Religion among them, and to impoſe any Notions or Fictions upon 'em. For ſeeing a Kinſman of mine ſet ſome Paper a fire with a Burning-glaſs, a Trick they had never before ſeen, they were like to have ador'd him for a God, and begg'd he wou'd give 'em the Characters or Figures of his Name, that they might oppoſe it againſt Winds and Storms: which he did, and they held it up in thoſe Seaſons, and fancy'd it had a Charm to conquer them, and kept it like a holy Relique. They are very Superſtitious, and call'd him the Great *Peeie*, that is, *Prophet*. They ſhew'd us their *Indian Peeie*, a Youth of about Sixteen Years old, as handſom as Nature cou'd make a Man. They conſecrate a beautiful Youth from his Infancy, and all Arts are uſed to compleat him in the fineſt manner, both in Beauty and Shape: He is bred to all the little Arts and Cunning they are capable of; to all the Legerdemain Tricks, and Slight of Hand, whereby he impoſes upon the Rabble; and is both a Doctor in Phyſick and Divinity: And by theſe Tricks makes the Sick believe he ſometimes eaſes their Pains, by drawing from the afflicted part little Serpents, or odd Flies, or Worms, or any ſtrange thing; and though they have beſides undoubted good Remedies for almoſt all their Diſeaſes, they cure the Patient more by Fancy than by Medicines;

dicines; and make themſelves Fear'd, Lov'd, and Reverenc'd. This young *Peeie* had a very young Wife, who ſeeing my Brother kiſs her, came running and kiſs'd me: after this they kiſs'd one another, and made it a very great Jeſt, it being ſo novel; and new Admiration and Laughing went round the Multitude, that they never will forget that Ceremony, never before us'd or known. *Cæſar* had a mind to ſee and talk with their War-*Captains*, and we were conducted to one of their Houſes; where we beheld ſeveral of the great *Captains*, who had been at Council: But ſo frightful a Viſion it was to ſee 'em, no Fancy can create; no ſad Dreams can repreſent ſo dreadful a Spectacle. For my part, I took 'em for Hobgoblins, or Fiends, rather than Men: but however their Shapes appear'd, their Souls were very Humane and Noble; but ſome wanted their Noſes, ſome their Lips, ſome both Noſes and Lips, ſome their Ears, and others cut through each Cheek, with long Slaſhes, through which their Teeth appear'd: they had other ſeveral formidable Wounds and Scars, or rather Diſmembrings: they had *Comitia's*, or little Aprons before 'em; and Girdles of Cotton, with their Knives naked ſtuck in it; a Bow at their Backs, and a Quiver of Arrows on their Thighs; and moſt had Feathers on their Heads of divers Colours. They cry'd *Amora Tigame* to us, at our entrance, and were pleas'd we ſaid as much to them: They ſeated us, and gave us Drink of the beſt ſort, and wonder'd, as much as the others had done before, to ſee us. *Cæſar* was marvelling as much at their

their Faces, wondring how they ſhou'd all be ſo wounded in War; he was impatient to know how they all came by thoſe frightful Marks of Rage or Malice, rather than Wounds got in noble Battle: They told us, by our Interpreter, That when any War was waging, two Men, choſen out by ſome old *Captain* whoſe Fighting was paſt, and who cou'd only teach the Theory of War, theſe two Men were to ſtand in competition for the Generalſhip, or Great War-Captain; and being brought before the old Judges, now paſt Labour, they are ask'd, What they dare do, to ſhew they are worthy to lead an Army? When he who is firſt ask'd, making no Reply, cuts off his Noſe, and throws it contemptibly on the Ground; and the other does ſomething to himſelf that he thinks ſurpaſſes him, and perhaps deprives himſelf of Lips and an Eye; ſo they Slaſh on till one gives out, and many have dy'd in this Debate. And it's by a paſſive Valour they ſhew and prove their Activity; a ſort of Courage too Brutal to be applauded by our *Black* Hero; nevertheleſs, he expreſs'd his Eſteem of 'em.

In this Voyage *Cæſar* begot ſo good an underſtanding between the *Indians* and the *Engliſh*, that there were no more Fears or Heart-burnings during our ſtay, but we had a perfect, open, and free Trade with 'em. Many things remarkable, and worthy reciting, we met with in this ſhort Voyage; becauſe *Cæſar* made it his buſineſs to ſearch out and provide for our Entertainment, eſpecially to pleaſe his dearly ador'd *Imoinda*, who was a Sharer in all our Adventures; we being reſolv'd to make her

her Chains as eaſie as we cou'd, and to Complement the Prince in that manner that moſt oblig'd him.

As we were coming up again, we met with ſome *Indians* of ſtrange Aſpects; that is, of a larger Size, and other ſort of Features, than thoſe of our Countrey: Our *Indian Slaves*, that row'd us, ask'd 'em ſome Queſtions; but they cou'd not underſtand us, but ſhew'd us a long Cotton String, with ſeveral Knots on it, and told us, they had been coming from the Mountains ſo many Moons as there were Knots; they were habited in Skins of a ſtrange Beaſt, and brought along with 'em Bags of Gold Duſt; which, as well as they cou'd give us to underſtand, came ſtreaming in little ſmall Chanels down the high Mountains, when the Rains fell; and offer'd to be the Convoy to any Body, or Perſons, that wou'd go to the Mountains. We carry'd theſe Men up to *Parham*, where they were kept till the Lord-Governor came: And becauſe all the Country was mad to be going on this Golden Adventure, the Governor, by his Letters, commanded (for they ſent ſome of the Gold to him) that a Guard ſhou'd be ſet at the mouth of the River of *Amazons* (a River ſo call'd, almoſt as broad as the River of *Thames*) and prohibited all People from going up that River, it conducting to thoſe Mountains of Gold. But we going off for *England* before the Project was further proſecuted, and the Governor being drown'd in a Hurricane, either the Deſign dy'd, or the *Dutch* have the Advantage of it: And 'tis to be bemoan'd what His Majeſty loſt, by loſing that part of *America*.

Though

Though this Digreſſion is a little from my Story; however, ſince it contains ſome Proofs of the Curioſity and Daring of this Great Man, I was content to omit nothing of his Character.

It was thus for ſome time we diverted him; but now *Imoinda* began to ſhew ſhe was with Child, and did nothing but ſigh and weep for the Captivity of her Lord, her ſelf, and the Infant yet unborn; and believ'd, if it were ſo hard to gain the Liberty of Two, 'twou'd be more difficult to get that for Three. Her Griefs were ſo many Darts in the great Heart of *Cæſar*; and taking his Opportunity, one *Sunday*, when all the *Whites* were overtaken in Drink, as there were abundance of ſeveral Trades, and *Slaves* for Four Years, that inhabited among the *Negro* Houſes; and *Sunday* was their Day of Debauch, (otherwiſe they were a ſort of Spies upon *Cæſar*,) he went, pretending out of goodneſs to 'em, to Feaſt among 'em, and ſent all his Muſick, and order'd a great Treat for the whole Gang, about Three hundred *Negroes*, and about an Hundred and fifty were able to bear Arms, ſuch as they had, which were ſufficient to do execution with Spirits accordingly: For the *Engliſh* had none but ruſty Swords, that no ſtrength cou'd draw from a Scabbard; except the People of particular Quality, who took care to oil 'em, and keep 'em in good order: The Guns alſo, unleſs here and there one, or thoſe newly carry'd from *England*, wou'd do no good or harm; for 'tis the Nature of that Countrey to ruſt and eat up Iron, or any Metals but Gold and Silver. And they are very unexpert at the Bow, which the *Negroes* and *Indians* are perfect Maſters of.

Cæſar

Caſar, having ſingl'd out theſe Men from the Women and Children, made an Harangue to 'em, of the Miſeries and Ignominies of Slavery; counting up all their Toils and Sufferings, under ſuch Loads, Burdens and Drudgeries, as were fitter for Beaſts than Men; Senſeleſs Brutes, than Humane Souls. He told 'em, it was not for Days, Months or Years, but for Eternity; there was no end to be of their Misfortunes: They ſuffer'd not like Men who might find a Glory and Fortitude in Oppreſſion; but like Dogs that lov'd the Whip and Bell, and fawn'd the more they were beaten: That they had loſt the Divine Quality of Men, and were become inſenſible Aſſes, fit only to bear: nay, worſe; an Aſs, or Dog, or Horſe, having done his Duty, cou'd lie down in retreat, and riſe to work again, and while he did his Duty, indur'd no Stripes; but Men, Villainous, Senſeleſs Men, ſuch as they, Toil'd on all the tedious Week till *Black Friday*; and then, whether they work'd or not, whether they were faulty or meriting, they, promiſcuouſly, the Innocent with the Guilty, ſuffer'd the infamous Whip, the ſordid Stripes, from their fellow *Slaves*, till their Blood trickl'd from all Parts of their Body; Blood, whoſe every drop ought to be reveng'd with a Life of ſome of thoſe Tyrants that impoſe it: *And why* (ſaid he) *my dear Friends and Fellow-ſufferers, ſhou'd we be Slaves to an unknown People! Have they Vanquiſh'd us Nobly in Fight? Have they Won us in Honourable Battle? And are we, by the chance of War, become their Slaves? This won'd not anger a Noble Heart; this won'd*

not animate a Soldier's Soul; no, but we are Bought and Sold like Apes, or Monkeys, to be the Sport of Women, Fools and Cowards; and the Support of Rogues, Runagades, that have abandon'd their own Countries for Rapine, Murders, Theft and Villanies: Do you not hear, every day, how they upbraid each other with Infamy of Life, below the Wildeſt Salvages? and ſhall we render Obedience to ſuch a degenerate Race, who have no one Humane Vertue left, to diſtinguiſh 'em from the vileſt Creatures? Will you, I ſay, ſuffer the Laſh from ſuch Hands? They all reply'd, with one accord, *No, No, No*; Cæſar *has ſpoke like a Great Captain; like a Great King.*

After this, he wou'd have proceeded, but was interrupted by a tall *Negro* of ſome more Quality than the reſt, his Name was *Tuſcan*; who bowing at the Feet of *Cæſar*, cry'd, *My Lord, we have liſten'd with Joy and Attention to what you have ſaid; and, were we only Men, wou'd follow ſo great a Leader through the World: But oh! conſider we are Husbands, and Parents too, and have things more dear to us than Life, our Wives and Children, unfit for Travel in theſe unpoſſable Woods, Mountains and Bogs; we have not only difficult Lands to overcome, but Rivers to wade, and Mountains to encounter; Ravenous Beaſts of Prey* —— To this, *Cæſar* reply'd, *That Honour was the Firſt Principle in Nature, that was to be Obey'd: but as no Man wou'd pretend to that, without all the Acts of Vertue, Compaſſion, Charity, Love, Juſtice and Reaſon; he found it not inconſiſtent with that, to take an equal care of their Wives and Children, as they wou'd of themſelves; and that he did not deſign, when he led them to Freedom, and Glorious Liberty, that they ſhou'd leave that better part of themſelves*

ſaves to periſh by the Hand of the Tyrant's Whip: But if there were a Woman among them ſo degenerate from Love and Vertue, to chuſe Slavery before the purſuit of her Husband, and with the hazard of her Life, to ſhare with him in his Fortunes; that ſuch an one ought to be abandon'd, and left as a Prey to the Common Enemy.

To which they all Agreed, — and Bowed. After this, he ſpoke of the impaſſable Woods and Rivers; and convinc'd 'em, the more Danger, the more Glory. He told them, that he had heard of one *Hannibal* a great Captain, had cut his way through Mountains of ſolid Rocks; and ſhou'd a few Shrubs oppoſe them, which they cou'd fire before 'em? No, 'twas a trifling Excuſe to Men reſolv'd to die, or overcome. As for Bogs, they are with a little Labour fill'd and harden'd; and the Rivers cou'd be no Obſtacle, ſince they ſwam by Nature, at leaſt, by Cuſtom, from the firſt hour of their birth: That when the Children were weary, they muſt carry them by turns, and the Woods and their own Induſtry wou'd afford them Food. To this they all aſſented with Joy.

Tuſcan then demanded, what he wou'd do? He ſaid they wou'd Travel towards the Sea, Plant a New Colony, and Defend it by their Valour; and when they cou'd find a Ship, either driven by ſtreſs of Weather, or guided by Providence that way, they wou'd ſeize it, and make it a Prize, till it had tranſported them to their own Countries; at leaſt, they ſhou'd be made Free in his Kingdom, and be eſteem'd as his Fellow-ſufferers, and Men that had the Courage and the Bravery to attempt, at leaſt, for Liberty;

Liberty; and if they dy'd in the attempt, it wou'd be more brave, than to live in perpetual Slavery.

They bow'd and kiſs'd his Feet at this Reſolution, and with one accord Vow'd to follow him to Death. And that Night was appointed to begin their March, they made it known to their Wives, and directed them to tie their Hamaca about their Shoulders, and under their Arm, like a Scarf; and to lead their Children that cou'd go, and carry thoſe that cou'd not. The Wives, who pay an entire Obedience to their Husbands, obey'd, and ſtay'd for 'em where they were appointed: The Men ſtay'd but to furniſh themſelves with what defenſive Arms they cou'd get; and All met at the Rendezvous, where *Caſar* made a new encouraging Speech to 'em, and led 'em out.

But as they cou'd not march far that Night, on *Monday* early, when the Overſeers went to call 'em all together, to go to work, they were extremely ſurpriz'd, to find not one upon the Place, but all fled with what Baggage they had. You may imagine this News was not only ſuddenly ſpread all over the *Plantation*, but ſoon reach'd the neighbouring ones; and we had by Noon about Six hundred Men they call the Militia of the Country, that came to aſſiſt us in the purſuit of the Fugitives: But never did one ſee ſo comical an Army march forth to War. The Men of any Faſhion wou'd not concern themſelves, though it were almoſt the Common Cauſe; for ſuch Revoltings are very ill Examples, and have very fatal Conſequences, often-times, in many

Colonies: But they had a Reſpect for *Cæſar*, and all hands were againſt the *Parhamites* (as they call'd thoſe of *Parham Plantation*;) becauſe they did not, in the firſt place, love the Lord-Governor; and, ſecondly, they wou'd have it, that *Cæſar* was ill us'd, and Baffl'd with; and 'tis not impoſſible but ſome of the beſt in the Countrey was of his Council in this Flight, and depriving us of all the *Slaves*: ſo that they of the better ſort wou'd not meddle in the matter. The Deputy-Governor, of whom I have had no great occaſion to ſpeak, and who was the moſt fawning fair-Tongu'd Fellow in the World, and one that pretended the moſt Friendſhip to *Cæſar*, was now the only violent Man againſt him; and though he had nothing, and ſo need fear nothing, yet talk'd and look'd bigger than any Man: He was a Fellow, whoſe Character is not fit to be mention'd with the worſt of the *Slaves*. This Fellow wou'd lead his Army forth to meet *Cæſar*, or rather to purſue him: moſt of their Arms were of thoſe ſort of cruel Whips they call *Cat-with-Nine-Tails*; ſome had ruſty uſeleſs Guns for ſhew; others old Basket-hilts, whoſe Blades had never ſeen the Light in this Age; and others had long Staffs and Clubs. Mr. *Treſry* went along, rather to be a Mediator than a Conqueror, in ſuch a Battle; for he foreſaw, and knew, if by fighting they put the *Negroes* into deſpair, they were a ſort of ſullen Fellows, that wou'd drown or kill themſelves, before they wou'd yield; and he advis'd, that fair means was beſt: But *Byam* was one that abounded in his own Wit, and wou'd take his own Meaſures.

It

It was not hard to find theſe Fugitives for as they fled, they were forc'd to fire and cut the Woods before 'em; ſo that Night or Day they purſu'd 'em by the Light they made, and by the Path they had clear'd. But as ſoon as *Cæſar* found he was purſu'd, he put himſelf in a poſture of Defence, placing all the Women and Children in the Rear; and himſelf, with *Tuſcan* by his ſide, or next to him, all promiſing to Die or Conquer. Encourag'd thus, they never ſtood to Parley, but fell on Pell-mell upon the *Engliſh*, and kill'd ſome, and wounded a good many; they having recourſe to their Whips, as the beſt of their Weapons. And as they obſerv'd no Order, they perplex'd the Enemy ſo ſorely, with laſhing 'em in the Eyes; and the Women and Children ſeeing their Husbands ſo treated, being of fearful cowardly Diſpoſitions, and hearing the *Engliſh* cry out, *Yield, and Live! Yield, and be Pardon'd!* they all run in amongſt their Husbands and Fathers, and hung about 'em, crying out, *Yield, Yield, and leave* Cæſar *to their Revenge*; that by degrees the *Slaves* abandon'd *Cæſar*, and left him only *Tuſcan*, and his Heroick *Imoinda*; who, grown big as ſhe was, did nevertheleſs preſs near her Lord, having a Bow, and a Quiver full of poiſon'd Arrows, which ſhe manag'd with ſuch dexterity, that ſhe wounded ſeveral, and ſhot the Governor into the Shoulder; of which Wound he had like to have died, but that an *Indian* Woman, his Miſtreſs, ſuck'd the Wound, and cleans'd it from the Venom: But however, he ſtirr'd not from the Place till he had Parly'd with *Cæſar*,

who he found was reſolv'd to die fighting, and wou'd not be taken; no more wou'd *Tuſcan*, or *Imoinda*. But he, more thirſting after Revenge of another ſort, than that of depriving him of Life, now made uſe of all his Art of Talking and Diſſembling, and beſought *Cæſar* to yield himſelf upon Terms which he himſelf ſhould propoſe; and ſhould be ſacredly aſſented to, and kept by him: He told him, It was not that he any longer fear'd him, or cou'd believe the force of two Men, and a young Heroine, cou'd overcome all them, with all the Slaves now on their ſide alſo; but it was the vaſt Eſteem he had for his Perſon, the Deſire he had to ſerve ſo Gallant a Man, and to hinder himſelf from the Reproach hereafter, of having been the occaſion of the Death of a *Prince*, whoſe Valour and Magnanimity deſerv'd the Empire of the World. He proteſted to him, he look'd upon this Action as Gallant and Brave, however tending to the Prejudice of his Lord and Maſter, who wou'd by it have loſt ſo conſiderable a number of *Slaves*; that this Flight of his, ſhou'd be look'd on as a heat of Youth, and a raſhneſs of a too forward Courage, and an unconſider'd Impatience of Liberty, and no more; and that he labour'd in vain to accompliſh that which they wou'd effectually perform, as ſoon as any Ship arriv'd that wou'd touch on his Coaſt: *So that if you will be pleas'd* (continu'd he) *to ſurrender your ſelf, all imaginable Reſpect ſhall be paid you; and your Self, your Wife, and Child, if it be born here, ſhall depart free out of our Land.* But *Cæſar* wou'd here of no Compoſition; though

though *Byam* urg'd, If he purſu'd and went on in his Deſign, he wou'd inevitably periſh, either by great Snakes, wild Beaſts, or Hunger; and he ought to have regard to his Wife, whoſe Condition required Eaſe, and not the Fatigues of tedious Travel, where ſhe cou'd not be ſecur'd from being devour'd. But *Ceſar* told him, there was no Faith in the White Men, or the Gods they ador'd; who inſtructed 'em in Principles ſo falſe, that honeſt Men cou'd not live amongſt 'em; though no People profeſs'd ſo much, none perform'd ſo little; that he knew what he had to do, when he dealt with Men of Honour; but with them a Man ought to be eternally on his Guard, and never to Eat and Drink with *Chriſtians*, without his Weapon of Defence in his Hand; and, for his own Security, never to credit one Word they ſpoke. As for the Raſhneſs and Inconſiderateneſs of his Action, he wou'd confeſs the Governor is in the right; and that he was aſham'd of what he had done, in endeavouring to make thoſe Free, who were by Nature *Slaves*, poor wretched Rogues, fit to be us'd as *Chriſtians* Tools; Dogs, Treacherous and Cowardly, fit for ſuch Maſters; and they wanted only but to be whipp'd into the Knowledge of the *Chriſtian Gods*, to be the vileſt of all creeping things; to learn to worſhip ſuch Deities as had not Power to make 'em Juſt, Brave, or Honeſt. In fine, after a thouſand things of this nature, not fit here to be recited, he told *Byam*, He had rather Die, than Live upon the ſame Earth with ſuch Dogs. But *Trefry* and *Byam* pleaded and proteſted together ſo much,

that *Trefry* believing the Governor to mean what he ſaid; and ſpeaking very cordially himſelf, generouſly put himſelf into *Cæſar*'s Hands, and took him aſide, and perſuaded him, even with Tears, to Live, by Surrendring himſelf, and to name his Conditions. *Cæſar* was overcome by his Wit and Reaſons, and in conſideration of *Imoinda*; and demanding what he deſir'd, and that it ſhou'd be ratify'd by their Hands in Writing, becauſe he had perceiv'd that was the common way of Contract between Man and Man, amongſt the *Whites*. All this was perform'd, and *Tuſcan*'s Pardon was put in, and they Surrender to the Governor, who walked peaceably down into the *Plantation* with 'em, after giving Order to bury their Dead. *Cæſar* was very much toil'd with the Buſtle of the Day, for he had fought like a Fury; and what Miſchief was done, He and *Tuſcan* perform'd alone; and gave their Enemies a fatal Proof, that they durſt do any thing, and fear'd no mortal Force.

But they were no ſooner arriv'd at the Place where all the Slaves receive their Puniſhments of Whipping, but they laid Hands on *Cæſar* and *Tuſcan*, faint with Heat and Toil; and ſurprizing them, bound them to two ſeveral Stakes, and whipp'd them in a moſt deplorable and inhumane manner, rending the very Fleſh from their Bones; eſpecially *Cæſar*, who was not perceiv'd to make any Moan, or to alter his Face, only to roul his Eyes on the Faithleſs Governor, and thoſe he believ'd Guilty, with Fierceneſs and Indignation;

dignation; and, to compleat his Rage, he ſaw every one of thoſe *Slaves*, who, but a few Days before, ador'd him as ſomething more than Mortal, now had a Whip to give him ſome Laſhes, while he ſtrove not to break his Fetters; tho' if he had, it were impoſſible: but he pronounc'd a Woe and Revenge from his Eyes, that darted Fire, that 'twas at once both Awful and Terrible to behold.

When they thought they were ſufficiently Reveng'd on him, they unty'd him, almoſt fainting with loſs of Blood, from a thouſand Wounds all over his Body; from which they had rent his Cloaths, and led him Bleeding and Naked as he was, and loaded him all over with Irons, and then rubb'd his Wounds, to compleat their Cruelty, with *Indian* Pepper; which had like to have made him raving Mad; and, in this Condition, made him ſo faſt to the Ground, that he cou'd not ſtir, if his Pains and Wounds wou'd have given him leave. They ſpar'd *Imoinda*, and did not let her ſee this Barbarity committed towards her Lord, but carry'd her down to *Parham*, and ſhut her up; which was not in kindneſs to her, but for fear ſhe ſhou'd die with the Sight, or Miſcarry, and then they ſhou'd loſe a young *Slave*, and perhaps the Mother.

You muſt know, that when the News was brought, on *Monday* Morning, that *Cæſar* had betaken himſelf to the Woods, and carry'd with him all the *Negroes*, we were poſſeſs'd with extreme Fear, which no Perſuaſions cou'd diſſipate, that he wou'd ſecure himſelf till Night; and then, that he wou'd come down

down, and cut all our Throats. This Apprehenſion made all the Females of us fly down the River, to be ſecur'd; and while we were away, they acted this Cruelty: For I ſuppoſe, I had Authority and Intereſt enough there, had I ſuſpected any ſuch thing, to have prevented it; but we had not gone many Leagues, but the News overtook us, that *Cæſar* was taken, and whipp'd like a common *Slave*. We met, on the River, with Colonel *Martin*, a Man of great Gallantry, Wit and Goodneſs, and whom I have celebrated in a Character of my New *Comedy*, by his own Name, in Memory of ſo Brave a Man: He was Wiſe and Eloquent, and, from the fineneſs of his Parts, bore a great Sway over the Hearts of all the *Colony*: He was a Friend to *Cæſar*, and reſented this falſe Dealing with him very much. We carry'd him back to *Parham*, thinking to have made an Accommodation. When he came, the firſt News we heard, was, That the *Governor* was dead of a Wound *Imoinda* had given him; but it was not ſo well: But it ſeems, he wou'd have the Pleaſure of beholding the Revenge he took on *Cæſar*; and before the cruel Ceremony was finiſh'd, he dropt down; and then they perceiv'd the Wound he had on his Shoulder was by a venom'd Arrow; which, as I ſaid, his *Indian* Miſtreſs heal'd, by ſucking the Wound.

We were no ſooner arriv'd, but we went up to the *Plantation* to ſee *Cæſar*; whom we found in a very miſerable and unexpreſſible Condition; and I have a thouſand times admir'd how he liv'd in ſo much tormenting Pain.

Pain. We ſaid all things to him, that Trouble, Pity and Good Nature cou'd ſuggeſt; Proteſting our Innocency of the Fact, and our Abhorrence of ſuch Cruelties; making a thouſand Profeſſions of Services to him, and begging as many Pardons for the Offenders, till we ſaid ſo much, that he believ'd we had no hand in his ill Treatment; but told us, He cou'd never pardon *Byam*; as for *Trefry*, he confeſs'd he ſaw his Grief and Sorrow for his Suffering, which he cou'd not hinder, but was like to have been beaten down by the very *Slaves*, for ſpeaking in his Defence: But for *Byam*, who was their Leader, their Head, —— and ſhou'd, by his Juſtice and Honour, have been an Example to 'em, —— for him he wiſh'd to live, to take a dire Revenge of him; and ſaid, *It had been well for him, if he had Sacrific'd me, inſtead of giving me the contemptible Whip.* He refus'd to talk much; but begging us to give him our Hands, he took 'em, and proteſted never to lift up his, to do us any harm. He had a great Reſpect for Colonel *Martin*, and always took his Counſel like that of a Parent; and aſſur'd him, He wou'd obey him in any thing, but his Revenge on *Byam: Therefore* (ſaid he) *for his own ſafety, let him ſpeedily diſpatch me; for if I cou'd diſpatch my ſelf, I wou'd not, till that Juſtice were done to my injur'd Perſon, and the contempt of a Soldier: No, I wou'd not kill my ſelf, even after a Whipping, but will be content to live with that Infamy, and be pointed at by every grinning Slave, till I have compleated my Revenge; and then you ſhall ſee, that* Oroonoko *ſcorns to live with*

with the Indignity that was put on Cæſar. All we cou'd do, cou'd get no more Words from him; and we took care to have him put immediately into a healing Bath, to rid him of his Pepper, and order'd a Chirurgeon to anoint him with healing Balm; which he ſuffer'd, and in ſome time he began to be able to Walk and Eat. We fail'd not to viſit him every Day, and to that end had him brought to an Apartment at *Parham*.

The Governor was no ſooner recover'd, and had heard of the Menaces of *Cæſar*, but he call'd his Council; who (not to diſgrace them, or Burleſque the Government there) conſiſted of ſuch notorious Villains as *Newgate* never Tranſported; and, poſſibly, originally were ſuch who underſtood neither the Laws of *God or Man*; and had no ſort of Principles to make 'em worthy the Name of Men; but, at the very Council-Table, wou'd Contradict and Fight with one another; and Swear ſo bloodily, that 'twas terrible to hear and ſee 'em. (Some of 'em were afterwards Hang'd, when the *Dutch* took poſſeſſion of the Place, others ſent off in Chains.) But calling theſe ſpecial Rulers of the Nation together, and requiring their Counſel in this weighty Affair, they all concluded, that (Damn 'em) it might be their own Caſes; and that *Cæſar* ought to be made an Example to all the *Negroes*, to fright 'em from daring to threaten their Betters, their Lords and Maſters; and, at this rate, no Man was ſafe from his own *Slaves*; and concluded, *nemine contradicente*, that *Cæſar* ſhou'd be Hang'd.

Trefry

Trefry then thought it time to uſe his Authority; and told *Byam*, his Command did not extend to his Lord's *Plantation*; and that *Parham* was as much exempt from the Law as *Whitehall*; and that they ought no more to touch the Servants of the Lord —— (who there repreſented the King's Perſon) than they cou'd thoſe about the King himſelf; and that *Parham* was a Sanctuary; and though his Lord were abſent in Perſon, his Power was ſtill in Being there; which he had entruſted with him, as far as the Dominions of his particular *Plantations* reach'd, and all that belong'd to it; the reſt of the Country, as *Byam* was Lieutenant to his Lord, he might exerciſe his Tyranny upon. *Trefry* had others as powerful, or more, that int'reſted themſelves in *Cæſar*'s Life, and abſolutely ſaid, He ſhou'd be Defended. So turning the Governor, and his wiſe Council, out of Doors, (for they ſat at *Parham-houſe*) we ſet a Guard upon our Landing-place, and wou'd admit none but thoſe we call'd Friends to us and *Cæſar*.

The *Governor* having remain'd wounded at *Parham*, till his Recovery was compleated, *Cæſar* did not know but he was ſtill there, and indeed, for the moſt part, his time was ſpent there; for he was one that lov'd to live at other Peoples Expence, and if he were a Day abſent, he was Ten preſent there; and us'd to Play, and Walk, and Hunt and Fiſh with *Cæſar*. So that *Cæſar* did not at all doubt, if he once recover'd Strength, but he ſhou'd find an opportunity of being reveng'd on him: Though, after ſuch a Revenge, he cou'd not hope

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The *Governor* having remain'd wounded at *Parham*, till his Recovery was compleated, *Cæſar* did not know but he was ſtill there, and indeed, for the moſt part, his time was ſpent there; for he was one that lov'd to live at other Peoples Expence, and if he were a Day abſent, he was Ten preſent there; and us'd to Play, and Walk, and Hunt and Fiſh with *Cæſar*. So that *Cæſar* did not at all doubt, if he once recover'd Strength, but he ſhou'd find an opportunity of being reveng'd on him: Though, after ſuch a Revenge, he cou'd not hope

hope to live; for if he eſcap'd the Fury of the *Engliſh* Mobile, who perhaps wou'd have been glad of the occaſion to have kill'd him, he was reſolv'd not to ſurvive his Whipping; yet he had ſome tender Hours, a repenting Softneſs, which he call'd his Fits of Cowardice; wherein he ſtruggl'd with Love for the Victory of his Heart, which took part with his charming *Imoinda* there: but, for the moſt part, his time was paſt in melancholy Thought, and black Deſigns; he conſider'd, if he ſhou'd do this Deed, and die either in the Attempt, or after it, he left his lovely *Imoinda* a Prey, or at beſt a *Slave*, to the enrag'd Multitude: His great Heart cou'd not endure that Thought: *Perhaps* (ſaid he) *ſhe may be firſt Raviſh'd by every Brute; expoſed firſt to their naſty Luſts, and then a ſhameful Death:* No, he cou'd not live a moment under that Apprehenſion, too inſupportable to be borne. Theſe were his Thoughts, and his ſilent Arguments with his Heart, as he told us afterwards: ſo that now reſolving not only to kill *Byam*, but all thoſe he thought had enrag'd him; pleaſing his great Heart with the fancy'd Slaughter he ſhou'd make over the whole face of the *Plantation*; he firſt reſolv'd on a Deed, that (however Horrid it firſt appear'd to us all) when we had heard his Reaſons, we thought it Brave and Juſt. Being able to walk, and, as he believ'd, fit for the execution of his great Deſign, he begg'd *Trefry* to truſt him into the Air, believing a Walk wou'd do him good. Which was granted him; and taking *Imoinda* with him, as he us'd to do in his more happy and calmer Days,

Days, he led her up into a Wood, where, after (with a thouſand Sighs, and long gazing ſilently on her Face, while Tears guſht, in ſpite of him, from his Eyes) he told her his Deſign, firſt of killing her, and then his Enemies, and next himſelf, and the impoſſibility of eſcaping, and therefore he told her the Neceſſity of Dying. He found the Heroick Wife faſter pleading for Death than he was to propoſe it, when ſhe found his fix'd Reſolution; and, on her Knees, beſought him not to leave her a Prey to his Enemies. He (griev'd to Death) yet pleas'd at her noble Reſolution, took her up, and embracing her with all the Paſſion and Languiſhment of a dying Lover, drew his Knife to kill this Treaſure of his Soul, this Pleaſure of his Eyes; while Tears trickl'd down his Cheeks, hers were ſmiling with Joy ſhe ſhou'd die by ſo noble a Hand, and be ſent into her own Countrey, (for that's their Notion of the next World) by him ſhe ſo tenderly Lov'd, and ſo truly Ador'd in this. For Wives have a Reſpect for their Husbands equal to what any other People pay a Deity: And when a Man finds any occaſion to quit his Wife, if he love her, ſhe dies by his Hand; if not, he ſells her, or ſuffers ſome other to kill her. It being thus, you may believe the Deed was ſoon reſolv'd on; and 'tis not to be doubted, but the Parting, the eternal Leave taking of Two ſuch Lovers, ſo greatly Born, ſo Senſible, ſo Beautiful, ſo Young, and ſo Fond, muſt be very Moving, as the Relation of it was to me afterwards.

All

All that Love cou'd ſay in ſuch caſes, being ended, and all the intermitting Irreſolutions being adjuſted, the Lovely, Young and Ador'd Victim lays her ſelf down before the Sacrificer; while he, with a Hand reſolv'd, and a Heart-breaking within, gave the fatal Stroke; firſt cutting her Throat, and then ſevering her yet ſmiling Face from that delicate Body, pregnant as it was with the Fruits of tend'reſt Love. As ſoon as he had done, he laid the Body decently on Leaves and Flowers, of which he made a Bed, and conceal'd it under the ſame Cover-lid of Nature, only her Face he left yet bare to look on: But when he found ſhe was Dead, and paſt all Retrieve, never more to bleſs him with her Eyes, and ſoft Language; his Grief ſwell'd up to Rage; he Tore, he Rav'd, he Roar'd like ſome Monſter of the Wood, calling on the lov'd Name of *Imoinda*: A thouſand times he turn'd the fatal Knife that did the Deed toward his own Heart, with a Reſolution to go immediately after her; but dire Revenge, which was now a thouſand times more fierce in his Soul than before, prevents him, and he wou'd cry out; *No, ſince I have ſacrific'd* Imoinda *to my Revenge, ſhall I loſe that Glory which I have purchas'd ſo dear, as at the Price of the Faireſt, Deareſt, Softeſt Creature that ever Nature made? No, no!* Then, at her Name, Grief wou'd get the aſcendant of Rage, and he wou'd lie down by her Side, and water her Face with ſhowers of Tears, which never were wont to fall from thoſe Eyes; and however bent he was on his intended Slaughter, he had not power to ſtir from the

the Sight of this dear Object, now more Belov'd, and more Ador'd than ever.

He remain'd in this deplorable Condition for two Days, and never roſe from the Ground where he had made his ſad Sacrifice; at laſt, rouzing from her ſide, and accuſing himſelf with living too long, now *Imoinda* was dead, and that the Deaths of thoſe barbarous Enemies were deferr'd too long, he reſolv'd now to finiſh the Great Work; but offering to riſe, he found his Strength ſo decay'd, that he reel'd to and fro, like Boughs aſſail'd by contrary Winds; ſo that he was forced to lie down again, and try to ſummon all his Courage to his Aid; he found his Brains turn'd round, and his Eyes were dizzy, and Objects appear'd not the ſame to him they were wont to do; his Breath was ſhort, and all his Limbs ſurprized with a Faintneſs he had never felt before: He had not eat in two Days, which was one occaſion of this Feebleneſs, but exceſs of Grief was the greateſt; yet ſtill he hop'd he ſhou'd recover Vigour to act his Deſign, and lay expecting it yet ſix days longer; ſtill mourning over the dead Idol of his Heart, and ſtriving every day to riſe, but cou'd not.

In all this time you may believe we were in no little affliction for *Cæſar* and his Wife; ſome were of opinion he was eſcap'd, never to return; others thought ſome Accident had hap'ned to him: But however, we fail'd not to ſend out an hundred People ſeveral ways, to ſearch for him: A Party of about forty went that way he took, among whom was *Tuſcan*, who was perfectly reconcil'd to *Byam:* They

had not gone very far into the Wood, but they ſmelt an unuſual Smell, as of a dead Body; for Stinks muſt be very noiſom, that can be diſtinguiſh'd among ſuch a quantity of natural Sweets, as every Inch of that Land produces. So that they concluded they ſhou'd find him dead, or ſome body that was ſo; they paſs'd on towards it, as loathſom as it was, and made ſuch a ruſling among the Leaves, that lie thick on the Ground, by continual falling, that *Cæſar* heard he was approach'd; and though he had, during the ſpace of theſe eight Days, endeavour'd to riſe, but found he wanted Strength; yet looking up, and ſeeing his Purſuers, he roſe, and reel'd to a neighbouring Tree, againſt which he fix'd his Back; and being within a dozen Yards of thoſe that advanc'd and ſaw him, he call'd out to them, and bid them approach no nearer, if they wou'd be ſafe. So that they ſtood ſtill, and hardly believing their Eyes, that wou'd perſuade them that it was *Cæſar* that ſpoke to 'em, ſo much was he alter'd, they ask'd him, what he had done with his Wife, for they ſmelt a Stink that almoſt ſtruck them dead? He, pointing to the dead Body, ſighing, cry'd, *Behold her there.* They put off the Flowers that cover'd her, with their Sticks, and found ſhe was kill'd, and cry'd out, *Oh, Monſter! that haſt murther'd thy Wife.* Then asking him, why he did ſo cruel a Deed? He replied, He had no leiſure to anſwer impertinent Queſtions: *You may go back* (continu'd he) *and tell the faithleſs Governor, he may thank Fortune that I am breathing my laſt; and that my Arm*

Arm is too feeble to obey my Heart, in what it had deſign'd him: But his Tongue faultering, and trembling, he cou'd ſcarce end what he was ſaying. The *Engliſh* taking Advantage by his Weakneſs, cry'd, *Let us take him alive by all means.* He heard 'em; and, as if he had reviv'd from a Fainting, or a Dream, he cry'd out, *No, Gentlemen, you are deceiv'd; you will find no more* Cæſars *to be Whipt; no more find a Faith in me: Feeble as you think me, I have Strength yet left to ſecure me from a ſecond Indignity.* They ſwore all a-new; and he only ſhook his Head, and beheld them with Scorn. Then they cry'd out, *Who will venture on this ſingle Man? Will no body?* They ſtood all ſilent while *Cæſar* replied, *Fatal will be the Attempt to the firſt Adventurer, let him aſſure himſelf*, (and, at that word, held up his Knife in a menacing poſture,) *Look ye, ye faithleſs Crew,* ſaid he, *'tis not Life I ſeek, nor am I afraid of Dying*, (and at that word, cut a piece of Fleſh from his own Throat, and threw it at 'em,) *yet ſtill I wou'd Live if I cou'd, till I had perfected my Revenge: But, oh! it cannot be; I feel Life gliding from my Eyes and Heart; and if I make not haſte, I ſhall yet fall a Victim to the ſhameful Whip.* At that, he rip'd up his own Belly, and took his Bowels and pull'd 'em out, with what Strength he cou'd; while ſome, on their Knees imploring, beſought him to hold his Hand. But when they ſaw him tottering, they cry'd out, *Will none venture on him?* A bold *Engliſh* cry'd, *Yes, if he were the Devil,* (taking Courage when he ſaw him almoſt Dead) and ſwearing a horrid Oath for his

Farewell to the World, he ruſh'd on him. *Cæſar* with his Arm'd Hand met him ſo fairly, as ſtuck him to the Heart, and he fell dead at his Feet. *Tuſcan* ſeeing that, cry'd out, *I love thee, O* Cæſar! *and therefore will not let thee die, if poſſible*; and running to him, took him in his Arms: but, at the ſame time, warding a Blow that *Cæſar* made at his Boſom, he receiv'd it quite through his Arm; and *Cæſar* having not the ſtrength to pluck the Knife forth, tho' he attempted it, *Tuſcan* neither pull'd it out himſelf, nor ſuffer'd it to be pull'd out, but came down with it ſticking in his Arm; and the reaſon he gave for it, was, becauſe the Air ſhou'd not get into the Wound. They put their Hands a-croſs, and carry'd *Cæſar* between ſix of 'em, fainting as he was, and they thought dead, or juſt dying; and they brought him to *Parham*, and laid him on a Couch, and had the Chirurgeon immediately to him, who dreſt his Wounds, and ſow'd up his Belly, and us'd means to bring him to life, which they effected. We ran all to ſee him; and, if before we thought him ſo beautiful a Sight, he was now ſo alter'd, that his Face was like a Death's Head black'd over; nothing but Teeth and Eye-holes: For ſome Days we ſuffer'd no body to ſpeak to him, but cauſed Cordials to be poured down his Throat; which ſuſtained his Life, and in ſix or ſeven days he recover'd his Senſes: For, you muſt know, that Wounds are almoſt to a Miracle cur'd in the *Indies*; unleſs Wounds in the Legs, which rarely ever cure.

When

When he was well enough to ſpeak, we talk'd to him, and ask'd him ſome Queſtions about his Wife, and the Reaſons why he kill'd her; and he then told us what I have related of that Reſolution and of his Parting, and he beſought us we wou'd let him die, and was extremely afflicted to think it was poſſible he might live; he aſſur'd us, if we did not diſpatch him, he wou'd prove very fatal to a great many. We ſaid all we cou'd to make him live, and gave him new Aſſurances; but he begg'd we wou'd not think ſo poorly of him, or of his Love to *Imoinda*, to imagine we cou'd flatter him to Life again: but the Chirurgeon aſſur'd him he cou'd not live, and therefore he need not fear. We were all (but *Caſar*) afflicted at this News, and the Sight was gaſtly: His Diſcourſe was ſad; and the earthly Smell about him ſo ſtrong, that I was perſuaded to leave the place for ſome time, (being my ſelf but ſickly, and very apt to fall into Fits of dangerous Illneſs upon any extraordinary Melancholy.) The Servants, and *Trefry*, and the Chirurgeons, promis'd all to take what poſſible care they cou'd of the Life of *Caſar*; and I, taking Boat, went with other Company to Colonel *Martin*'s, about three Days Journey down the River: but I was no ſooner gone, but the Governor taking *Trefry* about ſome pretended earneſt Buſineſs, a Day's Journey up the River, having communicated his Deſign to one *Baniſter*, a Wild *Iriſh* Man, and one of the Council, a Fellow of abſolute Barbarity, and fit to execute any Villany, but was Rich: He came up to *Parham*, and forcibly

cibly took *Cæſar*, and had him carried to the ſame Poſt where he was whip'd; and cauſing him to be ty'd to it, and a great Fire made before him, he told him, he ſhou'd die like a Dog, as he was. *Cæſar* replied, this was the firſt piece of Bravery that ever *Baniſter* did, and he never ſpoke Sence till he pronounc'd that Word; and, if he wou'd keep it, he wou'd declare, in the other World, that he was the only Man, of all the *Whites*, that ever he heard ſpeak Truth. And turning to the Men that bound him, he ſaid, *My Friends, am I to Die, or to be Whipt?* And they cry'd; *Whipt! No, you ſhall not eſcape ſo well.* And then he reply'd, ſmiling, *A Bleſſing on thee*; and aſſur'd them, they need not tie him, for he wou'd ſtand fix'd like a Rock, and endure Death ſo as ſhou'd encourage them to Die: *But if you Whip me* (ſaid he) *be ſure you tie me faſt.*

He had learn'd to take Tobacco; and when he was aſſur'd he ſhou'd Die, he deſir'd they wou'd give him a Pipe in his Mouth, ready lighted; which they did: and the Executioner came, and firſt cut off his Members, and threw them into the Fire; after that, with an ill-favour'd Knife, they cut off his Ears and his Noſe, and burn'd them; he ſtill Smoak'd on, as if nothing had touch'd him; then they hack'd off one of his Arms, and ſtill he bore up, and held hisPipe; but at the cutting off the other Arm, his Head ſunk, and his Pipe dropt, and he gave up the Ghoſt, without a Groan, or a Reproach. My Mother and Siſter were by him all the while, but not ſuffer'd to ſave him; ſo rude and wild were the Rabble,

and

and ſo inhumane were the Juſtices who ſtood by to ſee the Execution, who after paid dearly enough for their Inſolence. They cut *Cæſar* in Quarters, and ſent them to ſeveral of the chief *Plantations:* One Quarter was ſent to Colonel *Martin*; who refus'd it, and ſwore, he had rather ſee the Quarters of *Baniſter*, and the *Governor* himſelf, than thoſe of *Cæſar*, on his *Plantations*; and that he cou'd govern his *Negroes*, without Terrifying and Grieving them with frightful Spectacles of a mangl'd King.

Thus Died this Great Man; worthy of a better Fate, and a more ſublime Wit than mine to write his Praiſe: yet, I hope, the Reputation of my Pen is conſiderable enough to make his Glorious Name to ſurvive to all Ages, with that of the Brave, the Beautiful and the Conſtant *Imoinda.*

FINIS.


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